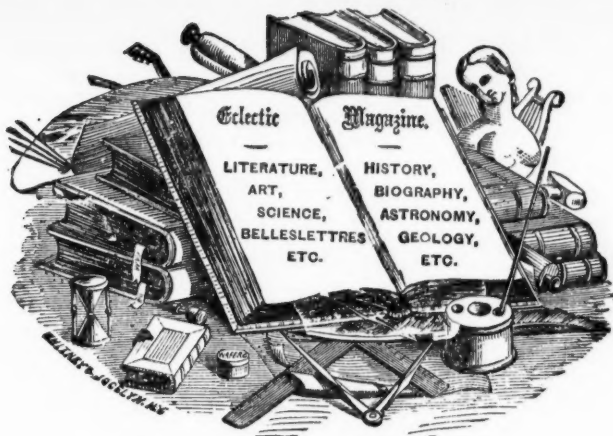


MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. LVI., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1892.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

CHOLERA, AND OUR PROTECTION AGAINST IT.

BY DR. ERNEST HART.

IN dealing with cholera, as with other difficulties, the maxim should be for each in his sphere "to grasp the nettle." Fortunately, it has already been deprived of much of its sting by the application of new scientific and sanitary knowledge, and for this country, at least, we have from the outset of its approach felt that there is a fair prospect of rendering it in the future almost innocuous. That time has not yet wholly come. But even now, and already, so great is the progress made that we have been able to set ourselves to face the impending danger with good heart, and with a sense of largely increased power to grapple with and neutralize it. The result thus far has justified these anticipations. In the terrible cholera epidemics of 1849 and of 1853 the nation felt itself almost helpless, and there was widespread panic

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVI., No. 6.

in the face of what was then a mysterious and almost invincible pestilence. All this is now changed; we know practically a very large part of what it is necessary to know as to the origin and causation of cholera, its mode of propagation and the means of arresting it; and it has rested only with our central sanitary organization, with our local sanitary authorities, and with ourselves, as citizens and householders, to take steps which shall in the near future make cholera a disease as rare, as little known, or as easily stamped out as typhus fever—once, and indeed not long since, so common and so fatal in this country. Typhus fever is now so rarely seen as frequently to fail to be recognized by medical men when scattered cases occur. Meantime cholera has been at our gates and a few cases have penetrated into

the country, so that we are still face to face with the enemy, and must take our measures accordingly.

TERMS OF MYSTERY NOW EXPLODED.

Until quite lately we heard a good deal of a pseudo-scientific terminology which is still occasionally used by eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Fayrer, and Inspector-General Lawson, but which really ought, in my opinion, to be brushed aside as obsolete (in this case at any rate), mystifying, and obstructive. Cholera used to be spoken of, and we may find it so spoken of now, from time to time, as subject to telluric influences, atmospheric miasms, pandemic waves, epidemic constitution, propagation by air-currents, and cholera clouds, and through "blue mists," with many other mysterious agencies, hard to comprehend and still harder to deal with. We are hearing still in Russia and Poland of the "cholera insect which flies across the frontier" (Hall Caine), and I have been gravely apprised from one or two quarters of "blue mists" and plagues of flies, corresponding with what was observed in the last cholera epidemics. The plain truth is perhaps best expressed in one sentence, which tells us in homely words what Asiatic cholera is and points out at the same time what is our duty and what are our weapons with which to combat it. "CHOLERA IS A FILTH DISEASE, CARRIED BY DIRTY PEOPLE TO DIRTY PLACES." That is a hard saying in one sense, but it is simple and true, and goes to the root of the whole matter, as I shall proceed to show.

THE HOME OF CHOLERA.

The home of cholera is in India; it is there established endemically throughout a wide area, but not, as most Indian authorities once believed and many would even now apparently often have us believe, in virtue of any local, mysterious, unknown, or unpreventable causes. It is so in virtue of conditions which may all of them be removed, and which, in time, I trust, will be removed. In 1878 there were 318,000 deaths from cholera in India; in 1881 there were 161,000 deaths from cholera; in 1887, 488,000; and in 1888, 270,000.

OUR IMPERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We have in this respect a great Imperial

responsibility, which we shall find it hard to fulfil. At the International Hygienic Congress in Vienna the remark was constantly made, "You English have by your sanitary improvements prevented cholera from gaining a foothold in England; why do you not attack it in its birthplace and prevent it from springing into life in India?" We may well closely question ourselves, why we have not succeeded in carrying even further the great work which we have done for the sanitary improvement of Indian populations. It has not been, as Sir Douglas Galton has pointed out, for want of knowledge. In 1860 a Royal Commission, presided over by Lord Derby, made many observations and recommendations for this end. Physicians acting privately, or as sanitary commissioners, have collected in twenty-five years a vast mass of information all tending to teach the one lesson, that polluted water-supply, pollution of the soil, and water-logging, are the conditions which lead to the extension of cholera and other kindred diseases. Remove these sources, and the preventable diseases which are the effect of them are diminished or extinguished.

THE ORGANIZATION NEEDED TO STAMP OUT CHOLERA IN INDIA.

The Royal Commission of 1862, on the basis of the medical evidence put before them, adopted important recommendations which, in proportion as they may be carried out, would stamp out cholera almost wholly, if not entirely, in India. I cannot here discuss these in detail; but obviously the first necessary step is that a central Local Government Board, efficiently constituted, be established in each province; with power to carry out sanitary regulations and to borrow money, when necessary, for the purpose. As matters stand, isolated district commissioners are appointed, but no central authority exists for enforcing their recommendations. The Board which the Commission of 1862 had in view was of members having real sanitary knowledge, and who would supersede the isolated commissioners. It would seem almost as if the Indian Government in general had come to regard the periodical outbreaks of cholera in India as irremediable, and to discuss only the means of preventing the infection from spreading to Europe. This is a quite mistaken, unjustifiable, and dangerous

view, and one against which other nations as well as our own are well entitled to protest, as they do protest.

CHOLERA AND WATER IN INDIA.

Dr. M. C. Furnell, in his recent excellent book on the subject, expresses himself as firmly of opinion that the general method of the propagation of cholera in India is by means of specifically polluted water. While in Europe, however, nearly every outbreak of cholera has been definitely traced to the contamination of the water supply, and much has been written about it, telluric and atmospheric conditions are distantly invoked by Indian authorities. These are terms of mystery and of indefinite meaning, which unfortunately have been adopted, however, by too many Government officials, who cannot explain what they mean, and frequently use them as a cloak for ignorance. Dr. Furnell has had no difficulty in finding masses of facts in support of his opinions. The habits of the natives, though in direct opposition to their own laws and sacred writings, are such as tend to the most filthy pollution of the water supplied for their use. Where pure water has been supplied to the natives, as in Madras and Calcutta, and care has been taken to guard such sources of supply from pollution, cholera epidemics have become of unfrequent occurrence and of greatly reduced fatality. In this opinion all the best authorities concur.

In brief illustration of these facts and conclusions I will only refer to the two great cities which are leading seats of government and most under our influence. In the paper by Dr. W. J. Simpson, Medical Officer of Health, read at the British Medical Association in August, 1888, he gave a description of Calcutta, Howrah, and the suburbs, dwelling specially on the water-supply, the tanks, the drainage, the construction of the streets and houses, native and European; and the sanitary system generally. Calcutta, to the south of the native town, he stated, is well built, the streets are wide and straight, the houses are large and have gardens attached; there is a liberal supply of excellent water, the drainage and cleansing are good, and that portion of the city compares favorably with the better parts of London. With a few exceptions, northern and native Calcutta is

densely crowded, the streets are narrow and irregular, the drainage is bad, only the better and middle class have a fair supply of water; the poorer class have a very scanty water-supply, and depend upon the water in the tanks. The native town is studded with wells and tanks. Neither Howrah, with its 100,000 inhabitants, nor the suburbs of Calcutta with its 250,000, have any public water-supply, with the exception of the wells and tanks. The unsanitary condition of Howrah without a public water-supply, and without building regulations, is surpassed by the suburbs, which have no public water-supply, no drainage, no building regulations, nor any effective conservancy arrangements. As a general rule, European residents in Howrah get their water from Calcutta by carriers, and they avoid the well and tank water. The personal habits of the natives are cleanly. As a religious duty they bathe at least once a day, the women more frequently, and this is done, when convenient, in the river Hooghly, but generally in the tanks near their houses or huts. The tanks are thus defiled by the excretions of the body, by the washing of dirty clothes, frequently of clothes soiled by excretions of the sick, by human ordure due to the practice of children and others defæcating on the banks of the tanks, and by the drainage and soakage from the surrounding huts and houses. Thus the water in the tanks, except during the rainy season, varies in quality from moderately polluted up to concentrated sewage, and this is the only water-supply practically available for large numbers of the native population. Dr. Simpson traces out the connection between local outbreaks of cholera and a deficient and contaminated water-supply, showing that those who have an abundant and pure water-supply, namely, the Europeans and better class of natives, escape cholera epidemics, except in isolated instances, which can generally be accounted for; while the natives, who necessarily depend on the tank water, suffer severely when the tank becomes polluted by the excreta from a cholera patient. He says:

I would particularly direct attention to this scarcity of water in the parts affected. Go almost where one may, in the northern part of the town, and especially in the riparian wards, there is the same complaint of the want of water, and a very valid one it is. It is a common occurrence to see the people

grouped round one of the standposts, waiting their turn to fill their chatties, many of them to be disappointed, for the water from the standposts often comes in mere dribblets, and the supply is exhausted or turned off before half the people are supplied. Scarcity of water brings in its train a great deal of sickness, apart from cholera. The districts which have suffered most from scarcity of water, have suffered also from a large amount of sickness of a dysenteric character.

The natives bathe, washe their utensils and clothes in the tanks, because it is the only available place for doing so ; and they use the water of the tanks, contaminated in addition by soakage and sewage, for cooking and drinking, because it is the only available water-supply for domestic purposes. The remedies for the condition of affairs described are simple enough, but they need time, and must involve considerable expense. The first requisite is a liberal water-supply for Howrah and the suburbs, and a more liberal supply for Calcutta. Few will drink polluted water if they can obtain pure water. By specially constructed tanks even the habits of the people can be so directed as to permit them to enjoy the luxury of the bath, and to perform their ablutions without danger. The second requisite is well-planned streets with free ventilation, good building arrangements, a system of drainage to pass through these streets, systematic clearing, levelling, paving and filling up of ponds, draining, scavenging, removal of nuisance, and a well-organized sanitary department. The carrying out of these measures will ultimately convert Calcutta, Howrah, and the suburbs, containing nearly 800,000 inhabitants, into as healthy a locality as any in the world, in so far as the prevalence of diseases not due directly to a subtropical climate is concerned, and these measures of sanitation will change one of the most important centres in the endemic area of cholera into an area no longer marked by endemicity. Before any real progress in scientific medicine can be expected in India, the scientific branch of the medical service must be distinct from the administration, for when administrative functions preponderate, scientific research is relegated to such a subordinate position as to render it impossible to be carried out satisfactorily. A central institute is necessary, well-equipped, and having attached to it a body of men well trained in chemical, physiological, and

biological methods, whose whole time should be devoted to scientific research.

I take my other example from Dr. Furnell, the Surgeon-General at Madras, writing in 1886 an address on cholera. For many years before the introduction of the Red Hill water-supply into Madras, the number of deaths from cholera annually amounted to hundreds, and too frequently to thousands ; but from the year 1872, when the water-supply was first opened, there has been a very large reduction in the mortality, one year being absolutely free from the disease, and in three others the deaths being five, six, and two respectively. Of course, during the famine years there was a large increase in the fatal cases of cholera, caused by the migration into the town of many poor, half-starved creatures, who had no strength left to resist the disease. But, as soon as the famine was over, the rate of mortality again fell to below 100 per annum ; and, during the last four years, when there has been a severe epidemic of the disease throughout the greater part of the Madras Presidency, the average number of deaths had not exceeded 250 per annum. The greater part of these deaths, also, it is shown, took place in those parts of the town which had not had the benefit of the Red Hill's water-supply. Dr. Furnell, therefore, urges the necessity of extending the water-supply to these localities. Our duty then lies before us ; it is a grave and difficult task, but must be looked steadily in the face.

SPECIAL METHODS OF PROPAGATION IN INDIA.

There are other modes of propagation of cholera in India, and special to it, which also admit of remedy ; for in India the natives not only drink cholera as we do in Europe, but they also eat cholera ; but that is a question which I leave aside with this passing reference for the moment, since I have here to deal with things nearer home. Let me note only that the epidemic of 1830 passed into Europe from Astrakhan, mounting the Volga, and conveyed from the shores of the Baltic to Great Britain, Holland and France, making fearful ravages in all those countries, and spreading slowly (during more than a decade) throughout the world, leaving everywhere a devastating track, Switzer-

land and Greece alone remaining untouched. The epidemic of 1849 passed out of India and the Burman empire, traversing the Caucasus and the Volga, entering Astrakhan, and ravaging in succession Russia, the German and Dutch countries, England and France. 1853 saw a fresh epidemic which again invaded Russia, England, and France, destroying victims in England, and 140,000 in France. This epidemic was believed, however, to be only the lighting up again of the smouldering ashes of that of 1847-50, of which a focus still remained in Poland and Galicia.

THE MECCA PILGRIMS.

The epidemic of 1866 which made 60,000 victims in Egypt in three months, and which caused 6000 deaths in the East of London, came to us from the Arabian shores of the Red Sea, falling so severely on Mecca that 30,000 pilgrims died of it. And here let me mention one of the customs of that pilgrimage which goes far to explain the intensity and the fearful mortality which attend any outbreak of cholera among the Meccan pilgrims. At a given period the pilgrims stand naked in turn by the holy well; a bucket of water is poured over each man, he drinks what he can of it, and the rest falls back into the well. The water of this well has been analyzed by an English chemist, Dr. Frankland; it is fearfully polluted with abominable contaminations. On this occasion, within a few days of the ceremony, the road for twelve miles to the foot of Mount Ararat was thickly strewn with dead bodies.

THE GREAT AND TRAGIC EXPERIMENT OF THE EAST LONDON EPIDEMIC OF 1866; DISTRIBUTION OF THE UNFILTERED WATER OF THE RIVER LEE KILLS 6000 PEOPLE.

And now we reach England. Arriving on our shores from Alexandria, conveyed to England by a few persons in one ship—a family escaped prematurely from the detention of medical inspection at the port of Southampton, in the autumn of 1866. Very shortly afterward an intense outbreak in East London occurred. With the detection of the cause and mode of propagation of this outbreak I became immediately concerned. I have told the story before and need not dwell upon its details, but it is too instructive altogether to pass

over. Firmly convinced from a study of the researches and demonstrations of the immortal Dr. Snow (to whom, if to any man, a grateful country should erect a monument, instead of letting his name pass into oblivion), and further satisfied by the studies of Simon and Farr, that polluted drinking water had been a main factor in previous epidemics, and must be so in all probability in this, I dispatched Mr. James Netten Radcliffe to the headquarters of the East London Water Company. There, with much difficulty, and after several ineffectual efforts, we ascertained that one of the cholera-stricken family had traveled from the port of arrival to a house by the river Lee. The sewers of that house discharged into the river just above the intake of the water company; and, by a strange fatality, just at that time, the pumps and filter beds of the company being under repair, the water of the Lee was liberally distributed, practically unfiltered, to the inhabitants of East London. The whole story was subsequently laboriously worked out, and verified precisely as I discovered and told it, by Mr. Simon and Dr. Farr. It may be read in detail in the reports of the Registrar-General and of the medical department of the Local Government Board. Sixteen thousand residents of East London were attacked, and 6000 died. That was a great and tragic experiment on a scale of sadly vast proportions. But it has deeply engraved its lessons on the public mind, and has influenced our legislation and all our subsequent proceedings. The record is one from which we have so much to learn that it cannot be too frequently held up to view. It crowned the edifice of our knowledge by proving that specifically polluted drinking water was, is, and must now always be regarded, not only as an adjuvant cause of the spread of Asiatic cholera, but as the *causa causans* of this, and, as I have shown elsewhere, of all well-observed European cholera epidemics.

It is not altogether a pleasant reflection at this moment that a large part of the inhabitants of East London are still drinking the water of the river Lee, much less polluted, it is true, than heretofore, but still dangerously polluted, and much better filtered, it is also true. It is not entirely reassuring to know that only a filter bed and a pump, which are not necessarily always impeccable and infallibly reliable,

stand between the inhabitants of a thickly populated working population (whose sanitary arrangements are imperfect) and the possibility of a repetition of disaster.

PRINCIPLES OF PREVENTION, PUBLIC AND DOMESTIC.

Bearing this lesson in mind, and putting aside all the old mysteries and jargon, let me briefly set forth, first, What are the general principles of cholera prevention? Second, In view of those principles, what are the duties, and what the methods and machinery for official prevention by the central sanitary administration and by local administrators? Third, What are the methods, the powers, and the duties of individual private citizens, each in his own capacity?

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC CHOLERA PREVENTION.

For public use in this country, the all-important principle of cholera prevention was laid down methodically by Mr. Simon, whose words retain all their original force, and which are equally applicable now. It is, that cholera derives all its epidemic destructiveness from filth, and especially from excretal uncleanness; and the local conditions of safety are above all these two: first, that by proper structural works, all the refuse and sewage of a population shall be so promptly and so thoroughly removed that the inhabited buildings, as well as air and soil, shall be absolutely free from these specific impurities; and, second, that the water-supply of the population shall be derived from such sources and conveyed in such channels that their contamination is impossible. These words were written when local sanitary authorities in England had scarcely begun their work; when port sanitary authorities had made no provision for dealing with imported disease, and when special orders in face of cholera were requisite in order to give such powers as these authorities have now long possessed. It is certain that in proportion as the sanitary authorities of England have done their regular work and exercised their powers for the protection of public health, the country has even less to fear to-day from cholera than it had in the recent invasions of Europe by the disease from which she has been protected.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA IN LONDON.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board having been constituted a local authority under the Diseases Prevention Act, Metropolis, 1883 and 1885, and its powers enlarged by the Act of 1891, recognizes now, as in 1885, its duty to provide accommodation for the cholera patients in the metropolis as a whole, without respect to parochial boundaries; partly by the use of its own hospitals, partly by the acquisition of sites for huts, and partly by arrangements for the use of beds at general hospitals, at infirmaries, and at work-houses. The beds placed at the disposal of the managers then were about 1700, irrespective of 250 available at their own hospitals. The intention was to constitute the managers a first line of defence for immediate action on the appearance of cholera. Had cholera then come, or should it now appear on any large scale, the other local authorities (vestries) would have been able, and will now be able, to provide additional accommodation for the sick, if necessary, as well as refuge for the other inhabitants, where there are patients too ill to remove to a hospital. This first line of defence would come into operation where the outer line of defence constituted by the port sanitary authorities proves insufficient or is broken through. Great importance is to be attached to the supervision of the water-supply from its sources to the consuming cisterns, and in 1883 special stress was laid upon this by the medical officers of health, and a memorandum from them as to the measures necessary to secure the purity of water in the cisterns was issued to sanitary authorities and to householders, which might now well be reissued. In the event of the hospital provision by the Metropolitan Asylums Board (the beds provided by whom would constitute a first line of defence) being inadequate—if indeed now, with the pressure of fever cases, they can provide any—the second line of defence is constituted by the vestries and district boards, and, should cholera come, this would be the most important. The vestries would have to provide places of refuge for the healthy when the sick were too ill to be moved. With this branch of work, probably the most important, as being the best way of dealing with cholera, the Asylums

Board would have nothing to do, nor with the provision of disinfectants, medicines, etc. No doubt local sanitary authorities, advised by their medical officers of health, will be prepared to do their own duty, as many of them are now arranging, not resting on what the Asylums Board can do.

OUR OFFICIAL "THREE LINES OF DEFENCE."

The scheme that has been adopted to make metropolitan asylum managers the first internal line of defence was, no doubt, as really satisfactory as may be under the existing circumstances. But I urge strongly upon our legislators that it is at best a very patchy arrangement, and the serious question as to the complete protection of the metropolis has not been simplified, and is very far from being adequately solved by it. The first line, that of the Asylums Board, may be said to have almost wholly broken down, and in any case, sooner or later, the duty now imposed upon the thirty-nine sanitary authorities of the metropolis to provide hospital accommodation for their own districts must be transferred to one single authority, probably the Metropolitan County Council. The managers at present only undertake in the interests of the metropolis to make some provision for an epidemic, and the responsibility of dealing with the disease in districts where it may become epidemic will rest with the sanitary authorities of the district. The sanitary authority is to make special provision to meet that outbreak. It is easy to imagine the administrative powerlessness likely to occur should an epidemic arise in any district which the asylums "managers," after a certain point of intensity has been reached, turned over to the care of a perhaps ill-prepared and unpractised local authority. There is here an evident necessity (of which both the Local Asylums Board and the County Council are aware) of some concentration of authorities to connect these two central authorities, and give to them direct relation to the Local Government Board and control over the local sanitary authorities. The principal authorities are not quite agreed on the matter—the Asylums Board think that all the power and the duties should be centralized in their body, and a large part of the sanitary work of the County Council taken from it and added to them, while the administrators gener-

ally, and the Council in particular, are more apt to think that the Asylums Board should be merged in the County Council, and taken over in its central administration, to which the thirty-nine local sanitary authorities should also be much more directly related than they are at present. At present the County Council is for cholera or epidemic purposes merely an uneasy looker-on.

THE PRESENT EPIDEMIC AND ITS PROGRESS.

First, a few words as to the present epidemic and its progress to and in this country. For the present purpose it is only necessary to say a few words concerning the progress of the present epidemic from India to Grimsby, Gravesend, Liverpool, and London. Asiatic cholera, I venture again to define as "a filth disease carried by dirty people to dirty places." It has come to us, carried, as usual, by dirty persons or their victims from India, through the Russian Empire along the lines of human intercourse; carried this time, however, rapidly and in an intense form by passengers who were themselves conveyed by fast steamers and quickly moving railway transport, along a track of which I have published the route lines and the dates of arrival at the various stations in a map issued in the *British Medical Journal* on the 6th of August. Starting from its great focus in Cashmere in the middle of May, it had reached Moscow before the end of June, St. Petersburg not long afterwards. It travelled thence by steam to Hamburg and Havre, and came to our doors within three months instead of three years, as was the case when Asiatic travel was slow and infrequent, and when our means of communication were more tardy and incomplete.

DIRTY TOWNS AND PLACES: HAMBURG.

Everywhere on its route it found the dirty places necessary for its intense and rapid development. It found these conditions in the Russian towns and villages to perfection; and at that we do not wonder but only lament. But it found them hardly less developed, strange and sad to say, in the enlightened and flourishing city of Hamburg, which has paid so terrible a penalty for its sins and neglects, and has inflicted that penalty and communicated

those sufferings to others. The Elbe is a filthily polluted river flowing through the city which it so greatly beautifies and which it has enriched. It is subject to constant and abominable contaminations, and yet it constitutes largely the drinking water of the city. Vainly are any sanitary measures taken to arrest an epidemic which under such circumstances they can only mitigate and limit, while that pollution continues and while that water is drunk. Koch, like Virchow in Berlin, and Monod, Brouardel, Marey and Roust in Paris, have all put to great profit the demonstration of the water theory of the spread of cholera. Snow, Simon, Farr, and myself realized that fact. This visit has brought it home to the inhabitants of Hamburg, so that after awhile the order went forth prohibiting the drinking of water from the Elbe until it had been well boiled, closing the baths on the river, and warning the inhabitants of their danger. This step did more than all the sanitary powderings (in tons) and vague libations (in thousands of gallons) of which we hear a good deal there. In so far as the Elbe water is rejected and its dangers neutralized the epidemic was, and will be, arrested.

I have before me the full report of the contaminations of the Elbe and the character of the waterworks. The whole story, seeing that this is the ninth epidemic of cholera from which Hamburg has suffered, and that it has repeatedly proved the source of departure of cholera epidemics migrated into Europe, would be incredible if it were not too sadly proved.

Some foolish attempts have been made to divert attention from the water-supply to other conditions, such as earth, excavations, and so forth, but they are mere puerilities unworthy of serious attention, red herrings drawn across the trail of the line of fruitful research. Seven thousand people have fallen victims to the poisoned drinking water of the Elbe in one month out of a population of 640,000. This was about the proportion also in the epidemic of Asiatic cholera which I traced to the East London poisoned water from the Lee, where, as already said, in a brief space of time 6000 people died out of a population of 600,000, and 2000 destitute "cholera orphans" were left to public charity.

THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND : MEDICAL INSPECTION AT OUR PORTS INADEQUATE BY REASON OF PERIOD OF CHOLERA INCUBATION.

From Hamburg the cholera has been carried to a number of our ports ; this was inevitable. Well-devised, intelligent, and completely employed organized measures of medical inspection and detention have been put in force with an activity and a vigor on the part both of the Local Government Board and of the local port authorities deserving of all praise. These have had the best effect, rigidly limiting the number of cases imported inland into this country, and therefore the number of sparks carried into our towns and villages ready to light up local epidemic conflagrations where the requisite filth conditions exist. In some of them we know that they are present. Happily, not in many perhaps, or on a great scale. Such importation also was inevitable. Quarantine has been happily described as an elaborate system of leakiness. If complete, it would be impossible for a commercial country ; and if incomplete, quarantine and sanitary cordons give only a false security and are ineffectual, as all foreign and continental experience aptly prove. A rigid system of port medical inspection and sanitary detention can be more easily enforced, and is therefore more nearly effective ; but only nearly effective and partially effective, so that at many points, and at an early date, our outer line of defence was broken through, and cholera patients were not only lodged in our ports, but have even reached our inland towns. This is easily understood ; the voyage from Hamburg or Havre is effected in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The incubation of cholera is said to vary from one to fifteen days. The average period of incubation is from two to five days, so that a stricken patient may arrive in apparently good health and cholera first develop its symptoms after his reaching an inland town.

FIRST LINE OF INTERNAL DEFENCE.

What then of our first line of internal defence ? This for the metropolis is the Metropolitan Asylums Board. But that also is a very thin line indeed, and, as it proved at the present moment, very little

effectual if any strain had been and should be put upon it. This board has the duty of providing in theory a certain number of beds, but owing to the presence among us of that sad disgrace—our customary (and preventable) autumnal epidemic of scarlatina—and owing also to the increasing pressure on the Metropolitan Asylums due to the salutary action of the Notification of Diseases Act, there is a much greater disposition to isolate scarlet fever patients and to use the accommodation afforded by the infectious hospitals of the Board. So that these during the month of August were crowded to their fullest extent, and arrangements became immediately necessary to utilize our second line of defence.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE.

This has brought into play the resources provided by our voluntary hospitals, and by provisional arrangements by the vestries and other local sanitary authorities. Each day gave satisfactory evidence that for the most part they were willing to respond to the call made upon them. Two thousand beds were soon announced to be available if occasion arose. The staff of sanitary inspectors was increased and brought into active operation, and for a time at least we have seen something of that general effort at cleanliness in our water-supply, sewage conduits, drains, abattoirs, stables, and even in the human habitations of the slums, which ought to be a permanent condition. May it soon be so; for if it were, we should stamp out typhoid, choleraic diarrhoea, with their enormous annual mortality, and ultimately even scarlatina and diphtheria, with as much completeness as we have eradicated mediæval plagues, and, of late years, typhus.

Unhappily with our present chaotic sanitary administration, of which the present cholera alarm has only brought the leading features of expression into greater prominence, such a result is not yet to be expected. We see at present the Local Government Board endeavoring to cumulate, under the influence of a cholera scare and of the desire to earn public praise for its activity, functions which do not properly belong to it and which it cannot fulfil. We have seen it duplicating the offices of the port sanitary authorities, and even sending members of its scanty staff

of imperial inspectors seeking lodgings in London for suspected immigrants. We have seen it ousting the County Council, which is in theory our central sanitary authority, from any effective intervention, and leaving it with its hands tied to look on in impotent inactivity, until in despair it offered the services of its able principal medical officer to the Metropolitan Asylums Board. We have seen this Board declare itself unable to provide cholera beds in its asylums, or to carry out any work of disinfection or of isolation in the homes of the poor, and reduced to knock at the doors of the "third line of defence"—the thirty-nine independent "local sanitary authorities" of London—and to offer to become the paymasters on behalf of all London, and out of the general rate, for any "cholera beds," etc., which they may be willing to provide. For the most they have proved very willing and public-spirited, and have listened to the golden offers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the advice of the Local Government inspectors with much sympathy and goodwill. In some cases, however, they have proved recalcitrant, and have had to be lectured and exhorted to undertake duties which they have considered to be those of a central metropolitan authority, and expenses which were for the common benefit. Meantime the Local Government Board, the outport authorities of London and the neighboring ports, the Thames Conservancy Board (who are supposed to control the Thames, but have little power over its polluted tributaries), the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the thirty-nine local sanitary boards of London, are all acting in an admired administrative confusion of mixed collateral, duplicate, and independent powers, only co-ordinated and prevented from resulting in a thorough breakdown by general goodwill and mutual forbearance. The board being the paymaster without power of entry or control, another lending its officers to a board which hardly knows how to use them, and which has itself only maimed authority and the limited power of a purse restricted in nearly all directions; the third set of boards called upon to supplement the functions of all the others, without being compelled to do so, and acting each according to their own lights. All this will need setting right for London, and there is much else to be done in the like direc-

tion for the country generally. Of this I hope to be allowed to write in a constructive and not merely a critical sense on another occasion.

DUTY OF THE PRIVATE CITIZEN.

But when all officials have done their duty there remains a large category of powers and duties, the exercise of which is incumbent on the private citizen, for his own sake, and for the sake of those dependent on and affected by him. Let us see what they are. And here I like to recall the homely, picturesque, and accurate language in which Miss Florence Nightingale—the Queen of Nurses and most intelligent of sanitarians—spoke of those duties some time since.

CHOLERA NOT A CATCHING DISEASE : DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN IN RESPECT TO IT.

Our old experience in India and Europe [she said very truly] proves that cholera is not communicable from person to person ; that the disease cannot be ascribed to somebody else ; that one does not catch cholera—that is, that the sick do not communicate the disease like scarlatina or diphtheria or measles. Cholera is a local disease, dependent upon pollution of earth, air, and water. Quarantine and cordons and the like are of little effect, for they can be broken through and can never be implicitly depended upon. The only true preventive after taking these preliminary precautions, for keeping cholera out, is to put the earth or water and buildings into a healthy state by scavenging, lime washing, and every kind of sanitary work, and if cholera does come, then to move the people from the place where the disease has broken out and to cleanse.

People are very fond of affecting a mystery about cholera. We may leave the mystery on one side and set ourselves to practise protection in respect to what we know about it. If a number of people have been poisoned, say by arsenic put by mistake into food, it is because they have each swallowed the arsenic ; it is not because they have taken or “ caught ” “ it ” —it, the mysterious influence—from one another. Persons about cholera patients do not catch the disease from the sick any more than cases of arsenic poison infect one another. Vigorously enforce sanitary measures—scavenge, scavenge, scavenge ! wash, cleanse, and lime wash ; remove all putrid human refuse from cesspits, cesspools, sewers, and dustbins. Look to stables, and sheds, and pigsties ; look to common lodging-houses and crowded

places and yards, set your house in order, in all ways sanitary and hygienic, according to the conditions of the place ; clean your cisterns immediately and frequently, boil all water and filter it,* or, as a more pleasing alternative, drink only a pure natural mineral water. Boil your milk, and scrupulously preserve it from contamination either solid or aerial. The real danger to be feared is in blaming somebody else and not ourselves for “ catching ” the cholera. As a matter of fact, if the disease attacks ourselves, we ourselves have made ourselves liable to it. To trust for ultimate and individual protection, to quarantine, or to medical inspection, or to stopping intercourse, would be just as rational as to try to sweep away an incoming flood instead of getting out of its way.

CHOLERA SPARKS BURST THE POWDER MAGAZINE.

The introduction of a person infected with cholera into a town is like bringing a match into a powder magazine. There will be no explosion unless powder is there, on the ground, ready to explode ; and there will be no explosion, until the spark is applied. There are two ways of dealing with gunpowder under such circumstances. The one is to damp it or otherwise to render it incapable of explosion, and the other is to remove it altogether. Sprinkling disinfectants on filth is damping the powder ; the true way is to allow no filth to accumulate. Cholera is transmissible in the clothes and by rags and other things coming from infected localities. These should either therefore be excluded altogether, destroyed, or treated by thorough and effective disinfection. The sanitary system of nature, unpolluted by man, is perfect, but its laws for punishing human sins against it are unmistakable, and it is true as regards nations as well as men that “ the soul that sinneth it shall die ! ”

CHOLERA AND CONTAMINATED MILK.

I have spoken about the water as the medium by which we “ drink cholera ; ”

* [Sir William Gull once told me during a cholera scare : “ Filter the water as much as you like beforehand, but *boil it last*. If you filter it *after* boiling it, you may easily undo all the good of boiling, for filters are not always clean—or they would not be filters.”—Ed. *Nineteenth Century*.]

let me say a word about milk. Milk epidemics of cholera have not yet been much investigated in this country; for in 1866, the date of our last epidemic, we knew little or nothing about this mode of propagation, but since then we have learned much about it; and since, with the aid of Dr. Murchison, and following the clew afforded by Dr. Ballard, I traced out the history of the typhoid milk epidemic of Marylebone in 1874, the source of the propagation of local epidemics has been repeatedly recognized, so that in a report to the International Medical Congress of 1879 I furnished an elaborate tabular analysis of seventy-five epidemics spread by milk, up to that date, of all which I had examined the details. Let me give only one well-recorded example of a cholera outbreak due to contaminated milk. It was observed in India.

Dr. W. J. Simpson has recorded (*Indian Medical Gazette*, May, 1887) a limited outbreak of cholera on board the ship "Ardenchetta" lying at the Esplanade Moorings, Calcutta. Neither water, food, climatic conditions, nor any other cause explained the outbreak until it was found to be related to the milk supplied by a native. Ten men drank this milk, four died of cholera, five had severe diarrhœa. One who drank very little escaped. Eight men who used preserved milk, and three who drank none at all, were not affected. The milk was proved to have contained 25 per cent of water added from tanks near the house of the native purveyor. These tanks were contaminated with choleraic matter. The milk was stopped on the 10th of March, and no more cases occurred. We have yet to observe any milk-cholera epidemics in Europe. But as the cholera vibrio multiplies with great rapidity in fresh milk (not to say in the water often added to it), it is well to be on our guard.

POLLUTION OF THE SOIL.

A word or two as to the pollution of the soil. Koch's discovery of the cholera bacillus gives precision to our knowledge on this subject. The soil is the great receptacle, and a most favorable medium for the microbes of contagious diseases. Pettenkofer's well-known researches on the influence of soil as a medium eminently favorable to the cholera germ have been verified and explained by the subsequent

observations of Fraenkel, Gruber Huepper, and others on the vigor with which the comma bacillus renews its virulence after residence in the soil. These microbes of the soil may be dissolved out and carried into our drinking water, or reach us through our salads and fresh vegetables, and possibly sometimes in the dust which we inspire. But it is only in crowded dwellings or on very thickly populated ground, where ventilation and air movement are wholly inadequate, that the last source of danger has been observed with any probability to operate. Since however the comma bacillus lives, flourishes, and propagates in the soil, the injunction to keep the soil clean, as well as the air and water, has a new and vivid meaning for us.

OTHER PERSONAL PRECAUTIONS.

Cleanliness of the home, cleanliness of the person, cleanliness and purification of the clothing, are necessary corollaries and sequences of all that has gone before. But how about the precautions necessary when premonitory symptoms or the actual occurrence of cholera brings us into contact with cholera or its forerunners and congeners in our persons and our homes? There is a cheap and gratuitous handbill drawn up for distribution by the National Health Society, 43 Berners Street. It repeats the cautions and advice now known to all, and which have happily become commonplaces of domestic sanitation. But, as it is simple and easily understood of the people, it may with advantage be widely circulated by district visitors, by sanitary inspectors, and by those who work among the poor, or among the ignorant well-to-do population. I need add only a few particulars. There is always at these times a good deal of premonitory diarrhœa, and minor forms of choleraic disease, sometimes known by what Alphonse Karr called the endearing epithets of "cholerine," "cholerinette," etc., and there is a general desire for what is commonly called some simple form of preventive drink or trustworthy medicine. This is in part a survival of the old love of amulets.

THE FALSE THEORY THAT DISEASE COMES BY PROVIDENCE AND GOES BY MEDICINE.

It is a common but an irrational belief that cholera also "comes by Providence

and goes by medicine." We know now how it comes; and it is indeed, in our present state of knowledge, almost as hopeless to expect to find a drug or nostrum which can go through the process known as "curing cholera" as to find a drug which can cure a man who has taken a heavy dose of arsenic. Something may be done in lighter cases to alleviate symptoms and to arrest fatal processes, while the cholera poison is taking its course, but that is the limit of our power, and as to all the various drugs ineffectually vaunted and tried, it is noteworthy that the mortality of well-marked cholera cases has been the same in all the various epidemics for the last half-century in all parts of the world. At the outset and at the height of the epidemics it has varied according to the intensity of the poison from about 45 to 64 per cent of the cases. All sorts of nostrums are recommended; ice-bags, saturated solutions of camphor (with which during the last epidemic, as a precautionary measure, quite a number of people poisoned themselves). The whole list of remedies has been exhausted, almost in alphabetical order, but, cholera once thoroughly established, drugs are of little avail.

WHAT DOES AVAIL IN PRELIMINARY OR OTHER TREATMENT OF CHOLERA?

It is of great importance, as all are agreed, to treat the first symptoms of looseness of the bowels; and there is a very general consensus of experience as to the great utility of acid astringent drinks. Sulphuric lemonade, made by the addition of dilute sulphuric acid to water in quantities sufficient to give to sweetened water a marked but pleasant acidulous flavor, may be employed freely, and according to all experience with much advantage. Dr. Waller Lewis, the late general medical officer of the Post Office, attributed, with much evidence in his favor, excellent effects to the habitual and free supply of a pleasantly flavored sulphuric orangeade among the employes of the Post Office during several cholera seasons. It is cheap and innocuous, and is very likely to do much good. A great deal has been written lately about citric acid lemonade, so that lemons have risen greatly in the market; but this is only another and less effectual acidulated drink. It is rather more costly, and it is not likely to be so

effective. Koch's observations that the cholera bacillus flourishes in an alkaline medium, and is more or less destroyed by an acid medium, confirms previous chemical experience as to the utility of acidulated drinks. In the same way the old and very favorable experience on a great scale of the use of what is known as the Vienna mixture for choleraic diarrhœa is strengthened by Koch's observations. This mixture consists essentially of fifteen drops of dilute sulphuric acid to an ounce of sweetened water, and to this is often added under medical advice five or ten drops of sulphuric ether as a stimulant, and five drops of laudanum to relieve any pain. That mixture was kept in barrels and very extensively used in some hospitals when choleraic diarrhœa was prevalent, and had an excellent reputation.

RULES FOR NURSING CHOLERA PATIENTS AND QUESTION OF CONTAGION.

The rules for nursing cholera cases are in principle very much like those for nursing typhoid cases; but in view of the greater virulence of Asiatic cholera, they need to be strengthened and made more rigid and exact. I will only add to this general principle a recommendation of the precautions successfully adopted in the wards of the London Hospital by Dr. Andrew Clark and the other physicians under the superintendence of Dr. Jackson and the resident medical officers in 1860. All remember on that occasion the devotion, skill, and success with which the nursing staff of the hospital, aided by the splendid volunteer services of Mrs. Gladstone and the Sisters of All Saints, Margaret Street, carried out their arduous duties. The precautions and methods described as having been employed are to be found in the appendix to the clinical report of the London Hospital for that year.

Finally, let me say a word on the excessive exhortations recently "not to be afraid" of cholera. For my own part, I have not seen either in the metropolis or throughout the country any signs of panic whatever. The possible advance of cholera has been met with a courage, and a calmness, and an equanimity which are bred of our conviction that the lessons which have been learned from past epidemics have been so well profited by, that we may hope to protect ourselves from any very serious danger of any very extensive epidemic on

this occasion. But the danger of indifference is far greater than the danger of panic. We have been told lately in the press, that cholera, as it is showing itself now in Europe, can hardly be called an epidemic. We have been told even that the last epidemic in England, the epidemic in 1866, here in East London and other parts of the country, and the epidemics of 1849 and 1854, could hardly be called, in a strictly logical and mathematical sense, epidemics; we are told that, after all, the epidemic of 1866 only killed 16,000 people, and 16,000 people does not compare even with the number of people who die every year from other special causes—accidents and what not—and that the total mortality from cholera in 1866 might easily be figured to yourselves, if you remember that only about one out of every 17,000 of your acquaintances died of it. I really cannot appreciate with sufficient severity the ignorance or the recklessness of the person who made that statement, and I deplore, and I think all ought to deplore, the striking publicity which has been given to it. It betrays a superficiality and an ignorance of the facts which are inexpressibly dangerous. It is quite true that, taking the mortality of the whole of Great Britain for the whole of the year, and taking the mortality from cholera, as relating to the mortality of the whole population for the whole year, it represents only a small part of it, and that is not the nature of cholera as it has shown itself here. Cholera, as it has shown itself always in its epidemic state, is a disease which strikes down masses of the population in limited localities. It is not a fact that when cholera attacks a place you have only to fear the death of one in 17,000 of your acquaintances. What was the history of the cholera in East London in 1862? In the parish of Whitechapel the mortality was one in every forty-seven of the population, and the total mortality of 6000 people in the East of London was represented by one, I think, in 140. The

rest of London was very little touched. In Ratcliffe it was one in fifty-seven; in Rotherhithe it was one in sixty-seven; so the cholera is a very terrible disease to portions of the population. And when we consider the present epidemic of cholera, as it is showing itself now at this moment in parts of Europe which are very contiguous to us; if we look at Hamburg, we have seen that in a town not much bigger than Birmingham, with a population not much larger than Birmingham, since the 10th of August there have been 7000 deaths, and the people have been dying there, and have been dying there during the whole of that period, at the rate of 200 to 300 a day. The whole city is a city of mourning, as during the time of the cholera epidemic of 1866 the East End was a city of mourning, and those who went through that period can never forget and never ought to forget that fearful calamity which arose from the pure negligence of one class of persons, fostered no doubt by the individual negligence and the individual want of knowledge of the population which was poisoned. I remember very well not only the physical suffering, not only the distress, misery, malady, and death, but the moral suffering of the people. It is no consolation, or very little consolation, to any one who loses a husband or a father, or a mother or a dear child, to be told that there are fellow-sufferers by the hundred who are suffering the same acute loss. At that time, when the cholera passed away, after no great number of weeks, there was left a sad heritage of poverty, destitution, and orphanage. The heart of London was opened, and charity was poured out profusely; but it hardly heals the wounds, and those who remember the terrors of a cholera epidemic on however small a scale will not be at all disposed to talk lightly about "panic," or to preach indifference when the question is how to meet it with courage and activity.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE BOYHOOD AND YOUTH OF COLUMBUS.

BY RICHARD DAVEY.

In 1885, at the request of Sir Augustus Adderley, Commissioner for the West Indian Section of the Indian and Colonial

Exhibition, I went to Rome with the curious mission of bringing back to England some rare document or other con-

nected with the early history of those Colonies which were discovered by Columbus, now four hundred years ago, month by month,—October, 1492. The task was a rather arduous one, for, as is well known, the Papacy has hitherto been very difficult to manage in matters of this sort; but, being furnished with a letter from Cardinal Manning to the Cardinal Simeone, late President of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, I felt confident of some measure of success, and that I should not return empty-handed. Little, however, did I imagine, when I left London, that I should achieve so remarkable a triumph of diplomacy in a small way as I did eventually, by being permitted to convey to London that precious Map of the World known as the 2d Borgian Map, which was exhibited in the West Indian Section of the Colonial Exhibition, and attracted so much interest while the Exhibition remained open. Pope Leo XIII. received me with never-to-be-forgotten kindness, and, seeing how earnest I was not to fail in my mission, after some hesitation, commanded that this extraordinary document should be entrusted to me. I could have brought with me several other singularly interesting documents connected with the early discoveries of the New World; but I came to the conclusion that they were not particularly suited to my purpose, and that the general public would not care much for them. The Cardinal Simeone shrewdly considered that a map full of quaint designs of curious ships and strange figures of men and of fabulously hideous birds and beasts would prove far more attractive to the frequenters of the Court than a collection of old parchments covered with the crabbed caligraphy of the fifteenth century, howsoever valuable they might prove to the student. This excursion to Italy resulted in my becoming deeply interested in Columbus and his times. Some months passed in Genoa led me to devote my leisure to visiting the scenes of his birth and childhood; and in my pursuit for information I had the assistance of two valued friends, now, alas! no more, Michele Canale and Frederigo Alizeri, the learned Genoese historians. Through their influence I was permitted to examine most of the documents discovered through the indefatigable zeal of the Marquis Staglieno and of Mr. Henry Harrisse, which have thrown so much light on

the earlier years of the Discoverer of the New World. I visited Quinto, Porto Fino and Savona, towns which have each claimed Columbus as a citizen. My intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancient and modern Italians, derived during many years' residence in childhood and youth in their marvellous country, enabled me to form, perhaps, as accurate a knowledge of the position occupied by the family of Columbus as is possible at this date, so far distant from the time of its existence.

For generations historians have disputed the birthplace of Columbus. The majority have inclined to believe him a native of Genoa, or of the neighboring town of Savona. One learned gentleman has asserted in a very elaborate pamphlet, published not long ago, that he came from Cremona. The Abate Casanova of Ajaccio, on the strength of a very ancient but equally obscure tradition, attempts to prove in his pamphlet that Columbus was a Corsican. He goes so far as to point out the very house, in the Vico del Filo at Calvi, in which, he firmly believes, the Discoverer first saw light. His statements, howsoever ingenious, lack contemporary evidence to substantiate them, and it required very little research to scatter them to the winds. I have also lately seen a curious and rare French pamphlet in which Columbus is declared to be a native of Marseilles, and yet another, the author of which endeavors to convince his readers that Columbus was born at Albenga. In short, a voluminous literature has sprung out of this vexed question; but no serious student of history has ever paid it much attention, the claims of Genoa and Savona alone being deemed worthy of respect. It is due to the Marquis Staglieno of Genoa, one of the most erudite of modern historians, and to Mr. Henry Harrisse, a learned and indefatigable American student of the life of Columbus, that the real birthplace of the great navigator is definitely determined. He was born in Genoa, and in a house still standing near the ancient and recently restored gate of St. Andrea, at the top of a long steep street known as the Portorio, in the parish of San Stefano.

Domenico Colombo, the father of the illustrious navigator, is described by Washington Irving and other writers as a "woolcomber;" but in all the contemporary

documents discovered by the historians just named he is emphatically called "a woollen manufacturer," a position very different from that of a "wool comber." The difference is that which exists between a mechanic and a tradesman. No wonder that Ferdinand Columbus indignantly contradicted an assertion which, even in this democratic age, most of us would resent. Although never in affluent circumstances, Domenico and Susanna Colombo, the parents of Christopher, were evidently highly respectable tradespeople, who spent the whole of their lives between Genoa and Savona. Probably Domenico Colombo was born at Quinto, a village not many miles distant from the capital of the Genoese Republic. His father, Giovanni Colombo, undoubtedly lived there, for in a document dated 1439 he is described as "Giovanni Colombo of Quinto, the father of Domenico of Genoa." This Giovanni was, it seems, according to another and still more ancient deed, the son of a certain Giovanni Colombo of Fontanarossa, another village in the district. As the inhabitants of this village were engaged in sheep-dealing, it is probable that this Giovanni was a wool merchant, and since Fernando Columbus, with the justifiable vanity of the son of a great man, seems to have been always desirous of claiming a social position, and signs himself, on more than one occasion, as "of Fontanarossa," we may go so far as to conclude that the Colombo (or Columbus) family, according to its own tradition, was the principal in that place. The names of the family and the Christian names of the great-grandmother and grandmother of the Discoverer of the New World are lost. His mother, however, was Susanna of Fontanarossa, a native of the suburb of Bisagno. This is proved by a document in the Savonese Archives, whereby, on the 7th August, 1743, "Susanna, daughter of Giacomo of Fontanaruba (the Latin for Fontanarossa) in the Bisagno, agrees to allow her husband, Domenico Colombo of Genoa, to sell a house situated in that city, near the Olivella Gate." It is described as a house with a pleasant garden, in the parish of St. Stephen, and next door to the house and property of Nicola Paravagna, and touching also the property of Antonio Bondi. "The house faces the principal street, and is close to the old wall of the town." In this document Domenico Co-

lombo is specially designated as being a citizen of Savona—for the simple reason that he had by this time resided there some years, and was entitled to citizenship.

This house, however, is not the one in which Columbus was born, as has been so frequently and erroneously stated. It has long since disappeared to make way for the enlargement of the neighboring hospital. The Porta (or Gate) Olivella stood for centuries to the right of the Church of St. Stephen. As this house is frequently mentioned in deeds of the period of the last half of the fifteenth century as belonging to the family of Domenico Colombo, we are able to trace its history with fair accuracy. It formed part of the dower of Susanna Fontanarossa, for we have already seen that it could not be sold without her permission. It is probable that the family, instead of living in it, let it. On more than one occasion the tenant did not pay his rent, so that in 1476 Domenico Colombo had to come from Savona to Genoa to exact it. Unable to get the £20 due to him for arrears, he raised, through the notary Camogli, a loan on the sum, the tenant Malio becoming a guarantee for the amount of his unpaid rent. "*Occasione pensionis eiusdem domus ipsius Dominici quam tenet et conducit*," etc.

Domenico Colombo possessed yet another house, still standing, and situated close to the recently-restored Gate of St. Andrea, at the top of the long, steep street called Portorio. In this venerable house, without doubt, Columbus was born in 1451.

Four years before the discovery of America by his illustrious son, Domenico Colombo being in reduced circumstances, was obliged to transfer this house to his son-in law, Bavarello, the husband of his only daughter, Bianchinetta. The papers relative to this proceeding are still in existence, and bear the date July 30, 1489. Domenico Colombo certainly lived here with his wife and family from 1435 to 1470, when they went to Savona. This is proved by the extant register of the Monastery of San Stefano, in which they are regularly entered as paying a yearly ecclesiastical tax to the Prior during the whole of this period. They left Genoa in 1470, and resided at Savona until 1484. The Savonese Archives, however, contain frequent mention of Domenico in old deeds until 1494, when he again returned to

Genoa, where, in all probability, he died some years later. In the deed authorizing the sale of the house in Porta Olivella the witnesses are "Christopher Colombo and Giovanni Pellegrino, sons of Domenico and Susanah Colombo."

Washington Irving was unaware of the existence of this son Giovanni Pellegrino, for he tells us that "Christopher Columbus was the eldest of three brothers only—Bartholomew and Giacomo, or James (written Diego in Spanish)." Giovanni Pellegrino was the second brother, and died in 1489, unmarried. We have more than this proof of his existence. In another document he is named together with his three brothers, Christopher, Bartholomew, and Giacomo. In 1501, ten years after his death, and some time after the death of his father, a man named Corasso Cuneo summoned the sons of Domenico Colombo before the Courts of Savona for non-payment of the price due to him for lands purchased many years before by their father Domenico. In this curious document we find the names of Christopher and James—"Christophorem et Jacobum, fratres de Columbi, filiis et heredes quondam Dominici eorum patris." In the next register concerning this affair, and dated the same month and year, Bartholomew is mentioned—"Cristoferi, Bartolomei et Jacobi de Columbis, quondam Dominici et ipsius heredes." There is no mention of Bianchinetta, the only daughter of Domenico, and sister to the Navigator. She was, according to Genoese law, being a married woman, not entitled to inherit from her father. Here, then, we have the most positive contemporary evidence that Domenico Colombo was the father of four sons, respectively named Christopher, Giovanni, Pellegrino, or Pilgrim (a name sometimes found in old English Registers), Bartolomeo, or Bartholomew, and Giacomo, or Diego. He must, therefore, have been the father of Christopher Columbus, Discoverer of the New World, who, as everybody knows, had two brothers, companions in his travels, named Bartholomew and Giacomo (or Diego). We know that, according to documents far too many to be quoted here, the said Domenico was a tax-paying resident in the Via di Sant' Andrea, in the city of Genoa, between the years 1435 and 1470. From another and most important document, recently discovered by

the Marquis Staglieno in the Atti Notarilli of the city of Genoa, Christopher Columbus is stated to be nineteen years old in 1470. He was therefore born, we may presume, in October, 1451, precisely during the time of his father's residence in the house, now declared officially to have been his birthplace, and situated hard by the noble old Gate of St. Andrea. It is a fortunate thing for Italian history that, in accordance with a very ancient custom on the decease of a notary, his papers and registers are taken charge of by the State, and carefully preserved in an office specially set apart for the purpose.

Although the enormous accumulation of papers thus preserved from century to century may in many instances be deemed of little importance, nevertheless they have proved invaluable funds of information to historians. It was principally among the papers of the Notary Stella that Signor Bertolotti unearthed the particulars of the life and trial of Beatrice Cenci. It was among those of Pietro Belasio and Nicolà Raggio that the Marquis Staglieno discovered the following curious facts concerning Columbus:—

"In 1470, on the thirtieth of October, Domenico Colombo and his son Christopher appeared before the above-named notaries of the city of Genoa in order to confirm and conclude a contract, in which the said Christopher Colombo declares himself, with his father's endorsement, debtor to the said Belasio to the amount of Genoese Lire 48. 15. 6. (or about 300 francs) for wine procured by him on credit for the supply of his ship now in the harbor of Genoa. Domenico his father holds himself security for his said son, who is nineteen years of age. Christofferus de Colombo filius Dominici Maior anni decemnovum,"—

and therefore, according to Genoese law, just of age.

Dating back we find, therefore, that Columbus was born in 1451. In his autobiography he tells us he went to sea when he was fourteen. Therefore, he had in 1470 been five years a sailor; but he had not as yet wholly abandoned his paternal roof to reside definitely in Portugal. He did not do so until six years later. Now, if he went to sea when he was fourteen, and was still at sea when he was nineteen, what time had he for studying at the University of Pavia, where, according to most historians, he acquired his proficiency in Latin and in such sciences as were then taught? In my opinion, he never was

near Pavia in his life. No document exists in that city to prove that Columbus was a student of that renowned University: and the statement is made only on a very slender local tradition and the assertion in La Casas' work that he "completed his studies in Pavia." Possibly this writer made a slip of the pen, and, meaning *Patria*, wrote *Pavia*—or did the printer's devil make the blunder? Certainly Columbus' family was not in a position to afford to send him to a distant University, and, moreover, there was no necessity for their so doing, as Genoa possessed admirable schools of her own.

Not very far from his father's house, at the bottom of the long, steep street Portorio, was a famous school, directed by the Servite fathers, whose church, Santa Maria de Servi, still exists. It strikes me as much more probable that the boy Columbus went to this school, and that some learned monk taught him Latin, than that he should have been sent to Pavia, as great a distance from Genoa in those days as Paris is now. Moreover, the learned notary, Andrea de Cario, was a friend and neighbor of the family. This gentleman was well off, and, although married, usually wore an ecclesiastical habit, and was for nearly half a century chancellor to the archbishopric. Among his papers and registers, which still exist, are several mentions of Domenico Colombo and his wife and her family, the Fontanarossa. Possibly this learned personage may have undertaken a part of the education of the precocious lad.

If further proof were required of the intimate connection which always existed between Domenico Colombo and his illustrious son Christopher, I need simply record the fact that even when the Great Man was himself in dire distress, he remembered his aged and poor father and sent him money to relieve his pressing debts. The affection which existed between the three brothers seems to have been extended to certain cousins, for we find in a document dated 1476, that Giovanni, Matteo, and Amighetto Colombo, of Quinto, signed a deed whereby money was raised to enable the eldest Giovanni to go to Spain to serve under his cousin Christopher, who is described as an Admiral. These men were the sons of Antonio, a brother of Domenico.

Not one of the documents I have quoted
NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVI., No. 6. 47

ed is particularly interesting in itself. They are very commonplace, and yet how astonishingly do they help us to reconstruct the past! A name here, an allusion there, an unpaid bill, a summons before the tribunals on a pressing demand for payment of rent, a receipt, a mere scrap of paper with a great name attached to it, opens out an entirely new field of research, and dispels mountains of controversy and theory. I felt I came into very intimate contact with Columbus as my eyes rested on the quaint old-world documents which he, and his father and mother, and brothers, signed four hundred years ago.

Quite recently, the indefatigable Marquis Staglieno came across, in the State Archives of the city of Genoa (L'Archivio di Stato), three papers enriched with the signatures of Columbus and his father. From them we learn that, in 1470, Domenico Colombo, either because his affairs were going badly, or because he perceived a better chance for himself and family elsewhere, determined to leave Genoa and establish himself in Savona. He was then in the debt of a certain Geronimo da Porto to the amount of 25 lire, or 117 francs modern money, and evidently could not pay him. Da Porto must have heard of his intention to leave the city. He summoned him and his eldest son Christopher before the tribunal for non-payment of the debt in question. The judge decided that Domenico and Christopher Colombo should pay the amount within a year from that date. Whether they eventually paid the money or not is doubtful, for in a codicil to Columbus' will, made some thirty years later, he leaves "to the heirs of Geronimo da Porto, of Genoa, the father of Benito da Porto, 20 ducats,"—which is nearly double the amount originally claimed, and leads one to think that it includes the interest for so long a period.

In these documents Domenico Colombo is invariably described as "Dominicus Columbus, lanarius de Janua, habitator in Saone,"—"a wool-weaver, living in Savona." In addition to the evidence already given that Columbus was born in Genoa, I will recall the facts that he himself three times in his biography repeats that he was a native of that town—"where I lived, and whence I came"—and, that Andreo Bemaldez, the curate of Los Palacios, who was his intimate friend, in-

forms us that he told him he was born in Genoa. His contemporaries, Agostino Giustinani, Antonio de Herrera, and Antonio Gallo, the Chancellor of the Bank of St. George, who corresponded with Columbus, repeat the same assertion. Then, again, it is to the city of Genoa that the dying Columbus leaves the Breviary given him by Pope Alexander VI. Where is it now?

Genoa in 1451 presented an aspect different from that which it wears now, although the street in which Columbus was born and its neighborhood have not sustained many changes. The ancient houses still tower up six and eight stories on either side of the narrow and picturesque thoroughfare of the Portorio, some of them preserving traces of Gothic windows and doors, and of a sort of Arabian decoration, running just below the projecting roof which is peculiar to Genoa. This street has been known as the Portorio, or *Porta Aurea*, for centuries. It leads up the hill from the outer wall of the city, and the characteristic church of San Stefano, with its black-and-white marble façade, which gives its name to the suburb, to the inner Gate of St. Andrea, and the second ring of walls now destroyed. This gate is a noble specimen of feudal architecture, which has been recently over-restored. A few years ago it was ten times more picturesque than now, with the quaint old houses sticking to its rough walls like barnacles on a ship's side. These have been removed, and the grandeur of the arch which formerly was attached on either side to lofty and formidable walls built in 1155 to resist the attacks of Barbarossa has been displaced. In front of this ancient gate is a little platform surrounded with tall and irregular houses, coeval with the gate itself. No. 37, lately occupied by a tinman, is the house in which Columbus was born, and spent his childhood and youth. I believe, with Mr. Harris and the Marquis Staglieno, that he was born here in the front room—the best bedroom—of the first floor, between October 1446 and October 1451. The date must remain uncertain, because, although in the important paper I have mentioned at length he is described as nineteen years of age in 1470, it must be remembered that nineteen was the legal age of manhood under the old Genoese law, which was identical with the ancient

Roman code. They would, however, never have specified that he was of age—that is, nineteen—if he was not at that time a very young man. He might, perhaps, have been twenty-three, or even twenty-four; but the probability is that he had just become of age. In 1886, the Municipality of Genoa purchased this house for 36,000 francs, and it is to be kept intact in memory of Columbus forever. Over the door is this inscription:—

Nulla . Domus . titulo, dignior
Heic
Paternis : in : Edibus.
Christophorus : Columbus.
Pueritium
Primioque . juvantam . trasegit.

I think, with Mr. Harris, that "*Forsam natus*" might with propriety be added.

The great Gothic arch of the stern old gate frowned down on the modest dwelling, and the child Columbus must often have been told the story of the chains, which in my own boyhood I remember to have seen hanging on the grim walls on either side of the arch. They were courteously restored in 1862 to the Pisans (from whom they had been captured in 1290), in honor of Italian unity.

Not very far from this house stood until quite the end of the last century a curious old house with a figure of St. Christopher painted upon it, which doubtless had a lamp constantly burning before it. Possibly it was in honor of the saint here represented that the future discoverer of the New World was christened Christopher. On entering the city proper through the arch of St. Andrea in the days of Columbus' youth, the aspect was by no means cheerful. The houses, like those of Edinburgh, rose seven, and even eleven, stories, making the narrow courts and passage-like streets look not unlike dark openings in a Californian cañon. The hilly position of the town, however, lent itself admirably to picturesque effects, and the brilliance of the deep blue sky above and of the broad streaks of sunlight falling on the squares and little piazza, softened what might otherwise have been exceedingly gloomy and depressing. The palaces of the nobility appeared rather like fortresses than civic residences, and had scarcely a window toward the street; and each possessed a tall turreted watch-tower of red brick picked out with marble, the finest specimen of which now existing is that of

the Imbriaci. The churches and the oratories were amazingly numerous; but they were nearly all exactly alike, built in very plain Gothic architecture, with façades streaked with alternated layers of black-and-white marble. A few have escaped the vandalistic restorations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of these the best remaining specimens are the Cathedral, San Matteo Doria, Santa Maria del' Orto (desecrated), San Cosmo, San Donato, San Stefano, and Sant Agostino (desecrated).

But in the fifteenth century they were to be met with at every turn of the street, giving a very peculiar appearance to the city. The finest palaces bordered the Ripa by the port, and these were so beautifully decorated with frescoes and gilding that Petrarch declared that "nothing could be imagined more magnificent." The Strade Nuova, Nuovissima, and Balbi, with their splendid Renaissance palaces, did not come into existence until late in the sixteenth century. The cathedral was in much the same condition as at present, and the Bank of St. George, now in process of restoration, was considered to be one of the wonders of the world.

If the architecture of the city was picturesque, its population was indescribably so. The streets teemed with life and color. There were men in armor, sailors from all parts of the world, guardsmen in the liveries of the Doge, striped scarlet and white, ladies of rank proceeding to church, attended by their women, and escorted by little negro pages upholding their trains, or screening them from the ardor of the sun with immense crimson silk parasols. Rich dames loling in litters bung with painted Cordova leather were carried to and fro on the shoulders of stalwart African slaves. Veiled women of the people, with their children clinging round them, sitting outside their doors, not unfrequently engaged in a hair hunt. Priests, monks, and nuns, in every imaginable kind of ecclesiastical costumes, mingled with herculean porters from the Port, with soldiers and nobles, with Levantines and Jews, so that, if the houses were sombre, the streets were ablaze with brilliant and varied costumes. At night, however, the place looked desolate. Only the lamps burning before the images of the Madonna and Saints lit up the gloomy thoroughfares and darksome piazza. At Ave Maria, in

winter time, everybody was indoors saying the Rosary. Three times a day, as the Angelus tolled, the whole population stopped and repeated the Angelic salutation. This pious custom lasted until quite late in the first half of the present century. Unlike Venice, Genoa was not a city of pleasure. On the other hand, its population dearly loved pageantry. Religious processions of the utmost splendor were of such every-day occurrence that people scarcely noticed them. The Doge went about attended by at least a hundred officers and servants. On great festivals the balconies were hung with brocade and wreaths of fresh flowers, while half of the town preceded the Host or the images of the Madonna and Saints, to the admiration of the other half, crowding the sidewalks and the overhanging balconies.

Such, then, was Genoa, the Queen of the Mediterranean, as Venice was of the Adriatic, when Christopher Columbus first saw light. His parents were, as we have seen, people in a humble yet eminently respectable position. Their manner of life differed little from that of their neighbors, and only sixty years ago—there are many still living who have described it to me—thus was passed the life of an honest Genoese family of the lower middle class. At five in the morning the family and apprentices and servants rose, after saying the Angelus, and proceeded to Mass. A slice of bread, with fruit in summer or dried figs in winter, and a glass of wine, formed the first meal, or breakfast. Then came work until noon, when the frugal dinner was served—meat once a week, and sweets only on great festivals. As a rule it consisted of a *minestrone*, a succulent and wholesome sort of soup, made with all kinds of vegetables, rice, and bits of pork cut up into square pieces, macaroni, ravioli, and other like dishes. After this meal there was an hour for recreation. Then to work again until sunset, when the whole household repeated the Angelus and said the Rosary. In summer they would go processionally from street image to image, singing their Aves with uncommon unction before the holy figure, round which burned scores of little oil lamps, amid cart-wheel-shaped bouquets. Sometimes one half the inhabitants said the Rosary while the other gave the responses. No wonder if, after a régime of this sort, Christopher Columbus grew up to be a very pious man.

However, there were plenty of scandals going the round of the town even in 1451, and, I am afraid, religiosity rather than piety was the true characteristic of this singular population. Still, the evidence in favor of Columbus and his family is so greatly to their advantage that we may feel sure they really were people of exceptional integrity and sincerely pious.

Little Genoese boys and girls were brought up rather sternly, and the *ferrula* was much in use. Often, no doubt, did the small Columbus have to hold out his chubby hand to receive the strokes, both at home and at school. The mother and sister appeared very rarely in public, and were invariably veiled. The church was the principal object of those excellent people's existence. It is so to this day with a majority of the middle-class Genoese, who spend half their time in church, and are quite as well pleased to go and hear a sermon as their neighbors at Turin are to attend a new play. I am quite sure that more than once a year the infant Columbus and his brothers, dressed up as saints, and very artistically, too, walked in the processions of the three or four confraternities attached to the church and convent of St. Stefano. I dare say Christopher often impersonated the infant St. John, or even the Child Jesus, and was carried on the shoulders of some gigantic Brother disguised as St. Christopher :

"San Cristoforo grosso,
Porta il mondo a dorso,"

—"the big St. Christopher carries the world on his back." In Holy Week, what a time these pious folk had, to be sure ! There was so much to see that people had nothing else to do but leave their business to take care of itself, and either to walk in the processions or else watch them wend their way along the tortuous streets. There were the Flagellants to see, who whipped themselves until their bare backs were red. As to the Guilds and Corporations : They were a source of infinite interest and excitement. Each had its *cassaccia*, or shrine, to carry, and, above all, its tremendous crucifix, which people wagered could never reach its destination, so terrific was its weight. If the wretched man who carried it staggered and fell, hundreds of lire changed hands, and if he managed to restore it to its place in the Oratory belonging to the Guild, he was looked upon as a great hero, as a victo-

rious modern jockey. And the Sepulchres on Holy Thursday, and the Procession of the Passion on Good Friday, all these wonderful things, and many others too numerous to describe, the youthful Columbus participated in, enjoyed, and venerated.*

The boy Columbus had his sports, too, like any other lad in any other part of the world. He played *boccie*, or bowls, and *palla*, a sort of football, and, like all other Genoese urchins, he was, I am sure, an excellent diver and swimmer. His character in after life, so full of noble courage, gentleness, piety, and justice, speaks volumes for the education he received at his mother's knee. That he loved his parents is proved by his frequent mention of them, and he loved with patriotic ardor the beautiful city "where he was born and whence he came."

Although there is no positive proof extant that such was the case, we may safely conclude that, together with all the Genoese of his period, he was imbued from the earliest age with a love of the sea and of adventure. In the gloom of his father's cavernous shop he must often have heard the foreign and native merchants, who came to purchase woollen goods, relate tales of extraordinary discoveries made in the unknown seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Vast, indeed, was the commerce of Genoa at this epoch. Her vessels roamed the seas as far as the Caspian, where Marco Polo found them trading from port to port. Genoa rivalled Venice in the Levant, and held the keys of the commerce of North Africa. In Bruges, her merchants had a Hall of their own ; it still exists, with the effigy of St. George over its Gothic portal. Genoese merchants were well known in the crowded thoroughfares of London city, and their velvets and silks were to be bought in the High Street of Edinburgh, and in the markets of Copenhagen and Christiania. In the last half of the fifteenth century the world talked much of discoveries ; of magical islands of pearl, and of deceptive islands that rose on the horizon of the Atlantic,

* Then in all probability he witnessed the coronation of the Doge Paul of Novi, a dyer, who certainly did business with his father, and lived in the same neighborhood. The romantic and tragic history of this Doge recalls that of Marino Faliero. He was decapitated amid singular circumstances.

and, siren-like, deluded venturesome travellers to their doom. In Genoa lived the Vivaldi family, descendants of Vadino and Guido Vivaldi, and of Ugolino and Tediseo Vivaldi, who, beyond doubt, discovered not only the Azores, but also Madeira and the Canaries, between 1285 and 1290. The matter is recorded very minutely in records still extant, both in Genoa and Florence, of the thirteenth century. Columbus must often have heard of these bold pioneers, and likewise of the ship, and its crew of thirty men, which, in 1467, the Genoese Government equipped at its expense in Lisbon, and sent forth on a mission of discovery, whence they never returned, as we learn from Pietro d'Abano, in his *Conciliatore*. Sailors whose frail vessels had been driven out to sea far beyond the coast of Spain toward that of the new lands, had doubtless seen some of the Azores, and, returning home, had spread abroad the most fantastical stories of cities of gold, inhabited by a people whose heads grew beneath their shoulders. In short, the imaginative child's ears must often have drunk in tales as wonderful as any told by Othello to Desdemona. At fourteen he went to sea; but he was in the prime of his glorious manhood on that never-to-be-forgotten morning in October, 1492, when the verdant island of San Salvador rose like an emerald out of the deep blue sea to delight his thankful vision, and give him and civilization the key of a New World.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to plead the cause of an excellent manner devised to commemorate the memory of this great man on one of the islands of the West Indies, which he twice visited—Jamaica. No more fitting memorial of Columbus could possibly be imagined to commemorate this important centennial than the erection of an Observatory of Marine Biology on the coast of Jamaica, the seas surrounding which teem with fish and creatures as yet little known to sci-

ence. In this scheme no one takes a deeper interest than Governor and Lady Blake and her sister, the Duchess of St. Albans. I should indeed feel flattered if this study on the boyhood of Columbus produced a contribution, howsoever small, from each of its readers toward the fund which is being raised for the admirable purpose in question.

The works consulted in the prosecution of this article are too numerous to be mentioned here in full. Still, I must again own my debt of gratitude to Michele Marquis Staglieno, and to Mr Henry Harris, whose superb work on Columbus and the Bank of St. George is deserving of the honor paid it by the Genoese, who caused it to be sumptuously published at their expense. Finally, I would signal to English historians that mine of information, the Archive of St. George. The Bank of St. George, for seven hundred years, held an unrivalled position in the world, and combined the qualifications of the Bank of England with those of the East India Company. During all this period it was in direct and constant communication with England, and I am sure thousands of unedited documents, tending to throw light on the history of our commerce, are there, awaiting a successor to Rawdon Brown. Certainly they are as rich as the Archives of Venice, if not richer. Within the past ten years an attempt has been made to put them in order, and to index them. Imagine the task. There are now 37,000 packages of papers, dating from the tenth century to the end of the last, each containing several thousand documents. Our commerce with Genoa was of amazing importance. At the siege of Acre, Richard I., fighting side by side with the brave Genoese, placed England under the patronage of the Genoese Patron Saint, George of Cappadocia. He also took from the Genoese banner its red cross and placed it in the centre of the national flag of Old England.—*National Review*.

FANCIES CONCERNING THE FUTURE STATE.

BY P. W. ROOSE.

HEAVEN took pity on the lovely Mary Lee of Carylha, in Hogg's poem, *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, when

"she grew weary of this world,
And yearned and pined the next to see,"

and sent a guide from a far-distant land to take her to the place she longed after, and show her a glimpse of its delights beforehand. Failing such a gratification of our yearnings in that direction, we

can only fall back on dreams and musings.

Leigh Hunt, in a spirit of more mundane curiosity than that which animated the Ettrick Shepherd's mystically disposed young heroine, regrets that none of the great geniuses has given us his own notions of heaven. The hint as to eye having not seen, nor ear heard, nor its having entered into the human heart to conceive of the divine secret, may have sealed men's lips. No such restraint, however, prevailed with the essayist, whose free-and-easy fancy was wont to deal familiarly with any subject; and, as if to set the fashion in that sort of speculation (which has since run riot), he proceeds to offer his personal ideas on the matter—ideas which, though variously, and often with perfect sincerity, put forward, were derived rather from the happy-go-lucky optimism of his nature than from such hard-won faith as has inspired others, and inclined them to take the dreams of their imagination more seriously.

"Nothing shall persuade us," he declares, "that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond in some less perishing region, . . . and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather . . . three hundred years hence, in some snug inter-lunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbor, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale"—which fixing on the moon as the place of our future abode recalls the theory of the old lady, the friend of Byron's mother, as to the spirit's first appointed residence on its release from mortal clay, through which theory the future satirist, then a child in the nursery, took his revenge upon her for some imaginary offence: "And when she does die, which I hope will be soon, she firmly believes she will go to the moon."

What would the old lady, and what would Leigh Hunt have said to the more ambitious aspiration, as indulged in by M. Louis Figuier, of man's destination, after he has "traversed the successive stages, and rested in the successive stations of his journey through the skies," being none other than the sun—surely a consummation that might prove of doubtful attraction to the most ardent sun-worshipper.

Others, however, before Figuier, have luxuriated in the idea of committing themselves to the liquid fires of the sun, "of rising," as John Foster expresses it, "on its swells, flashing amid its surges, darting upward a thousand leagues on the spiry point of a flame, and then falling again fearless into the fervent ocean."

Notwithstanding the repeated declaration that heaven is a state, and not a place, people's thoughts will fasten on localities. It is hard, in the wildest imaginings, to conceive of a future existence without a local habitation, and from which everything material is to be excluded; though, as Foster remarks, "what *we* shall be, *we ourselves*, is the matter of surpassing interest." Leigh Hunt's notion of the after-life being but the realized ideal of this, a "heavenly and kindly place" in which, as in the old fairy tales, we shall all live happy ever after, has of late taken deep hold of the popular fancy. It is as if a phantasmal bridge of communication had been thrown across the dark river which divides life from death; or rather, as if a fairy telescope had been set up, through which we are invited to take glimpses of what the denizens of the invisible world are about, and especially of how it fares with them on first arriving.

People (according to the *Gates Ajar* and the *Little Pilgrim* school) wake up in some soft green place, and wonder how they got there, not knowing they are dead till they happen to recognize some one who had long since gone before them to the Silent Land (a by no means silent land, be it remarked, to its inhabitants from this showing); and then they are brightly congratulated on having "got it over," as if it were a tooth they had had drawn. Others, finding themselves in so strange a scene, into which they seem to have been cast headlong, think whether this may not be some new experiment of the doctor, and are horrified to discover that they have eluded that gentleman's clutches altogether, even while fain in the same breath to acknowledge that they certainly do "feel much better." Little boys arrive, unconscious of any change in their condition on the heavenly scene, and sing out for their supper like any mortal children. They have died, but they are not dead, any more than the little one of Bryant's poem, who was decked with flowers and

left ready for burial, when his weeping sisters, hearing his voice, rush in—

“And there he sits alone, and gayly shakes
In his full hands the blossoms red and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
From long deep slumbers at the morning light.”

Toil-worn men and women, not yet recruited from their long years of care and labor, repose in pleasant places, content to let the stream of active life go by, while they partake of the very enjoyments they had so often pictured to themselves on earth, and drink deep of the rest that had once seemed to them so unattainable. Musicians, painters, poets, architects, pursue the dreams of beauty which their earthly life was too brief for them to body forth.

Another idea, as graphically set forth by Miss Phelps, is of the spirit hanging for awhile around the scene of his past, unconscious of his own decease and vainly striving to make his presence known to friends who persistently ignore him, till the uncomfortable truth is at last forced upon his mind that he is a dead man, whereupon a new phase of existence, yet built upon the model of the old, opens out before him.

In this sort of homely speculation concerning the dread unseen there is something very captivating to the ordinary mind, which is staggered at contemplation of a new state of being. Nor is it romancers only who have adopted these familiar views. We find them having the authority of grave and learned divines; though it is of our ultimately perfect state, as understood by the theologians, that Canon Barry declares “what makes our life here will, we believe, make it up hereafter, only in a purer and nobler form.” Livingstone, writing with the presentment of death upon him, says: “The feeling . . . made me think a great deal of the future state, and come to the conclusion that possibly the change is not so great as we have usually believed,” giving his reasons for thinking so in terms too sacred to quote in such a connection. Prince Albert hoped for a continuance, as Sir Theodore Martin tells us, only under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, “unclogged by the weaknesses and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sin-

fulness, and the sorrows of earthly existence.”

“The cheering smile, the voice of mirth,
And laughter’s gay surprise,
That please the children born of earth,
Why deem that heaven denies?”

“Methinks in that refulgent sphere
That knows not sun or moon,
An earth-born saint might long to hear
One verse of ‘Bonny Doon.’”

“Or, walking through the streets of gold
In Heaven’s unclouded light,
His lips recall the song of old,
And hum ‘The Sky is Bright.’”

So says Holmes: and, speaking of a poem likely to go down to posterity, “I don’t suppose,” he says, “one would care a great deal about it a hundred or a thousand years after he is dead; but I don’t feel quite sure. It seems as if, even in heaven, King David might remember ‘The Lord is my Shepherd’ with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure,” recalling Blake’s proverb that “eternity is in love with the productions of time.”

Charles Lamb never made a truer remark than that “the shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution.” His own spiritual aspirations were all crossed by mundane yearnings, and heaven to him, whatever glory it might have presented, would have been nothing but an awful void without the old familiar faces; nor would he willingly have foregone one material pleasure to which earth had used him. Figuiet’s notion as to the respiration of the ether he lives in sufficing for the support of man’s “material body” after death, the necessity for eating and drinking being done away with, would have seemed a cold, unsatisfying one to Elia, who looked forward with reluctance to the delights of indulging in “the delicious juices of meats and fishes” going out, among other cheerful things, with life. In his dream of the Child-Angel how wistfully he dallies with the idea of “a kind of fairy-land heaven,” in which the winged orders were dexterous to counterfeit the kindly similitudes of earth, and where the full-nurtured angels tended the new-comer in the purlieus of the place “where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came.” A yet closer clinging to earth was expressed in the suggestion that a man might be content, in reward for “a life of virtue,” to take up his portion forever with

those he loved, "in this good world which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings"—in the very spirit of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, on Pope attempting to comfort him on his death-bed with the assurance that as he had been a very good man he would no doubt go to "a better place," made the well-known quaint retort: "Ah, my good friend, Mr. Pope, I wish God would let me stay at Whitton."

This "green earth" has certainly charms which not every one would be willing to forego for all the unknown splendors of the New Jerusalem. "Your feet will soon be treading the golden streets," said a benevolent minister, who was inclined to take the celestial vision perhaps too literally, to a poor dying old woman in one of our crowded cities. "Eh, sir, if the Lord would only kindly let me go to some quiet green place in the country; I be so mortal tired o' streets," was the wearied old body's reply.

Bryant, though in a vaguer strain, gives utterance to a similar aspiration:

"Why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light and the living green!
It will pine for the dear familiar scene. . . .
'Tis a cruel creed; believe it not!
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here, they are here, that harmless
pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air:
In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring
grass.
They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And list to the long accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below:
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around
Till the day when their bodies shall leave
the ground."

A destiny which to those who are fond of change might appear a trifle monotonous. It certainly would not have fallen in with the mood of the fine old American gentleman Mr. Lowell tells of, who, in his ninetyeth year, while confessing he had "no desire to die," yet expressed so juvenile a curiosity about the other world, giving as a reason for his eagerness, "I have never been to Europe, you know," a curious anticipation of the modern saying that good Americans go to Paris when they die. This does not much look like that weariness of life, that "fatigue of the fancy as

well as of the frame," which is said to overtake man in his failing years, and to make the prospect of a new existence seem less desirable to him than in his prime. "Ze ne veux pas mourir," cried old Cherubini on his death-bed, the appetite for life as strong in him as ever.

In a certain churchyard in Scotland a stone is to be seen bearing, after the name of him who lies beneath, the legend, "started for Paradise" at such a date; in fine stirring contrast to the customary resigned inscriptions, and suggesting the image of one setting out with joyous anticipation on a journey, staff in hand, knapsack on back, full of happy visions of the place he was bound for. In keeping with this view was the strong desire with which Schiller was seized shortly before his death to travel in foreign lands, as if, says one, "his spirit had a presentiment of its approaching enlargement, and already longed to expatiate in a wider and more varied sphere of existence":

"How could he rest? Even then he trod,
The threshold of the world unknown."

"Free among the dead" is the Psalmist's phrase; and it is this idea of freedom that stirs the longings of our earth-bound humanity; freedom to roam at will throughout all Nature, to visit Mars or Venus as one might visit America or Australia now, to penetrate to the remotest part of the universe, gliding along on the waves of light and sound, in the oceans of air and of ether. Then, says Fechner, speaking of the happy being for whom such a destiny is reserved, "he will feel not only the breathing of the wind and the heaving of the sea against his body bathing in them, but float along through air and sea himself; he will no longer walk among verdant trees and fragrant meadows, but consciously penetrate the fields and forests, and men as they walk about them."

Strange how the fancy prevails, among simple and speculative alike, that after death a man's individual powers, his faculties of consciousness, of memory, and of perception, are indefinitely increased, that the dead see things

"With larger, other eyes than ours."

Mrs. Cowden Clarke, writing from Italy on the death of Douglas Jerrold, whose cherished wish to visit the sunny South had remained unfulfilled, regrets that he should never with his mortal eyes have

gazed on the lovely scene which then lay spread before her ; but expresses the confident hope that he was now privileged to behold it "with some higher and diviner power of sight than belongs to earthly eyes." So also Dickens, writing from Niagara to Forster, exclaims : "What would I give if you and Mac were here. . . . I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us ; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

"To become acquainted with all the beautiful and interesting spots of our own world," says Sir John Lubbock, in his cheerful, trusting vein, "would indeed be something to look forward to—and our world is but one of many millions. I sometimes wonder, as I look away to the stars at night, whether it will ever be my privilege, as a disembodied spirit, to visit and explore them. When we had made the great tour, fresh interests would have arisen, and we might well begin again."

A sublimer notion than Hunt's, who thought he could spend a very pretty thousand years "in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record ; and having got used to them," go on, "and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude."

"Some beobleth runs de beautiful,
Some works philosophic ;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
As von eternal shprees."

An eternity of "reciprocating dinners and teas," even with the immortals, would be apt to pall on the most enthusiastic hero-worshipper ; though this, only less convivially expressed, has constituted the hope of many a choice spirit from Cicero downward.

The term "immortals," by the way, as applied to the dead would scarcely be a correct one according to Figuer and others, who hold that man beyond the grave is mortal still, the torch of life being liable to be "extinguished in the spaces as it is extinguished upon earth," though always to enter into a new body "provided with senses still more numerous and more exquisite," and endowed with faculties of ever-increasing power. Those who profess themselves in love with death

might be cheered at this prospect of encountering it again. Others would prefer Hogg's vision of the "next green world," in which, borne along by her heavenly attendant—

"Mary saw the grove and trees,
And she saw the blossoms thereupon ;
But she saw no grave in all the land,
. . . . Nor yet a churchyard stone."

It is in the fine social vein of Hunt that one of our old dramatists asks—

"Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?"

While Shakespeare supposes not a moment's break in the intercourse of those who die together, in the lines—

"My cousin Suffolk,
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast."

"We are all going to heaven," was Gainsborough's dying utterance, "and Vandyke is of the company." Douglas Jerrold, in his own way, touches on the same thought : "On your first arrival in Paradise," he wrote to Mrs. Cowden Clarke on the appearance of her *Concordance*, "you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare—even though your husband should *happen* to be there."

Shakespeare seems to have undergone little of the horrors of lionizing in this world ; but every one appears to have designs upon him in the other, and not on his company only, but to the extent of expecting new plays from him. Boswell, with unwonted modesty, limited his aspirations to a continued acquaintance with his favorite's works, as already accomplished, an ingenious lady having comforted him, on his expressing a regret that there would be no *Shakespeare's Plays* in heaven, with the suggestion that on his arrival there he would very likely be presented with a handsome copy of them. What is more, when he repeated the saying to Dr. Johnson, the sage smiled benignly and seemed not displeased at the presumption of the fancy, showing, as it must have done, in agreeable relief to his own generally gloomy notions on the subject. We find him, however, on one occasion, taking part in a half-playful discussion on our prospects beyond the grave, during which a Quaker lady present ventured to express the hope "that in another world the sexes would be equal"—to be put down, not

by the autocratic philosopher, but by Boswell, with the retort: "That is being too ambitious, madam. We might as well desire to be equal with the angels."

George Eliot gave utterance to a gentler sentiment than the Quaker lady's when, the recollections of her childhood strong upon her, while regretting what the years "whose awful name is Change" had wrought, she said:

"But were another childhood world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

There are other books which some would be scarcely less loath to lose than they would *Shakespeare*.

"We think, admitted to that equal sky,
The *Arabian Nights* must bear us company,"
exclaims an enthusiastic votary of Scheherazade.

Mr. Black, we believe, is unique in expecting to meet in the world beyond, not with books merely, but with the creations of his own fancy in person. Stretching out a hand of farewell to "Madcap Violet" and her friends, "yet not quite of farewell, perhaps," he breaks forth, the creative rapture strong upon him, "for, amid all the shapes and phantoms of this world of mystery, where the shadows we meet can tell us neither whence they came nor whither they go, surely you have for me a no less substantial existence that may have its chances in the time to come. . . . To me you are more real than most I know" (forgetting, however, that those others are quite real to themselves); "what wonder, then, if I were to meet you on the threshold of the great unknown, you all shining with a new light on your face. . . . The day may come when you will speak, and I hear—and understand." A fancy in curious contrast with Dickens's statement that he never met his characters even in dreamland, knowing them, as he said, to be unreal, and existing through his imagination only.

Those who know what it is to awaken from a bad dream, such as of the death of one in whom their life is wrapped and to whom they may have given pain, will recall the thrill of rapturous relief with which, on waking, they found it was a dream, and that atonement is still within their power. To such, and to those who have fallen unawares from their ideal, and who seem to have lost their chance beyond recovery, the idea expressed by so

many (as by Dickens on the death of a friend) that this life is but a dream from which death will wake us, is well-nigh the sweetest of all. The vain desire, "Oh, that we might wake, and find it all a dream" (all, that is, which saddens our existence), would then be realized. "This is indeed no dream!" is the response of Eiros to his friend Charmion's greeting in one of those conversations by Edgar Poe which, in grace of expression and classic beauty of sentiment, recall the best of Landor's. The two friends, as readers of Poe's fanciful sketches will remember, had met in Aidenn, Aidenn being, as is elsewhere shown, the earth new clothed in the beauties of Paradise, having undergone her purification by fire through means of a comet. It is pleasant to think it should be to Poe, whose fancies inclined, as a rule, toward the abnormal and the ghastly, and who, by brooding so incessantly over the secrets of the charnel-house, seems almost to have imbibed some inkling of them before his time, that we are indebted for so bright a vision of our future life as is here presented. On the other hand, it would not have been from Holmes, the natural and genial, that one would have looked for such a weird conceit, weird as the conception of the wildest dream, as is contained in his poem, "Homesick in Heaven." Three spirits sate apart and sad, pining for what they had left behind on earth—the one for her little child, the other for her bridegroom, and the third for her blind and gray-haired father. To the messenger who is sent to comfort them they tell their griefs, when, looking on them with his "mild, half-human eyes"—

"Ye know me not, sweet sisters?" he asks;
"all in vain
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they
wore."

Then with a calm disposal of their idle longings:

"I was the babe that slumbered on thy breast,
And, sister, mine the lips that called thee
bride—
Mine were the silvered locks thy hand caressed,"

which comes upon the reader, however it may have come upon the sisters, with something of the effect of that uncanny tale of Tieck, in which, after a series of mysterious doings, the hero explains them all by the lucid statement, "I was Hugo,

and *I* was the old woman, and *I am Bertram*."

"Then be not fearful at the thought of change,

For though unknown the times that are to be,

Yet shall they prove most beautifully strange,"

says a modern poet; but not quite so strange, we trust, as this suggestion of Holmes would imply.

Most who have speculated on the subject at all are of opinion that, whatever mental treasures a man may have accumulated during his life, "what fills his memory, what pervades his feelings, what his mind and fancy created," is to remain his property forever; nay, that even his lost possessions of mind and memory, of which one's present hold is precarious and dependent on circumstances, will have preceded him into the hereafter, and that death will restore them to him in full; a state of illumination which, as has been observed, is in critical moments occasionally shadowed forth even in this life. "Birth," says Sir Edwin Arnold, "gave to each of us much; death may give very much more in the way of subtler senses," such as, he suggests, to be able to discern new colors; a fancy which would have delighted the color-loving Amelia Opie, the painter's wife, who, writing once of the prisms she kept in her room that their rainbow tints might be reflected in every direction, wonders whether "the mansions in heaven will be draped in such brightness." We none of us can help transferring to our ideas of heaven the impressions of beauty we receive on earth. Gustave Doré, it will be remembered, in his picture of the Transfiguration, represented the angels in robes of variegated dye, instead of the conventional white, a fancy in which he was anticipated, if we remember rightly, by Albrecht Dürer.

Some are curious about the merest details of heaven, busying themselves beforehand (as Carlyle said John Mill would do if he were to get there) in trying to make out how it all is. "For my part," said Carlyle, who (till those he loved best had crossed the mysterious bourne) seemed inclined to take his views of the future life on trust, "I don't much trouble myself about the machinery of the place; whether there is an operative set of angels or an industrial class, I'm willing to leave

all that"—which for him was unusually *complaisant*. We find Caroline Fox, who records the remark, wondering on her own account whether there will be Sunday-schools in heaven.

In some views the spirit appears to lead as cold and shadowy an existence as in the Elysium and Tartarus of the ancients; or even less definite, as belonging to no particular locality. Clothed in some dim semblance of a body, "the airy shadow of its mouldering earth," or perhaps in none, it floats about in space, a phantom in the world of shades, and only divided from its fellows as the waves of light or ether are divided from each other. To others it is this world which is the shadow of that beyond. "There exist in that eternal world," says Blake, "the permanent realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of Nature." The dead, initiated into life's mysteries, are supposed by Victor Hugo to turn the tables (we intend no "spiritualistic" allusion) upon us who are used to consider them as phantoms, with the sentiment:

"'Tis we who live alone—

You living are but ghosts."

"We need to abolish utterly the perilous mistake that anything anywhere is 'supernatural,' or shadowy, or vague," insists Sir Edwin Arnold. "The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East-End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched, and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being." A most invigorating sentiment, though the "must" reminds us forcibly of Queen Elizabeth's rebuke to one of her courtiers, who had presumed to address her in the imperative mood, "the word *must* is not to be used to princes."

It is a spiritless outlook into the future which seeks and desires to find nothing but rest, though the idea involved is capable of such exquisite expression that many are beguiled into adopting it. By none has it been put forward so beautifully as by Rousseau in the saying, "Who on the bosom of a Father sleeps, cares not about awakening," which is only less perfect than the Psalmist's "He giveth His beloved sleep." But annihilation is not

rest, as so many of our modern singers seem to forget.

"Wrap her with roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew :
In quiet she reposes —
Ah, would that I did too !"

In such repose as Matthew Arnold contemplated in these lines there would lie no latent consciousness, as there does at the bottom of the deepest earthly sleep. It is not the rest indicated by the inscriptions on the tombs of the early Christians in the Catacombs which, as Canon Luckock points out, referred to "the peace of the pardoned soul, which it enjoys when set free from the incumbrances of the body, . . . it realizes the prospect of a joyful resurrection and an eternity of bliss already begun ;" the congratulatory wish, "Be happy with your friends," being occasionally attached to these "inscriptions."

Mrs. Carlyle speaks of it as a rather cheering fact on the whole that, "let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, death will make them all smooth sooner or later, and either one shall have a trial at existing again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity"—poor Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, whose sleep was so often broken above ground. "That last used to be a horrible thought for me," she goes on desperately ; "but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion that any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest, where the wicked should cease from troubling and the weary be at rest, understanding both by the wicked and the weary myself"—a not unnecessary reservation, considering that she was writing to her husband, after two nights without sleep.

Sleep and rest are certainly pleasanter names than annihilation, though with so many they indicate the same thing. Natures too active to contemplate an utter cessation of their energies look forward with well-simulated enthusiasm to the prospect of helping on the universe by contributing their scattered atoms to its forces. "In the evenings of that spring," says Harriet Martineau, alluding to the days in which "philosophy founded upon science" had become to her the one thing needful, "I experienced the new joy of feeling myself to be a portion of the universe." Then, indeed, one might be sup-

posed to exchange such civilities with the great Cosmos as Edgar Allen Poe imagines in the case of a certain writer he was cutting up. That gentleman, having inadvertently declared himself unable to conceive of how the universe must have felt on a peculiarly awful occasion, "Why didn't he ask it?" inquires Poe in his sarcastic vein. "The universe would have been sure to answer him, 'Pretty well, I thank you, my dear Brown ; and how do you feel yourself?'" But it is not every one that is capable of bringing himself to that state of mind in which the prospect of becoming at no distant date, say, for definition's sake, "the immaterial principle of a comet," is enough to satisfy one's utmost cravings.

It was of Harriet Martineau (and the saying might apply to all who, like her, have done their best to serve their fellows) that the large-souled Florence Nightingale remarked, "What a delightful surprise it will be to her to wake and find herself in heaven!" Somewhat similar in its blending of kindly intention with a spice of innocent malice was Galileo's remark on the death of a sceptical contemporary, who had refused to look through the telescope at some newly discovered spectacle in the skies, "I hope he saw the moons of Jupiter while on his way to heaven"—surely the most amiable exhibition of the spirit of "I told you so!" on record. Of a like liberal vein was the old minister's surmise that "we shall meet a great many people in heaven whom we had not expected to see there," though he followed out his suggestion to the less pleasing conclusion that "we shall also miss a great many we had expected to find."

"After me, the deluge," was a selfish phrase enough, and only to be commended for its honesty. We are bound, however, to believe people when they profess that in the brighter day which they confidently expect is dawning for Humanity (since denying its immortality they have taken to spelling it with a capital H), they are content to anticipate no share, except in the "beneficial effects" of their present lives on those who are to live after them. It is all very well to aspire, as George Eliot expresses it, to join

"the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

So to live may, to their self-denying

aspirations, be heaven. But the principle of self-consciousness is strong in man; and most people, however philanthropically inclined, would prefer to live again in some more personal fashion. For one who can hang enraptured on the strains of a Mozart or a Beethoven it seems a little ungrateful to say, as Mr. Frederic Harrison says, that "it signifies little to art if the composer continue to exist or not." It might signify little to art, but it would signify a great deal to the composer; and the genius which had so brief an earthly while for its development might more naturally be supposed as still engaged somewhere, somehow, in the mysteries of music.

We turn from the unsatisfying music of that "choir invisible," toward whose harmonies we are invited to contribute, to the sweeter and more inspiring strains of Orpheus, as interpreted for Christians by Archbishop Trench, when, "while the heroes and the kings, the wise, the strong," beguiled by false promises, would have foregone their quest, he sang to them of

"other happier isles for them reserved
Who, faithful here, from constancy and right
And truth have never swerved. . . .

"And how 'twas given through virtue to aspire
To golden seats in ever calm abodes,
Of mortal men admitted to the choir
Of high immortal gods."

It is said that in our day the visions of Paradise on which a simpler and more earnest generation could dwell with delight have lost their value. The "trees of unfading loveliness," the "pavements of emerald," the "gardens of deep and tranquil security," the "palaces of proud and stately decoration," and "the city of lofty pinnacles," through which "a river of gladness" unceasingly flows—all the images, in short, suggested by those sweet old terms, and to which the heart was wont to cling so fondly, have been condemned as

"Poor fragments all of this low earth,
Such as in dreams could hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth;"

the designation of this lovely world as a "low earth" being not much of a compliment to its Creator.

"Virtue," says Tennyson, in the same mood of lofty renunciation,

"desires no isles of the blest, no quiet
seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

To give a word to the less attractive side of the question—the condition of the unblest. More alien still to the imagination than Lamb's "downright Bible heaven" is the downright Bible hell. While there are many who simply discard it—like the modern-day young curate who, with light-hearted dogmatism, declares "It's got to go"—there are as many others who represent it to be, like its dread ruler, not by a long way so black as it is painted. One might almost smile, were it not for the tragic issues involved, to find one of the most unconventional of the utterances concerning the abode of doom emanating from no less conservative an organ than the *Church Quarterly*. We take the liberty of borrowing the quotation from a paper in "The Wider Hope" by the Rev. Professor Mayor: "There is nothing to show but that God may do for the damned the very best of which they are susceptible. It is true they are deprived of supernatural good, but there is the whole field of natural good which may be awarded to them in proportion to their deserts"—it being supposed "that there would be degrees of the moral state very much as now." The penalty of past sin would have to be paid (and there is enough, it may be thought, even in this limited prospect of retribution to make the sinner tremble); after which: "So far as natural appliances are concerned, the life of hell might be an advance on the present. It might have a higher and more perfect civilization"—a state of things which the most audacious of romancists would scarcely have ventured to conceive of.

"Homer," says Archbishop Whately, "represents Achilles among the shades as declaring that the life of the meanest drudge on earth is preferable to the very highest of the unsubstantial glories of Elysium." It is this pall of dreaminess and unsubstantiality which is depicted by the author of *Letters from Hell* as constituting the punishment of the lost. They eat, they drink, they travel, they go to the theatre, and otherwise pur-

sue the avocations they pursued on earth, and all with the same despairing sense of unreality upon them, as if weighed down beneath a nightmare from which they could never awake.

In Mrs. Oliphant's *Land of Darkness* a yet gloomier picture is presented. The unbodied spirit drops down an immeasurable distance, alighting in some dim region over which it wanders dissatisfied and solitary, coming upon city after city, each more full of misery than the other. Here there are dark mines, to which unwary passers-by are dragged under, and forced to unprofitable and ceaseless toil; and there a lecture-hall, where unwilling subjects are put to the most excruciating torture in "the interests of science," and for the entertainment of the crowd. Nowhere can be found a place of rest, till, broken down at last, and crying to be at peace with God, the spirit strives to win its way to light—a happier destiny, however, as many would regard it, than that of contented settling down amid the swine troughs.

People play with the idea as with the other; but it is rather that of a Purgatory than of an Inferno, a gleam of comfort being generally allowed to steal into the

darkest picture. The inscription "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" has been, by cautious attempts, growing ever bolder and bolder, erased from the dread portal, till scarce a trace of it remains.

Thus—

"With a smile at the saintly heaven,
And a sigh for the priestly hell,"

people follow their fancies into the dread unknown,

"While all experience seems an arch where-
thro'

Gleams that untravelled world, whose mar-
gin fades

Forever and forever as we move."

There is something infinitely pathetic in this straining to see, through the dim stained glass of our mortal life, into the awful mysteries of what lies without. But even thus, some more pure-sighted spirit here and there seems to catch, in fleeting glimpses, the vision of something half-defined amid the shadows. We all, indeed, see through a glass darkly, but

"A man that looks through glass
On it may rest his eye,
Or, if he pleases, through that pass
And the whole heavens espy."

—*Westminster Review*.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FEZ TO-DAY.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL, JR.

THE Kairouin University of Fez was founded by Fatma—not the beauty of that name—but a Tunisian woman from Kairouin, toward the end of the ninth century, or about fifty years after Mulai Edriss laid the corner-stone of the Western Mecca. As one looks upon these crumbling ruins, the three hundred and sixty pillars of marble, dragged from Heaven knows where, which are still up-standing, and as you hear the fanatical cries and see the lowering, threatening gaze which invariably greets the coming of the Christian "pig" to this classic shade, you can hardly realize that you have before you all that remains of what was perhaps generally considered the greatest university in the world in the early Middle Ages.

Here, beyond all manner of doubt, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, students

assembled from all over the world, Christian as well as Mohammedan. Those who thirsted after knowledge and sought the "pearls of wisdom" at any price came here on their quest from the Niger, from the Congo, from Andalusia, from Tripoli, Tunis, Egypt, and Italy; and as is also a matter of absolute history, Englishmen, especially students of the science of the stars, came to the Sacred Mosque in Western Barbary. The Kairouin lies in the hollow of the city, surrounded by bazaars and the listless marts of trades, now only rarely enlivened by the arrival of some considerable caravan from Taradunt or Timbuctoo, or perhaps even from Upper Egypt *via* Tripoli and Insalah. It occupies an area of about ten acres, I should say, and on the eastern end of what is rather a conglomeration of mosques than a single edifice there are two square and

rather ugly minarets, though beautifully inlaid with tiles, in which are burned the most brilliant colors, at once the hope and despair of painters of eastern landscapes. In this mosque of many court-yards beautiful fountains are continually playing, the walls are decorated with Salee mattings and many-colored *hayties* embroidered in gold. But perhaps the entrances to the mosque are the most remarkable. The huge doors are made entirely of copper, revealing beautiful tracery of fretwork. Above the doors are wonderful cedar-wood carvings, which are said to have been designed by Geber, the architect of the Sirkada in Seville, and the tower of the Ben-Beni-Hassan in Rabatt. The floors of the shrine are bare cold tilings, and the worshippers generally bring with them their prayer-rugs to kneel upon, and—as I am afraid is the custom in other places of worship—to sleep upon. The huge edifice, which is at once a shrine, a university, a library, and a caravanserai, is always thronged, and its doors are never closed night or day. These bare stone walls and innumerable moss-grown pillars exert power and influence over the popular mind, and command a respect which the Sultan has to count with.

It is very hard to describe the ecclesiastical hierarchy that obtains in the "western province" of Islamism, and in fact it would be safer to say that there is none. The Kairouin Cathedral and University is entirely ruled by the people who frequent it. In its sacred precincts Mahomet is the only high priest. There are, of course, *fukies*, or professors, and *emins*, the faithful ones or priests, but woe betide the priest or *fukie* who dared to address the most ragged vagabond of the *fondaks*, or a bare-footed beggar from the Suss in anything but terms of consideration and civility. Here the vagabond and the muleteer has as much right to loiter and to learn as the wisest pundit, though one is a ragamuffin and the other may wear a caftan of green silk and shroud his form in the serpentine folds of a saaten *haik*. It is generally stated and believed that the Sultan of Morocco, like the Czar, is at once the temporal and the spiritual head of his people; but this is not quite true. Though one of his many titles is that of "Guardian and Commander of the True Believers," this authority is very shadowy, at least as far as the Kairouin is concerned, and the

Sultan had an opportunity of judging some three years ago of the danger that might result from his interference in purely church government. For some reason or other he commanded that the Mokaddum, or chief trustee of the University—an office which has been hereditary in one family since the death of the Tunisian Fatma—be dismissed. This was done, but within three days there arose such an outcry and hubbub at the Sultan's attempt to exercise unwonted authority in Church matters that he very wisely bethought him to announce that in a dream the apparition of his sainted father had appeared to him and requested him to reinstate the Mokaddum. The Mokaddum was reinstated, and the Sultan has never interfered again in the affairs of the University.

As I have said, the Kairouin is also a caravanserai and an inn, in which are welcome to sleep and to rest all those who are so poor as not to be able to pay the small copper coin which the *fondak* keeper requires before shelter is given; and the fact that its doors are wide open and its hospitality granted without any restriction whatever is widely known throughout the empire.

The last time I entered Fez, some twenty miles out of the city, at the shrine of Mulai Yakoub, a young lad joined us and made the day's journey in our company. He was very ragged, and went barefooted, but carried a beautiful pair of embroidered slippers in his hand. He seemed to be a Moorish Dick Whittington, and had walked all the way from Oudjda to seek his fortune in the capital. His capital consisted of half an ounce of copper *floss* coins worth about threepence, but he placed a very high value on this sum, and begged to be allowed to go along with us on one of our baggage mules, as he was afraid he would be robbed in crossing the famous plain near Meknez, so feared by travellers. We granted his request, and a very merry companion he was, and very musical with his double-stringed *gimreh* and shepherd's pipe of reeds. On reaching Fez, where he had never been before, he said he was going to sleep and eat in the Kairouin until he decided what calling he would adopt, and seek for a situation. He was, it seemed, quite uncertain whether he had a greater natural bent for mule-driving or water-carrying. Several times I met him

afterward in the bazaars, and on several occasions he greeted me effusively, and once when we were unobserved he even kissed the hem of my garment. This lip-service I was graciously pleased to acknowledge by giving him a few matches, which he proudly stuck in his kinky hair. About a month later it dawned upon me that owing to the *entrée* into the Kairouin which he possessed the boy might become a useful channel of information. But the young vagabond now cut me dead. I passed him sitting before the gates of the Temple, crouching respectfully at the "feet of Gamaliel," who was represented in this case by an unhealthy and almost naked saint. He looked me squarely in the eyes, and ignored me completely, not seeming to suffer the slightest embarrassment or pangs of conscience at his ungrateful behavior. His better nature had evidently succumbed to the fanatical atmosphere of the shrine and to the lessons of hatred to all Christians inculcated there.

The education of Morocco's *liebe jugend* is very simple indeed. The first words that boys—and girls too, for that matter—are taught, are words of execration and of blasphemy. In Tetuan, where, owing to the evidences of higher culture and the direct descent of its inhabitants from the distinguished families of the Caliphate of Cordova, better things are to be expected, I have heard women on the house-tops, women from the harems of nobles, shrieking with laughter at the blasphemous and sacrilegious words spoken by some toddling tot of four or five who had been carefully trained to afford them amusement in this unusual way. These exhibitions of precocious profanity I could well understand—that is, viewed from the Moorish standpoint—if their object was always a Jew or a Christian; but such is not the case. Then at the age of five or six the boys are sent to a *jama*, or preliminary school, where the old *taleeb*, by dint of thrashing and by occasionally compelling a more than usually backward scholar to wear an enormous dunce-cap, goads them into learning the principal verses of the Koran. If the parents are wealthy, or, what I venture to say is very rare, wish that their offspring should receive a higher education, they are handed over to the care of a *taleeb*, or educated man, from whom they acquire further

knowledge—or nonsense, as you may please to call it.

Now we come to the work of the Kairouin University properly speaking. If any roll were kept, I should say there are about one thousand students regularly matriculated. Of these about four hundred are given a daily pittance of bread by the trustees of the fund bequeathed by the sainted Fatma, which has been held sacred and remained intact all through the vicissitudes of the civil and dynastic wars that have raged continually for the last six hundred years in Morocco. These four hundred assisted students are recruited by the village schoolmasters throughout the empire, and sent up to Fez to receive the "higher education," which I shall endeavor to describe, and are supported by the funds of the foundation. These *bettel-studenten* receive daily a loaf of bread and a new *jellab* once a year. They wear no other clothing but the *jellab*, under-clothing being quite beyond their means and ideas of what is proper. They sleep in the court-yards of the mosque. The most sought-after sleeping apartments for the students are little vaulted cells called *medersas*, in the immediate neighborhood of the Kairouin. Possibly this is because the Moorish students have the same difficulty as students of the Western world in persuading themselves at daybreak that prayer is better than sleep. At all events, if they have to go to chapel they do not want to go far. But these *medersas* can only be sought after with any hope of success by students either possessing a long purse or a recognized tendency toward holy living as they understand it. Many of the academic youth, however, succeed in finding favor in the sight of some merchant, who allows them to sleep in his house, and to take a hand—I mean this literally—in devouring the family *kous-couso*. In return for these favors the students are expected to do odd jobs, "chores," such as the New England students perform for farmers or inn-keepers in order that they may obtain the money necessary for carrying on their University work during the winter.

The Kairouin student looks after the merchant's mules, keeps his books, and carries his turban once a week to be rolled by Monktaar, the fashionable hatter, who has a shop near to the Shrine of Mulai

Edriss, frequented and patronized by all the notables from the Grand Vizier down. These pensioners are the only serious students, if even they can be so called, that frequent the University. They certainly come under the denomination of what Schiller in his celebrated Jena address termed contemptuously "brodgelehrte," for they study only that they may receive some bread-winning position. To the flames of the sacred fire they are indeed mental salamanders. They generally become, after four or five years of the curriculum, *adools* or notaries, *taleels* or doctors of law, or perhaps secretaries, clerks to *cadis* (judges) who cannot write. The higher government offices are closed to them, owing to the very education they have taken such pains to obtain. Bashaws and cadis are always chosen from the military caste or the local gentry, the very men who have not even the smattering of knowledge which the poor Kairouin students must pick up during the four or five years they hang about the venerable foundation. Every government position is awarded to the highest bidder, and the happy office-holders are expected, like the nominees of the late Boss Tweed, to "work" their office for all its worth, and to send nine tenths of the profits to Fez to be presented to the Sultan or the Vizier who may happen to be the chief of their particular department. Should the office-holder be not as are the children of Mammon, he will enjoy his office-holding distinction a very short time indeed. Of course the Sultan does occasionally yield to what is at first sight an impulse or a yearning for better things, and does give a valuable post to a man without exacting a large advance payment; but it is generally found, I regret to say, that the discerning eye of the *Seedna* has discovered in his nominee predatory instincts, and a slumbering rapacity which has only awaited an opportunity to show itself. Some of the other "brodgelehrte" gradually succeed their professors in the posts to which the Mokaddum and the trustees of the foundation appoint them. Some, those for choice who wield an ornate pen and command a flow of complimentary and eulogistic language, get appointments as *attachés* to the Corps of Historians who follow the Sultan's every movement, catch his most insignificant word, and once a week submit to his inspection the beauti-

ful writings and illuminated missals in which are chronicled the doings and sayings of their lord for the past seven days. These beautifully bound volumes when completed are carefully placed in the Kairouin library to serve as documents to the history of Morocco, ay, as the Sultan doubtless fondly imagines, of the world. The history of the present ruler, Mulai Hassan, has reached the sixth hundredth volume. Wisest, indeed, are those students who "take to religion," and gradually set themselves up in the "saint business." Of course, for this purpose it is very advantageous to be connected with a saint, to have Shereefian blood flowing in your veins; or even to be descended, or, what is about the same thing, to claim unchallenged descent from some well-known marabout, or one of the *Sulhama*, a term which in Morocco is not applied to all the militant apostles of Mahomet, but exclusively to the conquerors of the "Western province." But, if these claims cannot be proved, or if the pretensions of the holy man in embryo are not received with favor, the resources of the Moorish religion in the manufacture of saints are not by any means exhausted. In Morocco the Church, like the communal government of the Kabyles, is the essence of pure democracy, and, throwing pretensions of pride and holy descent to the winds, the clever student, weary of the *miserere* of his academic career, can with patience and long-suffering become a "self-made saint," and rise to a proud and lucrative position by his own exertions. The apprenticeship to this profession is not, of course, by any means the most delightful way of spending your time between the years of twenty-five and thirty-five. In Morocco the odor of sanctity is not a pleasant atmosphere to dwell in. Still the rewards are dazzling, and indeed they are the only solid and substantial rewards, safe from the whim and caprice of bashaw and Sultan, that are to be reaped by the children of men in Morocco. For a few years the aspirant must content himself with the most meagre fare. He must content himself with taking his food at the *table d'hôte* of Fortune. He must allow his hair and beard to grow untrimmed. He must discard all clothing, and carefully cultivate and encourage any inclination to skin disease that he may be so fortunate as to inherit or develop by his life during

his *wanderjahre*. He must abuse his person in the most brutal manner, bang his head against stone walls until so callous does it become that he can cleave it with an axe without so much as winking. Then the aspiring saint, who will by these exploits and this manner of life have won quite a reputation as a holy man, generally retires from the world to some place suitable for a shrine on the outskirts of a rich and superstitious province. He here sets himself up by the entrance of a cave, or under the shade of a splendid olive or ilex tree for choice; the country people minister to his wants, which at first are simple. As he feels himself firmly started as a saint, his simple wants expand, and he becomes more difficult to please. The country people readily accept the situation and give him his tithes, paying him royally for the blessings he bestows on their flocks and their fields, or for his condescension in laying his holy hand upon their sick and diseased. In time the country people, generally with very slight provocation, become ardent believers in the prowess and miracle-making power of their own particular and local saint; and as we in England sometimes pit our local pugilists against each other in a mill to decide which is the best man, so the Kabyles sometimes bring their saints together for a tourney in working wonders; but the miracle-makers, it would seem, like other more civilized impostors, have a professional etiquette of their own, and always succeed in hoodwinking the sinners without in any way impairing their prestige. The faith of the Kabyles is too unthinking and too considerate to ever subject them to the rude surprise that overtook the unhappy bishop, who, according to the Magyar legend, while preaching to an assembly of Huns on the Blocksberg by Buda, was suddenly thrown over the mountain in order, as his benevolent murderers contended, that he might be given an opportunity of showing that he was as good a man as any of the rest of the apostles—and could fly.

The saint, once formally established, lives in laziness and luxury, and bequeathes his bones to his progeny—generally a very numerous one, for, though the saints generally live ignorant of wine, their acquaintance with women is invariably quite an extended one. The fortunate progeny form themselves into a com-

pany, and build for their saintly ancestor a tomb in a "simple inexpensive" mosque, that they erect generally on the very spot which he hallowed for years in the exercise of his saintly functions. In rotation the relatives stand at watch over the tomb, and take gate-money from all who enter the mosque, and, if the saint was widely known, his bones generally bring in to the family a fat living for generations. Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the saint business in Morocco is that, however prone you may be to backsliding, you cannot fall from grace however much you may want to; clerical vagaries which in other worlds and in other religions would call forth condign punishment, are always lightly regarded by the Moorish public and accorded plenary indulgence. A saint cannot commit a sin. There is at least one saint in Morocco whom I have time and again seen in a state of intoxication only to be accounted for by his well-known indulgence in alcoholic beverages. I have even pointed him out to his worshippers as the contents of a whiskey bottle went gurgling down his throat, but they only smiled at my ignorance, and treated the petty malice of my remarks with pity and contempt.

"It is very true," they said, "the saint is drinking whiskey, but he's such a holy man that the moment the exciting liquid reaches his throat, by contact with his holy person it immediately becomes innocent mare's milk." Who would not be a saint in Morocco? But, of course, the great majority of the students return to their native villages, where they enjoy a reputation for erudition, and convert their knowledge into the copper coin of the realm.

In addition to the "*brodgelehrte*," whose careers I have endeavored to describe, there come every year to Fez some four or five hundred other young men to attend lectures at the Kairouin in a desultory way. They do not matriculate, are very casual in their attendance, and come very much under the category of the foreigners who frequent Heidelberg and Bonn as *ausserordentliche hörer*. They are the sons of high Government functionaries, or of Taradunt and Taflet merchants suddenly enriched by some successful slave or salt caravan excursion to Timbuctoo; and then there is generally a Mahommedan princelet or two from the Niger delta, who

has been sent by his fond parents to the fascinating city of many fountains and of many pleasures to fashion his manners, broaden his mind, or *jeter sa gourme*, the peculiar folly of fond parents all the world over. These wealthy students bring with them frequently their harems and majordomos, and attendant slaves carrying their sacks of gold dust. They have secret and masonic societies, very much after the fashion, I dare say, of the D.K.E. at Harvard, or the "Skull and Bones" at Yale; but I must say, to their credit, I never heard it ever charged against them that they convened to debate on literary or historic subjects, or wrote essays on the cardinal virtues.

The *jeunesse dorée* of the Morocco Universities take their pleasures, apparently at least, very sadly. They never awaken the slumbering echoes of Fez with merry student songs. They have the stately deportment of Venetian notables, and many of them the girth of bishops. They have only one field sport, which they do not indulge in very frequently. It bears a ludicrous resemblance to football. They choose a field about a hundred yards long, and make narrow goals at each end. Then a wooden or a rope ball is thrown in their midst, which they kick about most dexterously. How they succeed in doing it without kicking off their *baboshas* or slippers is a mystery; but this misadventure, naturally to be expected, I never witnessed. They do not seem to divide into sides, but every man seems to play on his own hand, or rather with his own foot. If he cannot kick the ball through one goal—*inshalah!*—he will try to kick it through the other.

But, generally, they spend their time in drinking mint tea, anointing themselves with vile scents, smoking *keef* in large quantities, wearing rich silk caftans embroidered in crying colors very much after the custom of our own *liebe jugend* of wearing many-colored waistcoats, and the academic day is invariably concluded with a prodigious spread of *kouscous*.

If they study nothing else, it must be said they do set themselves seriously and conscientiously to the study of women, the root of all evil, perhaps, but surely the root, branch and tree-top of all knowledge. In this pursuit they are greatly facilitated by the lax divorce laws which obtain in Fez. I hope the reader has not

misunderstood me—these academic studies of femininity are always carried on well within the strict bonds of matrimony. Only after a week's research—if it seem to the student that the study is not a congenial one, or one not likely to repay the expenditure of energy required—he puts his wife of a week away and takes a new one, always, as I say, under the shelter of the law. An amusing stipulation always inserted in these academic marriages reads to the effect that, when the student leaves Fez with a *summa cum laude*—or without it—in his saddle bags, the wife cannot be compelled to follow him; also that his absence from Fez at any time, for a period of any length, dissolves the marriage without any further proceedings. This strange custom has grown up owing to the very natural reluctance of the Fazzi women to leave the gay capital, to change the luxurious life on the housetops of Fez for a mule-back ambling hither and thither on the burning sands of the Sahara. I never heard of one of these student wives following her lord and master to his southern home. They very much resemble the *grisettes* of the Quartier Latin. I never heard of a student at the Beaux Arts carrying off in triumph to his distant home an *étudiante* of the Rue de Seine.

One of these belles of the academic youth, with her eyes encircled with kohl and her fingers tipped with henna, was once pointed out to me. She was a tall, finely-built woman, and had that great beauty which the Italian proverb commends and extols as the greatest beauty of woman—*una bella andatura*. She was clothed in a rich *haïk*, which revealed the graceful outlines of a lithe and active figure. I could well understand, even under the disadvantages of meeting her in her street costume, the charms for which she was famous. I was told that her looks had been the only books of a succession of students for the past ten years—one after another these poor fellows, when their gold-dust was exhausted, had gone southward to their homes, to begin the serious business of life, while she stayed on and lived and loved in the shadow of the holy shrine. Knowing that as a Christian I should be debarred from entering the lists, I put Salem El Sheshouani, my faithful and particular boy, on her track, for the purpose of getting out of her what information I could as to the lives of the

academic youth. I have every reason to believe that Salem executed my commission, with more than his customary thoroughness and dispatch. The next day he came to me for money to buy the "lady" a pair of embroidered boots. On the following day he wanted a Breber necklet for the fair one; but the only information about her life I succeeded in extracting in return was that he found her "may bonita" (very pretty). As I became insistent he said she was "one nice lady woman," and then the confession wrung from him with great difficulty, that he liked her very much—"bezoff, bezoff!" (very much, very much). The fervor which Salem put into that word, "bezoff," the flash of the eye that accompanied it, would have carried him far on the operative stage as a *tenore robusto*.

Toward the end of May the students requisition tents from the Grand Vizier, and, leaving their lonely abodes in the city, go into camp, generally on the banks of the Fez, near the Sultan's gardens. Here a fortnight is spent in very serious fooling. To supply the indispensable, deputations of students march through the town from door to door assessing every inhabitant according to his means, so that, at least during their summer outing, they may all have plenty of sheep *kous-cous-o* and mint tea.

Extravagant tales are told of the mad antics they perform during their vacation, and I have heard it asserted that these grave and reverend seigneurs of sixteen to twenty even condescend to play at leap-frog and turn "hand-springs." But, in all fairness, I must say that I have never seen them so engaged myself, and, if I did, I should feel very much inclined to discredit my eyesight.

On going into camp the students, by popular vote, elect one of their number "Sultan of the Tholba," and as long as they remain under canvas his sway is as undisputed as the word of the "Caliph of the Lord enthroned on high," the great Seedna himself. I have been told that the corruption and the bribery practised at these elections far surpass anything known even in more democratic countries where the ballot has a regularly quoted market value. On several occasions of late years the Sultan has visited the encampment, and conferred, with mock seriousness,

with "his brother," the Sultan of the Tholba, on matters of State as well as of academic interest.

I made every effort to cultivate the acquaintance of the Tholba, and, after experiencing many a rebuff, became fast friends with three or four of their number, who, under cover of darkness would come to my garden and discourse learnedly upon the greatness of their University. At last I succeeded in inducing them to bring some of their text books with them, and many a long night session we spent in discussing their merits, and in comparing them with the educational works of Christendom. It was in one of these night sessions, greatly prolonged owing to my small supply of Arabic, that I stumbled upon the geography containing the map of the world. This learned work was written some fifty years ago by a learned pundit who had travelled to Mecca, and was a Lord Pilgrim as well as *fukie*. I do not believe there is a student or a professor attached to the University that has any misgivings in his mind but what this map is a perfectly correct representation of the world in which he lives. Englishmen, who do not as a rule suffer in any great numbers from the modern disease of self-contempt, and are generally found to have a just appreciation of the magnitude of the empire on which the sun never sets, will regret to learn that one of the infinitely small islands in the ocean south of Thibet was thought by my Tholb to represent very fairly the geographical situation and importance of England.

"That, I suppose, is Ireland," I said, pointing out the adjacent sister island.

"Where is Ireland? What is Ireland? I never heard of Ireland," replied the Tholb, shaking his head dubiously.

I saw then that I was confronted with an instance of where ignorance is truly something very nearly akin to bliss. Spain is mentioned by name on the map—an honor accorded to but one other Christian country. This is doubtless because the Iberian peninsula is a large and undeniable geographical fact in plain view of the northern coast of the "Western Province." Why Russia is the only other Christian country having the honor of mention I can only explain on the ground that, as that country never bothers the Sultan with missions and embassies, the Moors are correspondingly grateful.

I found it very difficult, in fact almost impossible, to get any clear idea of the curriculum followed at the University. There are certainly distinct faculties of ecclesiastical and of civil law (the *Shraa*), and there are very many lectures on astrology, for to this basest variety of science the descendants of the great Arabian astronomers have come. Then there are always going on learned disquisitions on the *Bokhari*, a series of holy volumes that occupy the same position to Islam as the Talmud does to Jewry; also courses in higher mathematics, and in alchemy and divination. I must say that the Tholba whom I met showed remarkable quickness in solving mathematical problems which were far beyond my depth. With this meagre information, the knowledge I gathered with such difficulty regarding the Kairouin as an educational centre is quite exhausted. When I left the holy city a great tournament of learned men and pundits was announced to come off shortly, and I certainly would have remained to witness the proceedings if there had been any chance of my being permitted to assist at their sessions. Wise and learned pundits, the intellectual giants of Mauritania, were coming from Tlemcen, Mazagan, and Marakesh, to discuss with imperturbable gravity the large question as to whether the earth revolves around the sun or *vice versa*.

As a hot-bed of fanaticism and a never-failing well of religious feeling, volumes might be written about the Kairouin. In case there be any truth in the rumors which are continually appearing in the political press of Europe, to the effect that one or more of the European powers are on the point of annexing this much-coveted and very desirable country, it would be well for these statesmen to pause and count well the cost before entering upon an enterprise which, if undertaken, will be certainly costly. They should take note of the great renaissance of fanatical feeling in African Islam in the past decade, due partly to the successes of the Mahdi in the Eastern Soudan, and partly to the wonderful growth of the Senussi brotherhood throughout the Dark Continent, and the wonderful power which the Senussi Mahdi himself, from his seat in Southern Tripoli, exercises throughout Northern Africa. There is no doubt in my mind that, the

next time Morocco declares hostilities against any Christian power, the green standards of the Prophet and the Sulhama, now carefully guarded in the Kairouin, will be unfurled, and a holy war proclaimed with far-reaching consequences, that it is difficult, in fact, impossible, to estimate in advance.

After having experienced some rather severe snubbing, I succeeded in entering upon relations with several of the *fukies* or professors of the ancient foundation. When I met them in the bazaars, in reply to my Catholic "Peace be with you," they would with characteristic narrow-mindedness reply, "Peace be unto all true *believers*." Finally, however, I succeeded in luring them also to my encampment. They drank my tea, carefully guarding their garments and their persons as much as possible from coming into defiling contact with their Christian host. When I showed them the New Testament, and reminded them that in the Koran they are expressly commanded to read the life of *Seedna Aissi* (the Lord Jesus) and the Acts of the Apostles, they positively shuddered. When at last they found speech, they said they were quite willing to do that, but unfortunately wicked men among the Kaffirs had laid impious hands on the good book, and that its meaning had been very much distorted and its precepts perverted, since the days of the Prophet.

I then offered to place them in possession of a Greek Testament, and of an English one for comparative study of the translation, but as they neither had the English nor the Greek at their disposal, and evidently did not care a rush-light one way or the other about it, my offer came to nothing. So the *Fukies* went their way of ignorance and darkness, in which they delight, after a stately leave-taking, and though they had quaffed my tea and partaken of my sweets, their parting salutation was still the un-Catholic "Peace be to all true believers."

But, perhaps, it is as a library and a great depository of ancient writings that the Kairouin excites interest and curiosity rather than from the other points of view which I have here dwelt upon.

It has been thought, or rather, more correctly speaking, only fondly hoped, by the learned men throughout Christendom, that among the rubbishy chronicles of the

Kairouin there would some day be found the missing classics, the lost books of Euclid and of Livy, among others. Indeed in some of the more ancient books of travel on Morocco it is expressly stated that many of the manuscripts that were saved from the burning of the Alexandrian Library were taken to Seville, Granada, and Fez. In weighing these statements I think it should be remembered that the Kairouin was founded at the very least one hundred years after the fire that was so disastrous to learning, and that these manuscripts would have had a lot of knocking about before they found a home on the shelves in the subterranean cellars of the Kairouin. I think it possible that on leaving Seville and Granada the Moors may have brought with them to Morocco many of the precious volumes which are known to have been in these libraries, but which have now disappeared. For the last fifty years it has been the effort of every European minister accredited to Morocco to obtain some information regarding these treasures, but the Sultan has always sturdily asserted that there were no books at all in the Kairouin, or that they had crumbled into dust from age long centuries before. My inquiries, though hardly in a measure commensurate with the labor and amount of time expended, were certainly more successful. There can be no two opinions as to the presence of a very large number of ancient manuscripts in the Kairouin Library, and these volumes—a creditable thing for the lazy and indolent Moors—are certainly the object of very great care. The trustees of the Kairouin have a regular staff of custodians chosen from the University professors and teachers, who are charged with the safe keeping of the books; and the cellars are annually inspected, and the books repaired when the necessity arises. I should say that, bar accidents of fire, in the future, when the library is thrown open, the manuscripts will be found in a very fair state of preservation.

Upon another point my informants all agreed. They said that in the Library there are quite a number of books written in strange unknown tongues. Generally, my genial Tholba friends asserted, they were written in Greek; but on my showing them a book in German, they were unanimously of opinion that this was the language in which the volumes were writ-

ten. So I am forced to the conclusion that any writing which is not Arabic is Greek to the Fokies and Tholba of Fez.

I was devising a scheme, and planning to get into the closely guarded cellars under the sanctuary, where the books are kept, and having a look at the volumes myself; when, misled by the unscrupulous lies that were circulated by the emissaries of other powers, the Fazzi suddenly assumed an attitude of such hostility to the English mission and the other foreigners in Fez, on a friendly footing with its members, that we had quite enough adventures and fights forced upon us as we rode quietly through the city, to run the risk of surreptitiously exploring the Kairouin.

Prevented from investigating the Library with my own eyes, I, however, succeeded in getting hold of some of the manuscripts. I suppose I ought to blush at the recital, but I was forced to bribe my friends, the Tholba, to steal the volumes for me. During the last ten days of my stay in Fez they purloined from the shelves of the Library some thirty manuscripts, and brought them to me hidden away in the capacious folds of their *jelaabs*. Unfortunately, however, they had neither time nor the knowledge to steal with discrimination. So the books they brought me were of comparatively small value, and I had them all replaced, with four or five exceptions. I kept a very beautifully illuminated edition of the Bokhari, bound at Seville, several volumes of amatory poetry, written in the thirteenth century, I believe, and a long and very prosy account of a pilgrimage to Mecca, made by a Fokie of Fez in the fifteenth century. I, however, failed to get hold of any of the manuscripts, which, as the Tholba assert, are written in "Greek."

I feel quite incapable of conveying by mere words the condescension, the pity and the contempt which the Moors of the University class have for our achievements in every branch of knowledge. They are just as firmly convinced of their immeasurable superiority as is the Sultan that his army is the most magnificent fighting machine in the world. The learned Fokies and the wise Tholbas of the Kairouin regard our universities as puny, struggling schools, where fortunately only false knowledge and the black arts are taught. The following anecdote I consider characteristic of their views. One evening

several of the Tholbas had been drinking tea with me in my garden, and, in the course of the rather Ollendorffian conversation which took place on these occasions, I spoke of two of the members of the Mission. "One is a great military *caid*," I said, "and the other a very wise man; a *tabeeb* [a doctor] and a *taleeb* [a learned man of law] in one." As my guests de-

parted I heard one of them say to the other, "What an awful lie! There are no great *caids* or learned men outside of Morocco." "Of course there are not," replied the other wise man, laughing at my attempt to impose upon their superior knowledge of the world.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

BY GUSTAV HARTWIG.

(Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.)

[It may be interesting to compare with Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and its many quaint humors, the treatment of the same legend by a young German poet, who has dealt solely with the grave and pathetic side of the story.]

THE Piper, he laughed with a scorn that stung,
A curse was quivering on his tongue;
He fixed on the Councillors, where they sate,
A look that was fired with a deadly hate.
"From the plague of rats I have set you free,—
Not a tail of them's left, and it's all through me;
Pay what you owe—my promised boon—
Or you'll hear me pipe to a different tune.
'Tis not rats only my pipe can wile,
Music it has in quite other style;
Beware, and again I charge you, beware,
Lest you waken the spell that is slumbering there!
Stick to your bargain! Pay my fee!"
"No! not a stiver." Away went he.

Now with joy the news was in Hameln told,
It was quit of the rats, and had kept its gold.
The myriad swarms of that loathly pest
Upon its townsmen no longer press'd;
No longer the vermin, undismay'd,
With ravenous tooth on their victuals prey'd,
And folks at ease to their work might fare,
With no rats scaring them everywhere.
There was joy in every house once more,
And comfort, as in the good days of yore,
Until one day of sultry heats
Hung heavy o'er Hameln's silent streets.
The town seemed in a death-trance seal'd;
The men were away at work a-field,
While in their homes so hush'd and still
The women toiled as good housewives will.
Then through the empty streets, with slow
And wary steps,—a dusky glow
In his keen eyes, and in his face
A purpose dire,—did the Piper pace.
He held the pipe in his right hand,
By his bony fingers firmly spann'd;

Slowly he raised it up, and to
 His lips he set it, then withdrew,
 As though his heart had failed him then ;
 But, quick ! 'twas back at his lips again.
 Then strains, so marvellously sweet
 As never mortal ear did greet,
 Flow from the pipe,—a music rare,
 Like spirit-voices in the air,
 Entrancing, thrilling, plaintive, mild,
 Demonic, weird, ear-piercing, wild.
 Onward he strides ; through street on street
 He takes his way with stealthy feet,
 And on his unblest path he bears
 From house to house the magic airs ;
 And where her darlings young and fair
 Nestled within the mother's care,
 Wherever childhood's eye shone bright,
 There did the magic use its might.
 The witching music, floating round,
 Their souls within its meshes bound ;
 Hark ! Hark ! It strikes upon the ear.
 They stretch their little necks to hear,
 Within their eyes gleams such delight,
 As though heaven opened to their sight,
 And to the Piper, one by one,
 Away the little creatures run.
 The mother chides—no heed give they,
 But one and all they rush away.
 If little ones lay sick a-bed,
 Away at once their sickness fled ;
 Out of their mother's arms they slip,
 And shout and gambol, jump and skip.
 With warning voice, sweet, full of pain,
 She calls to them, but calls in vain ;
 One sound alone their being sways,
 The music the rat-catcher plays.
 O'er every house, o'er every street
 He casts his spell of music sweet,
 And, snared in it, the children throng
 Troops after him the town along.
 Out through the gate, on, on they sweep,
 Till they are stay'd by a mountain steep.
 He looks round at them, as they sped,
 So blithe of heart, so rosy red,
 Poor innocents that should, perdie,
 The victims of his vengeance be.
 Then for a moment swept a trace
 Of pity o'er his wrathful face.
 Does he of the parents' anguish think,
 And from his vengeful purpose shrink ?
 From life's tree shall he rudely tear
 The buds that scarce have burgeon'd there ?
 He stays the spell—the pipe is hush'd.
 Pity his hate has well-nigh crush'd,
 When Hameln meets his view, and straight
 The pipe resounds, and all is hate.
 With tones low, sweet, yet dread to hear,
 With tones wild, wondrous, eldritch, drear,

Does he the troops of children clasp,—
Not one of them eludes his grasp.

So to the mountain on he goes,
The children round him, rows on rows,
When unseen hands with crash and shock
Split wide the adamant rock.
In pours the living torrent, then
The mountain closes up again,
And Hameln's luckless children all
Are lost behind that stony wall.

Heavily on the unhappy town
The Piper's vengeance settled down ;
Mother's hearts many it caused to break,
And there even now men's souls will ache,
To think of Hameln and the day
The Piper's music lured away
Her children, and their souls are stirr'd,
With anguish, just as though they heard
The strains so sweet, so dread to hear,
The strains so eldritch, wild, and drear,
Round Poppenberg * that rang, when it
To swallow up Hameln's children split.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*



SOCIETY IN ANCIENT VENICE.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

THE old Venetians were above all a methodical people. In the early centuries of their history they were rung to and from their daily work like Lancashire factory girls. This bell was called the "Marangona."† It was almost as important for the State as the Doge himself. After sundown there was the Rialta or curfew. Between the clang of these two important bells the Venetians of the middle ages lived laborious and honorable lives, and little by little forged the greatness of their Republic.

It is amusing to read in the records of Venetian country-house life, when Venice herself was near disruption, how this mania of method still survived among her citizens. At exactly nine o'clock a bell summoned the guests from their beds. These, in the order of their arising, were taken in charge by the barbers and wig-dressers.

* The mountain into which, according to the legend as told by the Brothers Grimm, the children disappeared.

† From "marangoin" or "falegnain" carpenters, many of whom were necessarily employed in the arsenals of old Venice. The bell was rung at daybreak from the campanile of S. Mark's.

At ten o'clock another bell announced the apparition of the master of the house down-stairs ; and reminded his guests that it was their duty to present themselves before him and wish him a formal "good-day." At eleven a third bell informed the more devout of the visitors that a mass was being said in the chapel. After chapel cards and athletic exercises of a mild kind were the vogue ; and these diversions were toward two o'clock interrupted by more bell-ringing in honor of dinner. The meal over, there was an interval. Not for long, however. Yet one more bell told of the grand promenade just about to begin. This was a very singular kind of diversion : a sort of sham picnic, in which the guests marched off in procession with pots and kettles, wine, and light refreshments. Perhaps we may call it an eighteenth-century notion of "al fresco" afternoon tea. Be that as it may, the guests stayed out until the evening, when they returned to play cards and dance. The next day the reign of the bells began again.

The vigor and color of early Venetian life were amazing. At a time when England was in thrall to feudalism Venice was

a great brotherhood. The people worked hard, and were also amused without stint. Those who were not members of one or other of the trade guilds were associated with the sea, either as State-employed sailors or as fishermen. In their old age, if they were necessitous, the same paternal State made them shopkeepers of an inferior order: they were, in fact, the equivalents of the apple women and chest-nut sellers of our London streets. Venice was like a contented family: not always in a state of demonstrative happiness, but at the same time never menaced by mind-corroding ruin. The animation of the Rialto and the quays was then as fine a sight as could be enjoyed anywhere in Europe. The East and the West here exchanged their wares. If the councillors of the State could have contrived it, they would have made their city's association with the East one of commerce alone. But this was impossible. Oriental customs as well as Oriental merchandise were imported.

Yet for a long time Venice seems to have been not perniciously affected by these various outside influences—some very bad—which came upon her so abundantly. The Venetian women led quiet decorous lives in their own homes. They divided their time (says Molmenti) between praying and domestic duties. Their prayers were for their husbands rather than for themselves: the risks of a sailor's life in those days was considerable. They were also concerned with the preparation of their daughters for the married state. It was the fashion not to marry them before their twentieth year. With a truly Venetian regard for method, it was the custom to marry *en masse*. The last day of January was the time when brides and bridegrooms by the score went to the altar together.

The Crusades mark an epoch in the history of the city and the state. What they did for the state all the world knows. Gold poured into the ducal coffers, and there seemed no end to the course of prosperity of this middleman among the nations. They also sophisticated the people. License and luxury became glaring defects in the city after these lucrative visits of the champions of Christianity. The senators of the old school foresaw the evils that would follow. They could not resist the chances of emolument that ac-

companied this migration of the best blood of Europe into Palestine. They hoped that their State enactments might serve as a sufficient barrier against the temptations that followed in the train of these consecrated knights and esquires. In 1287 it became necessary to make it a penal offence for a man to marry a second wife while his lawful wife was living. The edicts against gaming, which later multiplied till they became a farce, began about this time. Early in the fourteenth century prostitution was an established incident of Venetian life. That same century is remarkable also for the opening of the series of records of offences against morality which are such sad reading for the student among the Venetian archives.

One is, of course, predisposed to mark with the brand of infamy any city of extraordinary influence in the world's history. Venice does but share its reputation with Tyre and Sidon, Babylon the old and modern, and imperial Rome. In one respect, however, the Bride of the Adriatic is unique among its rivals in crime. The Venetians erred pen in hand. The city archives contain hundreds of thousands of unedited manuscripts recording the confessions of persons long dead, or the unsoftened truth about the deeds of fellow-townsmen by such merciless and untiring chroniclers as Sanuto. It is no joke even to make a cursory examination of the sixteen score of rooms of the Frari library, all packed with these venerable papers, docketed and catalogued like everything else in Venice. But to the bold investigator the damp cold rooms—the deathblow to more than one earnest historian—may give up hard secrets enough to fill a small library. The ephemerides of Sanuto alone occupy fifty-eight volumes of manuscript.

A Venetian of the sixteenth century bewailed the introduction into Venice of three evils—flattery and ceremonies, Lutheranism, and debauch. The second of these never got a strong footing in the city. Indeed, it is odd in the face of this lamentation to learn from another contemporary that Protestantism had no hold at all upon the Venetians, who were all mere Epicureans, believing that body and soul are engendered at the same time, and that death puts an end to both. This, however, can hardly refer to the working classes. They were then, as now, suffi-

ciently devoted to the Church. Scepticism was the natural result of the revival of classical learning, which was, of course, confined to the rich and cultured members of the community. Still, it is worth while remembering the general outcry of the people against Paul V., when that aggressive Pope sought to saddle his decrees upon them: "We are Venetians first, and Christians afterward."

But there was no doubt about the growth of libertinism and ceremony (*i.e.*, luxury) in the city. The latter was one of the conspicuous attractions for foreigners, who were wont to write home to their friends letters full of expressions of wonder about Venice and her citizens. It showed itself in every department of life. In the early days a child was baptized by total immersion and with but scant preparation. Latterly, the little image was tricked out with jewels and lace, and carried to church in a gilded vehicle, half-cradle, half-coach, followed by a procession which often included sponsors by the hundred. Of old the Venetian near the end of his days received extreme unction lying on the ground with symbolical dust and ashes strewn about him; and then he was buried with pomp, wrapped in a linen or woollen shroud. An exception was made in this last particular in favor of Doges, professors of learning, jurists, knights, and medical men, who were allowed to go to the grave in silk. Anon, however, there seemed no bounds to the splendor of a rich Venetian's obsequies. He was attended to the grave by innumerable priests in stoles of different colors, the brethren of the various associations of which the defunct was a member, with their standards, soldiers and sailors by couples, carrying candles, lay monks, relatives to the most tenuous degree of consanguinity, troops of children from the Venetian asylums, and the eager populace, to whom a spectacle was far better than a dinner. Thus accompanied, the corpse, in a vestment of gold, and supported by eight bearers, made a sort of triumphal procession to the tomb by way of the Piazza San Marco and the Rialto, if this could be contrived without great inconvenience.

Luxury and profusion became the characteristic of Venetian life. This was conspicuously so in the matters of wearing apparel and feasting.

It was the vogue at one time to gild the rolls of bread and the oysters on the supper table. The candles also were coated with gold. We read of dinners of state which lasted four hours. Something of their nature may be discerned in the brilliant pictures of Veronese which, seen in Venice, give us so vivid an idea of Venetian life three or four centuries ago. There were, of course, also banquets of quite exceptional lavishness in honor of the distinguished guests who were constantly drawn into the vortex of Venetian gayety. In 1552 the Patriarch of Aquileia fêted Ranuccio Farnese, the Pope's nephew, in his palace on the Giudecca. The rooms were decked with extraordinary sumptuousness; cloth of gold, paintings, and illuminations adding to the effect produced by the Patriarch's cooks. Among the guests were twelve gentlemen in fancy marine costume of green satin with red lining, wearing caps of the same colors, and each accompanied by a lady dressed in white. This repast also lasted four hours, varied by music and the professional entertainers of the day. It ended with the cutting up of certain large pies, from which live birds flew out into the room. The guests strove with each other to catch those birds.

But perhaps the most expensive banquet ever given in Venice was that to Henry III. of France. He was feasted in the Great Hall of the Doge's Palace, and there were silver plates for three thousand guests. At another time the same monarch was entertained at a sugar banquet: the napkins, plates, knives, forks, and even the bread (so called) were all of sugar. The Venetians were mightily pleased when Henry took his napkin in his hands, and, to his surprise, found that it broke to pieces. At this feast twelve hundred and sixty different dishes were served, and three hundred sugar effigies were distributed among the ladies.

Whatever might have been said against the Venetians, they were a hospitable people—this, too, in small, as well as in great, matters. When, for example, in 1476, an ambassador from the Khan of Tartary visited the city, and it was known that the Khan and his suite carried but one shirt apiece in their bags, the Senate formally voted twenty ducats, that they might be provided with additional shirts, which were accordingly made "*alla tartarescha*,"

and presented. We can imagine how the good councillors and citizens would enjoy this kindly little jest.

The fair sex contributed vastly to the picturesqueness of Venetian life when the old primitive days of modesty and indoor existence had passed away. They were, of course, the notable persons at the jousts in the Piazza San Marco, which, even up to the fifteenth century, was surrounded by trees, and was disgraced by cesspools and other abominations. Silks and satins of every conceivable color, the finest gold and silver brocade, silver and gold buttons, diadems of jewels, ermines and sables, as well as networks of pearls, were the most expensive of their articles of apparel. Their undergarments also were (as Sansovino ungallantly tells us) of incredible beauty and costliness, of the best silk or linen, embroidered with gold and silver lace. Low dresses were pre-eminently a Venetian custom in the middle ages. The chroniclers are constantly marvelling to their correspondents and the public how the ladies managed to keep their clothes upon their backs. This, however, enabled them to take note of another strange local habit—surely one of the most unnecessary in the world. The ladies painted their bosoms, even as they dyed their hair, and were wont to go to bed with veal cutlets soaked in milk upon their cheeks—for the good of their complexions. These same scrupulous people were adepts at depilation. Perhaps their receipt may be considered worth something, even in our day. "Take orpiment, quicklime, gum arabic, and ants' eggs mixed in equal quantities. Burn the hair cut from the body, and mix the lye with the above ointment and rub well into the place you wish to keep free from hair." It is satisfactory to know that the Venetian ladies were not like some of their sisters of the time—amazing outside, but negligent of the state of their skin. Indeed, they seem to have acquired an Asiatic taste for perfumed baths and sweet-smelling odors. They made acquaintance with both daily. They could, a contemporary tells us, be smelled "three miles away."

One more grotesque detail of the Venetian toilet deserves mention. The streets of the old city were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. It is easily

conceivable. Even now, with but sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, the thoroughfares between the Piazza and the Rialto are sometimes sufficiently bad. We are writing of the time when the population was nearly five times what it now is, and when Venetian trade was at its zenith. Well, to combat this mud, the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse, the heels became taller and taller, until at length they were half a yard high, and as difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was a task for the black pages, or for the lovers, who had now become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

There was a certain hard and fast line between the dresses of the fair sex that must have been useful in many ways. The maiden's white silk veil was a feature well-adapted to catch the eye of the young gallants of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. True, it was copied clandestinely by the prostitutes, in spite of State prohibitions of the severest kind. But the Venetian men had sharp intelligences, and could distinguish these frail ones in other ways. Betrothed girls wore a coronet of jewels, and the hair long over the shoulders, interwoven with gold threads. This must have had a charming effect. They looked like goddesses, we are told; and, though that is a vague comparison, we perceive the compliment. As for the married women, though they might dress with what materials they pleased, the little velvet cap was their distinctive mark. A gown half white and the other half of gold brocade was common. Widows had not much scope; they wore black wool. All classes seem to have had one defect—a defect of the enormity of which we of the nineteenth century can make adequate count. "It is," writes Mauro Lapi to the Doge Cristoforo Moro in 1462, "a diabolical thing that the women should have such long tails to their dresses, dragging along the ground."

The costumes of the Venetian men, though not so expensive, were still very engaging. One has only to look at Carpaccio's pictures in the Academy and elsewhere to understand what a strong flush of color must have met the eye in the Piazza San Marco on any gala day some

hundreds of years ago. Young men, even after they were eighteen, used to wear their hair down their backs. This was before Venice began to decay and her children to present the mournful rachitic appearance which is nowadays so largely theirs. Otherwise it would, amid certain circumstances, have been hard to distinguish between the young men and the unwedded girls. In fact, however, the Venetian youth of four centuries ago were a fascinating mixture of devil-may-care valor, vivacity, and impudence. They were ready, if required, to go and fight the Turk at a moment's notice, and the victorious Moslems found them tough antagonists. They were also equally ready to respond to their duties as members of those entertainment clubs which did so much for the gayety of the city.

Of these clubs, that of the Stockingers seems to have been the most remarkable. It was started in 1400, and lasted nearly two hundred years. The members were either of patrician or of citizen origin. They were, in fact, a freemasonry of mirth, with lodges all over the city called the Immortals, the Eternals, the Peacocks, the Happy Ones, etc. Their common costume consisted of tight red stockings, long-toed shoes, waistcoats of silk or velvet embroidered with gold, slit sleeves showing the shirt underneath and tied across with ribbons, a cloak of cloth of gold, damask or crimson velvet, and a hood on the lining of which was embroidered the private sign of the society. A little red or black cap set with a jewel, and with the end hanging over the ears, and long hair tied with silk, completed the picture of these young frolickers. They had their part—and a very important one it was—in every state revelry. The Doge would as soon have thought of omitting to take counsel with them previously to a public festival as a modern hostess would venture to dispense with the aid of a professional ball-room and dinner-table decorator. They were, moreover, a rich community in themselves. Wealth was probably the chief qualification for membership of their guild. Thus, we read how at the raising of Michele Steno to the dogeship their festivities lasted for months, at a cost to each "companion" of two thousand ducats—in those days a huge sum.

Perhaps we shall not be doing the companions of the Order of the Stocking an

injustice if we make them largely responsible for the licentiousness which became a notorious characteristic of Venice under their rule. They can hardly be blamed for it. The Troubadours, their first cousins, had, with the best intentions, played havoc with the virtue of Europe in other quarters. It was natural and amiable in these Stockingers to do their utmost to enliven the spirits of their native place. But the contagion of amusement "caught on." The Venetians got to think it was their due that life should be one long holiday. Paolo Sarpi was, of course, much too ascetic when, in his political *vade mecum* for the Venetian state, he wrote, "Let the women live retired from the world, it being certain that all open lewdness has had its first rise from a salutation or a smile." The times had gone by for so monkish an estimate of human society. But one cannot doubt that the Stockingers were the cause of much of the social corruption which, during their existence, swelled to its culminating point. The Senate thought to stem the tide of debauchery by passing laws against the committal of offences. They would have done better, had they dared, to strike at the root of the evil. It is just possible that if they had suppressed the Stockingers and rung the Marangona an hour earlier every day the wonderful group of Venetian artists of the sixteenth century would have painted pictures inspiring and elevating, as well as marvellous for their color and realism, and that in 1797 the Venetian state would not have bent the knee with such fatal facility to that reorganizer of Europe, Napoleon.

The Senate were not slow to mark the dangerous signs which began to show ever more and more boldly in their beloved city. They fidgeted, and passed sumptuary laws. The freedom of manners of the Crusaders made them prohibit suppers and banquets at which women other than relations were present. When they heard of the expensive conceits at other banquets they passed an act fixing half a ducat (about half a sovereign) as the extreme sum per head that was to be spent on feasting. They were particularly disturbed by the amount of money that was being sunk in pearls. Accordingly, in 1541, they made it a penal offence to wear more than one string of them, and that had to be not of higher value than two hundred ducats.

Even this did not satisfy them. In 1562 they gave the law a corollary that was almost indecent and perfectly adapted to enrage all the elderly matrons of the city. No women except the Doge's wife and daughters were to wear any pearls after the tenth year of their marriage; nor were even young wives to wear more than a single necklace, of an outside value of four hundred ducats, the same to be duly stamped and appraised by the authorities.

The Venetian women revolted against certain other restrictions about dress materials. They were so angry that they formed an alliance, and petitioned the Pope on the subject. It was the best thing they could do; for his Holiness, ever anxious to assert himself in Venice, annulled the obnoxious decree which had emanated from the Venetian Patriarch. Anon, however, they got to despise the various sumptuary laws which came upon them thick as autumnal leaves. Nearly every one disregarded them. True, the Executive employed spies, whose business it was to go about "taking stock" of the people, measuring with their eyes the height of the ladies' dresses, and guessing at their value. Now and again a prosecution occurred. If the gown was at fault for its sumptuousness, both the owner and its maker were fined. If a lady was found with more pearls on her person than was permissible, she was liable to a penalty of no less than two hundred ducats, of which half went to the informer. But it was by no means light and easy work—this of professional spy. The times had got so much out of joint that there was on an average a homicide daily in the city—without mention of the various disappearances which often had a sanguinary significance. A patrician might submit to pay the fine for extravagance; but it would afterward be excusable in the young bloods of the patrician's family if they waylaid the informer and either perforated him with their rapiers or knocked him on the head and tumbled him into a canal.

Yet, in spite of the hatred and ridicule with which these restrictions were received, the Senate went on making sumptuary laws. People were not to put their establishments into mourning for the death of distant relatives. They were not to have silk hangings to their doors, but plain leather ones of a specific height. Silk curtains were allowed to the windows of

only the chief salon in a house; though on no account were silk tablecloths to be used. Twelve chairs upholstered in silk or velvet were allowed, but no more than twelve. Carpets, gilded benches, boxes covered with velvet or silk, door knockers mounted with gold, walnut-wood beds—steads gilded or adorned with miniatures, mosquito curtains with gold embroidery on them, and gold-hilted swords and daggers, all were alike not to be tolerated. Ladies' dresses were not to have buttons above a certain value, nor were expensive furs to be worn. In 1440 long trains were forbidden. The Great Council even tried to arrest the natural course of Dame Fashion. They were vexed by the constant succession of changes. Never was there such annoying old-womanly intervention. This, too, when the Doge himself wore a cap of solid gold, and gems valued at a hundred and fifty thousand ducats.

The gondolas also in due time were subjected to the cold influences of the law. One can forgive the Great Council their interference with the extravagant tastes of the Venetian ladies; but it was too bad that they should issue their mandate prohibiting the use of colored silk, satin, and embroidery about the gondolas, and making these graceful ornaments of Venice the funereal objects they continue to be. In the sixteenth century there appeared a publication purporting to be written by a Chinaman in Europe for the benefit of his friends in the Celestial Empire. His description of the gondola is in sorrowful contrast with what it would have been had he visited Venice two or three hundred years earlier, when the boats moved about the still waters like small palaces. "Every one," says the Chinaman, "keeps his equipage at anchor, and this equipage is a species of black tomb, in which he regularly inters himself five or six hours daily."

The State wished, in fact, to control the Venetians latterly much as an unwise parent endeavors to keep a tight hold upon his sons when these have long passed the age of discretion. It even prescribed the extreme number of godparents that a child should have (twelve), and the number of pounds of candy (four) they might each send to the new-born infant. Funerals, too, came under its cognizance. These were not to be such as to excite the citizens inordinately with their pomp, unless,

of course, the deceased was a Doge, or a person who had rendered the State signal service. Spite of this exception, however, it is strange to read how at the obsequies of the Doge Alvise Mocenigo, in 1779, nearly eight tons of wax candles were used. But this illumination was not enough to give Venice a new lease of independence. The State was then veritably on its last legs, and there were not wanting Venetians with famous names who, before the French Revolution, inscribed their visiting cards with symbolical figures, among which was the cap of liberty set on the point of a spear.

Something must now be said about the social condition of the city; nor will it be out of place to mention the Venetian courtesans at the outset. Even in the fourteenth century, these had become very numerous. By law they were to wear a yellow handkerchief at the neck, and confine themselves to the Castelletto quarter of the Rialto. Their costume, however, varied considerably in course of time, and was naturally affected by their individual circumstances. Mention has been made of the top-boots which were at one time a characteristic of them; they were also allowed to use a certain quantity of silver ornaments. For the most part they were under the control of directresses, who once a month took their gains to the magistrates known as the Signori di Notte, by whom the money was apportioned between the proprietors of the house, the directresses, and the creditors of the courtesans themselves.

By and by the numbers of these women became a distinct danger in the city. According to Sanuto, they were in 1509 no fewer than 11,654 in a population of about 300,000. The Statute Books began to teem with laws about them—laws which to a great extent they disregarded with impunity. They were, for example, forbidden to attend the churches at the hour when these were frequented by other women. They were not to keep domestic servants of a less age than thirty. A law of 1543 forbade them to wear jewels, precious metals, and silk, and from using articles of luxury in their houses. Other enactments were designed to control their movements, to prevent them going out in the evening without a light, from living on the Grand Canal, paying more than a hundred ducats a year for rent, using gon-

dolas alone or in company at the hour of the "fresco," when it was the fashion to breathe the cool evening air on the lagoon, wearing masculine dress, or entering the churches in the garb of maidens, married women, or widows.

But, in spite of these nominal restrictions, the courtesans of Venice were a byword throughout Europe for their magnificence of attire and beauty. Giordano Bruno mentions them, and especially the indescribable gesture of the head, which was one of their allurements while they sat at their windows in the infamous parts of the city, and sang seductive songs in a low, hoarse voice. Thanks to the respectable origin of so many of them (for they were recruited from families of high degree as well as from the convents), they came into repute for their intellectual as well as their physical graces. Cardinals of the Church found open pleasure in their conversation and society. Pietro Aretino (the most dissolute of men) on one occasion invited Titian and Sansovrino to meet a courtesan as his third guest at supper. Courtesans were the essential spirit of every public festival in which eating and drinking and lively talk had a part. In 1622 the Prince de Condé *fêted* twelve of them at a banquet on the Giudecca, though this wholesale civility may have been in honor of the Turkish Ambassador, who sat at table with them. Occasionally the laws were put in force against them, but not often. Thus, in 1618 the Earl of Oxford had the mortification to see the courtesan with whom he was enjoying the "fresco" sent summarily to prison, and also the gondoliers who were implicated in this infraction of the law; nor were they released except on a special appeal from the British Ambassador.

The truth is this. The Councillors of Venice conceived that they might, with advantage to the State, condone the very immorality which they condemned. The high spirits of their youth were checked by indulgence, and diverted from an interest in political affairs which might have endangered the position of the hoary, red-gowned occupants of the ducal chambers! Strangers flocked to the city, drawn thither by its shameful reputation, and spent money which, by one channel or another, found its way into the coffers of the Republic. By such sophistical and dishonoring arguments did the rulers of

Venice save their consciences and excuse themselves for the wrong they wrought. The notorious Bianco Capello, who as a child left her father's house with Pietro Bonaventuri, and rose by crime upon crime to be Grand Duchess of Tuscany, is a worthy representative of Venetian society in the sixteenth century.

Without going so far as to aver that the air of Venice is libertine, it may be said that Venetian life and Venetian pastime were and are less conducive to morality than the conditions of life in other towns. The tang of the salt sea across the lagoons strikes home to the blood as it does not elsewhere. The sumptuous gondola is not elsewhere the common vehicle of intercourse and pleasure-seeking. Nor are there many haunts of men which, by the charm of their surroundings, so emphatically tempt a man to forget himself and all else in the strong pleasure of the moment. The coldest heart may be suddenly kindled to fervor in Venice. Schopenhauer, in spite of his philosophy and his reasoned misogyny, here all but offered his life to a woman.

If this be so in these well-ordered days (speaking comparatively), can we wonder that the excesses of the patricians and citizens of ducal Venice two or three hundred years ago were such as to surprise even men who had matriculated in the Court circles of France? The Carnival then lasted six months, and masking was a universal habit. It has been said that in the beginning the mask was a token of fraternal condescension on the part of the rich and noble toward their inferiors. It levelled all ranks, like the grave, though in a more agreeable manner. But this Utopian justification of it soon passed out of date. It became instead the very best possible vehicle for intrigue and social corruption. That in effect was what it was. During Carnival time no one thought of going out of doors, except in disguise. The maid sent on an errand must first don her mask — of which no doubt her lover, or lovers, had the key. The mother with a child in her arms masked both herself and the child. It may be imagined that amid these circumstances the scenes and conversation during the promenade time and subsequently were not always decorous.

The evil was especially great in the convents. In the statute books one finds law after law for the better regulation of these

conventual houses. In the fifteenth and sixteenth century it was no "cachet" of respectability, much less of sanctity, to be a Venetian nun. One cannot wonder, for in the first place the majority of the girls were not in the nunneries of their own free will; and, secondly, their facilities of intercourse with the world were greater rather than less than they would have been elsewhere. Fathers of families were wont to make their daughters take the veil to save the expense of their dowries, and also to improve the family position in other ways. As for the freedom of conventual life, it was quite singular. The nuns rose and retired to bed when they pleased, and had such unstinted opportunities of communion with the patrician youths of the city that they openly declared they preferred the cloister to their own homes. Their dress was rather that "of a nymph than a nun." One can imagine that they were charming in their white dresses, cut low, with sleeves to the elbows only, white diaphanous lace veils, with bright ribbons at the shoulders, and wearing flowers in their bosoms. The reception rooms of the convents were the favorite resort of the city; and here the sons of the Venetian councillors and even the councillors themselves, laughed away the hours with the girls and ingratiated themselves with the abbesses. Carnival time was more than commonly agreeable for them. The youths were then allowed to carry off the nuns of their liking, and entertain them for hours in gondolas. Cakes and dainties were sent daily to the girls, and as a matter of course love-letters were concealed in these conventional vehicles. Then, at certain seasons the nuns appeared in the churches, and were diverted by their lovers with pseudo-sacred operas, followed by dances and suppers protracted far into the dark hours. The 29th May, 1509, was one such occasion. "To celebrate the installation of a new abbess," says Sanudo in his diary, "certain young patricians came to the convent with trumpets and fifes, and danced with the nuns all through the night." In short, so absolute was the hold exercised by the nuns upon the affections of the Venetians that uncloistered women assumed the garb of the religious, and the courtesans closely imitated it, the better to ensnare admiration.

The State had at length to take cognizance of the numerous scandals which oc-

curred in and outside the convents. A special court of magistrates was appointed to adjudicate upon them. There was no lack of culprits. Youths broke into the convents by night and abducted the nuns. In 1611 a parish priest and a nun, the latter dressed as a friar, evaded a convent. In 1693 an Englishman, with the aid of a gondolier of the British ambassador, stole a nun from the monastery of the Convertite on the Giudecca. De Brosse tells us that when he was in Venice a new Nuncio arrived, and there was keen competition among the nunneries for the "honor" of providing him with a mistress. There is no need to say more on the subject. Scores of children were sent annually from the convents to the Venetian foundling asylums. It could hardly have been otherwise. In the last days of the Republic matters much improved. The nuns were then less free: "they spent their time between sermons and masses, tarts and chocolate." It was rather dull for them, after their lively past. But the dulness was better than licentiousness.

The same taint was upon the Venetians of every class. Mothers disposed of their children without shame, and patricians bought them. Priests and the laity bid against each other for the daughters of these unnatural mothers. Rich fathers bought mistresses for their sons at the age of seventeen or eighteen as an Englishman buys his boy a pony. An official of high rank, troubled because his son spent his time with a courtesan, bade the lad bring her home with him. Three or four youths, the sons of impoverished sires, clubbed together for a courtesan without the least compunction. Husbands thought it no particular shame to turn their wives' beauty to account, and enter their gains categorically in the domestic receipt book.

In the midst of this prevalent infamy, it is quite refreshing to come across a Venetian with the spirit of an old Roman father in him. Sanudo thus briefly commemorates the incident:—"Sr. A. Morexini, a lawyer, took his son before the magistrates for having kissed a woman and stolen a jewel, and exclaimed in public, 'Hang him—cut off his head!' and so it was done."

This was in 1500, before matters were at their worst, and before those strong protests against the effeminacy, luxury, and religious disbelief of the age which

rendered the sixteenth century the most remarkable since the death of Christ. It was the century of Luther and Henry VIII., as well as of Raphael, Titian, Cellini and Michael Angelo. It was also the century in which certain Germans combined under a vow never to wash themselves.

In 1668 the Grand Councillor made the wearing of wigs a penal offence. In the eighteenth century it was the exception to see a rich Venetian who did not wear a wig. Both Venice and its laws were alike becoming impotent. It was as vain for the State to struggle against rich furs, long dresses, enamelled necklaces, English hosiery, embroidered gloves and expensive fans, as to struggle against the importation of wigs.

Thus the rule of the barber came in—a rule as degrading and singular as anything else in Venetian history. Of course, we do not imply that these gentry of the comb and scissors actually deposed the red-gowned patricians, or wrote their names in the Golden Register. But they acquired a sort of backstairs influence which was of considerable account in a State vitiated through and through. When ladies were wont to spend seven hours daily in their dressing-rooms, the assistants of their toilet were likely to become a power in their lives. This power did not make itself felt necessarily in the husbands of the Venetian ladies. Venetian husbands did not devote much time to their own wives. It was the lovers of other men's wives who were affected by the influence of these knights of the comb.

"Our profession," says the barber in Albergati's comedy, *The Wise Friend*, "is much esteemed everywhere. I will speak frankly. None of those ladies disdain to flirt with us, and they can see us daily without exciting talk, because the pretext of having their heads tired is ready to hand. Now and then it happens that the business of combing lasts two hours or more, without the chance of getting a word to ourselves. But if the lady knows her business, when I am about to powder her she turns to the tiresome visitors round her, and, with many expressions of regard for their clothes, sends them off; and then we can talk at our ease. But this does not often occur, because folks who are wise know better than to visit ladies at the toilet hour, since that is the time either

for love or ill-humor. Some ladies choose us for their secretaries and confidants, and then we get heaps of presents and serviceable protection."

The "cicisbeo" also was an institution that cannot be overlooked. In the eighteenth century he flourished in Venice as perhaps in no other Italian city. We shall not be doing him a wrong if we describe him generically as a being in whom passionate sensibility of a singularly limited kind was the substitute for natural human passions. It is almost impossible for us northerners to take the "cicisbeo" seriously. He was a cross between a pet dog and a lady's maid, and was beneath them both. Conceive an adult patrician who was satisfied to dance attendance upon his heart's charmer, who even helped her to dress and undress, and was yet content to kiss her hand! Doubtless, in this venal age, the husbands did not mind him. He was a sort of guarantee that they might have liberty to do as they pleased. Goldoni, in his *Memoirs*, shows us distinctly what his rôle was supposed to be. He tells of a certain married lady who complained to her "cicisbeo" that one of her servants had treated her with disrespect. "He ought to be punished," said the "cicisbeo." "Whose duty is it," retorted the lady, "if not yours, to see that I am obeyed and respected by my servants?" There were Venetian ladies who had an entire suite of "cicisbei": one gave her his arm when she went to church or paid visits, and others held her fan, her handkerchief, or her mass book. Nor was it very rare for the "cicisbeo" to be mentioned in the marriage contract, as an indisputable appanage of the bride.

The old energy of spirit seemed to have died out of the Venetian temperament. Little by little Venice was clipped of her once great estate, and little by little the Venetians lost those qualities which more than aught else had built up this estate. The training to which the children of patricians were subjected in the eighteenth century did not fit them for noble deeds. The domestics were their humble servants from the time they could stammer a bidding. They spoiled them to the uttermost; nor was this counterbalanced at all by the rigorous show of respect which it behooved them to pay their parents. Playing cards, with the letters of the alphabet stamped upon them, taught them the rudiments

of their education. At the age of seven or thereabouts a priestly tutor (more often than not a Jesuit) took them in hand; and they were hardly in their teens before they were knee-deep in the dissolute pleasures of the Ridetto and the private gaming-houses. As children they were taught the arts of ceremony. The boys wore swords, and made fine speeches to girls who were hardly more than babies. They comported themselves for all the world like the porcelain statuettes which the china factories used to be so fond of turning out. Thus they qualified themselves for the career of negligent husband or of "cicisbeo," almost the only one that remained for them.

The paintings of Tiepolo have a character worthy of the age in which they were wrought. No man ever depicted ballet girls and angels with more grace. The mind is theatrically ravished by some of his frescoes. It does not matter whether they decorate the ceilings of churches or of private palaces; in either case they produce the same effect. Even when he is scriptural he recalls the Alhambra rather than the New Testament. In all probability he could not help himself. Even as Veronese objectifies for us Venice of his century, so his subject what it may, so Tiepolo does the same. If masks were put upon his angels and his nymphs could strike harmonies from the musical instruments with which he furnished them, Venice of the middle of the eighteenth century would be brought home to us with complete force.

Though impoverished and undermined in spirit, there yet remained to the Venetians much of the amiability which was always one of their seducing charms. The Marangona had long ceased to be an integral part of the life of the city. The arsenals, once so thronged by operatives, began to present the melancholy appearance of desertion and supersession which they maintained until Italy became united under Victor Emanuel. It was all the poorer people could do to keep body and soul together. Indeed, many patricians whose names had for centuries been honored in Venetian history were obliged after a ceremonial show in the streets or at the ducal palace to return to a simple meal of watermelons in their great houses, which they had not the means to keep up. The poor did not, as in France, hate their

richer brethren and charge them with occasioning their misery. It often happened that the rich patrician had stood godfather to the child of the starving mechanic. This was an indefeasible bond of sympathy between them. If the patrician could help the other, he might be relied on to do it. Industry of all kinds languished. The glass works of Murano lost their long-established importance. In the sixteenth century 28,000 pieces of cloth were made in the city; toward the end of the eighteenth century the amount was only 800 pieces. The people shrugged their shoulders and smiled. Their decadence was pitiable; yet they could not but acknowledge that it was inevitable. In 1757 the clerk of the Controller of the Mint was convicted of embezzling 5974 ducats of State money. This was a particularly grave crime. Nevertheless, when it was known that the man had a destitute family, charity boxes were set in the churches in their behalf, and 16,000 lire, or more than £600, was thus collected for them. This is a trait of the age worth recording.

"It was a time of noisy festivals and dull curses, of latent misery and ostentatious munificence, of elegant immorality and open hypocrisy." Perhaps Venice was never more alluring than when the Venetians lived and moved in it like the people in Watteau's pictures, when Goldoni was writing immortal comedies at £12 apiece, when the Ridotto was daily thronged with patricians and strangers, when the canals were first lighted with torches in iron sconces, and when France was beginning that upheaval which was to result, among much else, in the overthrow of the Lion of St. Mark. Senatorial work had become a mere farce. The councillors, like the rest of the city who could afford it, lived for pleasure, not business.

Motions were read and confirmed all in a breath. This done, the Venetian oligarchs sighed with relief and fell to talking about their love affairs and evening engagements. It was significant that while public gambling lasted, at the Ridotto a patrician sat at the head of each of the ten tables and showed the notes and gold with which he was ready to play against all comers. The only condition he made was that players should be either patricians like himself or masked. In the evening the younger nobles amused themselves for an hour or two at the theatre. Here their behavior was not always worthy of their gentle origin and polite upbringing. We read that they took pride in spitting from their boxes upon the heads and shoulders of the people in the pit. Conduct of this kind, however, was, of course, exceptional.

Such was Venice when the end came. The last Doge, a poor weak fellow, bowed the head to Napoleon when the demand was made. He called it "resignation to the Divine will:" a congenial euphemism. On the 12th May, 1797, of 547 members of the Great Council, only thirty made a stand against Napoleon's request that the government should be changed. Thus the oligarchy died. A brief dramatic frenzy took the people when they learned what had happened. They mutilated the winged lion of St. Mark and burned the Golden Register and ducal standards in the Piazza of St. Mark, while "a knot of half-naked women danced the 'carmagnola'" round the tree of liberty. This was notably appropriate; for it was within a stone's throw of the prison in which Carmagnola himself, three centuries and a half before, was deprived of both liberty and life by the Venetian Senate.—*National Review*.

THE PEERAGE IN CHINA.

CHINESE titles are regarded as a species of office, qualifying the holder to draw pay from the treasury, but requiring from him at the same time the performance of certain duties. In our own more civilized land the peers need do nothing (they need not throw out the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill); but then neither do they receive anything, unless they have the good for-

tune to be descended from the Merrie Monarch. In China a title can only be gained by success in war. No amount of quibbling at the bar, no brewings, however excellent, of draught stout will make a man a peer. The most persuasive of special pleaders this backward people would, in the figurative language of the third emperor of the dynasty, describe as

"a bare stick," and, if they followed literally his late Majesty's advice, soundly drub. Even the makers of samshoo, the national (and nasty) drink, are held in no great repute. You must, if you would be ennobled, either take a town from the rebels, or, what is equally efficacious, commit suicide when the rebels are taking it from you. The Chinese of all nations perhaps have the most vivid realization of a future existence—for, as a rule, it is the heroic ghost who gets the title, his son succeeding him after three years or so as second peer. In the pages of the *Peking Gazette*, that exhaustless storehouse of quaint facts, are many accounts of this ennoblement of dead heroes. The sequel to one such story throws so much light on the position and prospects of a Chinese peer (albeit a peer of low degree), that it is worth transcribing in full. It is in the form of a petition to the censorate at Peking:—

"I am 32 years of age, and come from Linch'ing in Shantung. In the year 1854 my father, who was a trainband captain, lost his life at the attack on our native town made by the rebels, and so distinguished himself that he was created a *yün ch'i-yü*. As his eldest son I succeeded to the title, and in 1871 I joined the garrison at Linch'ing to learn my military duties. The major in command, whose one idea was self-enrichment, paid me only 11 crowns (55s.) at the end of nearly a year's service instead of the 19 crowns (£5) to which I was entitled; and, again, only paid me 12 crowns as my salary for the spring and autumn. A fellow *yün ch'i-yü* was treated in the same manner, and we made a joint complaint to the major, who took a dislike to us in consequence, and falsely declared that as our papers had not arrived he was not allowed to issue full pay to us. The mother of my colleague complained to the provincial treasurer of these deductions in her son's pay, and he referred the matter to the prefect of Chinan. The major, knowing well that his excuses were false, got hold of my colleague and kept him in hiding, so that he could not appear at the inquiry; finally he forced him to poison himself. The major again issued reduced pay to me in the year 1874, and at last turned me out of the garrison on the ground that I had delayed in presenting myself at a certain military review."

A *yün ch'i-yü* is the eighth of the nine ranks into which the national—as distinguished from the imperial—nobility is divided. Chinese names are a weariness to Western ears; but it really is very difficult to avoid them altogether when treating of Chinese peers. The first five ranks may be rendered, and commonly are rendered, by our "duke," "marquis," "earl," "viscount," and "baron." The sixth rank, which literally translated is that of "light-charioted city-warden," might by parity of reasoning be turned by "baronet;" but as no successor of the most high but rather hard-up prince, King James, has followed his example and created hereditary knights, squires, or, shall we say? squireens, it is not easy to find fitting equivalents for the last three grades. These, the "mounted city-warden," the "cloud mounted-warden," and the "mounted-warden by grace," are perhaps best expressed, on paper, by their quaint if unpronounceable originals, *ch'i tu-yü*, *yün ch'i-yü*, and *ên ch'i-yü*.

There are only two Chinese *kung*, or dukes not of the imperial blood. These are the Yen-sheng Kung, the "Duke Transmitter of the Sage," the representative of Confucius; and the Hai-cheng Kung, "Purifier of the Seas," the descendant of Huang, conqueror of Formosa for the Manchus. The latter title is some two centuries old, the former was instituted in 1235. "The Confucian Duke," as he is commonly styled by foreigners, enjoys a prestige which no change of dynasty affects; yet perhaps a native essayist two or three years ago took too audacious advantage of this fact. He had noticed that the ostensible unity of the Roman Catholics gave them an amount of power which he, as a Confucianist, could not but deprecate; he urged, therefore, that there be established throughout China a Confucian hierarchy (with Confucian bishops *in partibus*), and at the head of that hierarchy be placed the Transmitter of the Sage, as an orthodox Chinese Pope.

The present Purifier of the Seas, Huang Pao-ch'eng, is a colonel in the provincial army of Fukien, his native province. It is indeed obligatory on every Chinese noble to serve in some military capacity, unless he has reached a certain rank in the civil service, or is content, as was a remarkable *yün ch'i-yü* last year, to forego his allowance. That, we should think, would be

no great hardship, if all he could draw was some £5 a year—though £5 a year would almost feed a family in China. These allowances, like all Chinese official salaries, were cut down in the troublous times of Hsien-feng, when the Taipings held Nanking and the Allies were bombarding Taku; but they were to be paid in full from and after New Year's Day (Feb. 3) 1886. They are provided out of the provincial funds, and the consequence is a rooted objection on the part of provincial treasurers to the creation of new peers. In 1884 the Governor of Kiangsi petitioned the throne on the subject. "Already," he wrote, "there is an annual call of over 50,000 crowns to meet the salaries of the hereditary nobles, and unless some means are adopted of reducing the expenditure under this head, it will be impossible to continue to meet the call. Other provinces, and prefectures in those provinces, have had limitations laid down as to the number of holders of hereditary nobility. In Hunan, for instance, the number is limited to 400; in Nanking to 348; in Soochow to 150; in Anhui to 176. In Kiangsi there are already 483, which is more than anywhere else; still, as it would not be humane to cut down the number abruptly, I would propose to reduce the salaries paid by a certain percentage, and to limit the recipients to the present number, viz., 483." Peers were not over well paid in Kiangsi as it was, for the Governor's figures give to each an average salary of but little more than 103 crowns, or some £25 a year. A similar memorial from Fukien, in 1887, makes the average only 57 crowns for 360 recipients. What is the total number of nobles in China does not, in the absence of a Chinese Burke, appear: but from the memorials we may take it to be between two and three thousand for the eighteen provinces. This absence of a Burke, by the way, is sometimes felt even by Peking. When Tso Tsung-t'ang was engaged in the recovery of Kashgar he recommended one of his generals for promotion in the peerage. The Court, in a very good humor at the signal success of the Chinese arms, had already made Tso a marquis, and his right-hand man and future successor in the governorship of the reconquered country, Liu Chin-t'ang, a Baron. They acceded promptly to Tso's request and created his general a "mounted city-

warden." Then Tso wrote again and respectfully pointed out that the general was already—had, in fact, for some time been—a mounted city-warden. Matters were finally arranged by making him a "light-chariot warden" instead; but there really seems to have been bad management somewhere.

The troubles of these wardens often find their way into the *Gazette*. One *yün ch'i-yü* suffered in 1874 through overmuch zeal. "Wishing to perfect himself in rifle-shooting for the monthly competition, he was in the habit of practising at a target in a mulberry plantation which stood in some waste land in an unfrequented spot within the walls. One day in October when he was shooting, two men came with some donkeys along the neighboring road. One of the donkeys ran off the road, and the driver in following it came into the line of fire, and was killed by the *yün ch'i-yü*, who could not see him for the trees." The unlucky noble was punished by banishment to a place a thousand miles away, by a hundred blows administered on an ignominious portion of his person, and a fine of £2 10s to pay for his victim's funeral—a very characteristic Chinese sentence. Apparently his nobility did not save him from the indignity of a beating, as the lowest scholarly degree would have done. If this is so, it is not to be wondered at that men of his class are anxious to secure such degree. They hesitate, however, to enter the lists—as a very curious memorial from the Hanlin pointed out in 1882—"through a fear of possible loss of their title should they do so." This is as though a baronet of the United Kingdom should shrink from "Smalls" lest he ultimately be ploughed in "Greats," and thereby lose his rank. The Hanlin proposed, as a relief measure, that baronets and the rest should, as was once the rule, "be by virtue of their titles eligible for the triennial examinations, and able to compete for the usual degrees without prejudice to their position." That is, they were to be given their "Mods," *testamur* without entering the schools, and allowed to have a shot at their B.A. without running the disagreeable risk of forfeiting their rank and their five pounds or so of yearly pay. This pay, small as it is, they would not in any case be entitled to draw in full until they were 18 years old, nor would they necessarily receive it when

incapacitated for duty by age, so that a paid peerage is not quite such an object of envy as it might and should be.

The general rule of succession to a Chinese title is the same as with us; that is to say, the eldest son by the legal wife succeeds. If there is no son by the wife, then a son by a handmaid may take the title, just as the Mikado of Japan, so lauded for his civilized ways by Sir Edwin Arnold, will be succeeded by a prince whom in the West we should regard as illegitimate. The practice must tend to make titles more permanent than with us; but as if even this were insufficient to the end, it constantly happens that in the absence of sons a title is passed on to a nephew or cousin. The reason for this proceeding appears in a memorial published in 1874. One Chang Chih-Kung had been killed in action; whereupon the crown bestowed the title of "mounted warden" on his nephew. The nephew turned traitor, and being caught lost title and head. It was now urged that the forfeited title "should be revived in the next line, in order to soothe the ghost of Chang Chih-Kung." It does not follow, as has been already said, that the successor will be granted the same rank. An earldom referred to in the *Gazette* for 1872 was "to be hereditary for sixteen generations, after which the holder was to receive the rank of 'warden by grace' in perpetuity." In 1864 a brigadier-general who had distinguished himself at the recapture of Nanking from the Taipings, was made a viscount. He died of his wounds the following month. Nine years after his death a baby nephew was adopted as heir to his ghost, and upon him was bestowed the title not of viscount, but of *yün ch'i-yü*. Sometimes, but very rarely, the title is inherited by a brother. One such case had a curious issue. The inheritor, like his brother, died unmarried. Before that happened, however, he had left his record of services, his patent of nobility, and his genealogical table, in charge of a young clansman. The clansman rose to the occasion. Giving himself out to be the son of the deceased, and getting two friends to stand as the necessary sureties, he made application through the local authorities for permission to succeed. This was granted him, and he was sent as military secretary to a battalion. His captain's suspicions, however, were presently

aroused (how, it does not appear), and the new peer was arrested and sent for trial before the district magistrate. (There is no trial of peers by peers in China.) He "proved contumacious," but as he was identified by an uncle, the magistrate felt justified in sending him before the provincial judge, who found him guilty. The legal sentence was penal servitude for life, but by virtue of a fortunate Act of Grace (consequent on the recovery of the Empress Dowager) this was commuted into banishment for three years, a beating, and repayment of any salary drawn. A similar sentence was passed in 1883 upon another impostor, a captain in the army, who previous to detection had received 617 crowns as salary. The utmost efforts of the officials could only recover some seventy-two dollars, after selling up the whole of the captain's possessions. As for the penal servitude, the offender got off that on the plea that "a rheumatic affection of the legs brought on in military expeditions against banditti had been so aggravated by the confinement he had undergone" that he could not walk to the place of banishment. The reason why severe sentences are, at all events on paper, passed against such impostors is because their proceedings amount to a fraud on the revenue. On such a ground even Mr. Labouchere would object to the casual assumption of titles by persons who had no right to them.

Courtesy titles are unknown in China. It is true that an adopted son of Li Hung-chang—who was made an earl for the victories Gordon helped him to gain—has posed as "Lord Li" or "Viscount Li" in London and elsewhere; but he probably, nay certainly, owes this, not to his own vanity or the grace of his emperor, but to too flattering foreign friends. An Englishman "dearly loves a lord," and the opportunity to my-lord the Viceroy's son (now Chinese minister at Tokio) was too good to be lost. As a matter of fact he will not succeed as Earl Po-i (the Grand Secretary's title) if Li Hung-chang leaves a son by blood. Indeed it is not only premature but presumptuous for any man to give himself out as necessarily the successor to a Chinese title. The ordinary procedure is for the provincial authorities to report the death of a noble, and for the Emperor thereupon to direct them to ascertain who should be appointed to succeed

him. In the case of the late Tso Tsung-t'ang, who was both a marquis and a baronet, the authorities of Fukien suggested that his eldest grandson might take the marquise, and one of his younger sons the baronetcy. Tso, by the way, had at one period of his life been a baron and at another an earl, but as the memorialists said nothing about these titles it is to be assumed that they were absorbed in the marquise, not held concurrently with it, as would have been the case with us, and indeed was the case with Tso's baronetcy. The only instance in the *Gazette* for the last twenty years where a successor has been recognized in his father's lifetime is found in the volume for 1880, and the reason there plainly appears in the fact that the noble having no sons by his wife wished the succession to be confirmed on his eldest son by a handmaid. This proceeding would prevent a claim being brought forward after his death by some other son, as was actually done in 1883. The Marquis Wênhou died leaving four sons, but none, as was supposed, by his legal wife. The eldest son under these circumstances succeeded to the title, and on his death childless it reverted to the third son, the second having passed out of the family by adoption. About this time the youngest son overheard his supposed mother say to her daughter that he was really the child of the wife, who died when he was born. She, so she said, had pretended that the baby was hers in order that her own son might not be ousted from the succession (as he would be if he had a legitimate brother, however many years his junior). Not long after this exciting disclosure the handmaid died, and the then marquis, her eldest son, called on his youngest brother to join him in mourning for her. He refused on the ground that she was but a stepmother at best, whereupon the marquis "made the servants cut off forcibly a piece of his queue and place it in the mother's hand," a ceremony which the translator, Mr. Hillier, explained, "is always performed by children at the death of their parents." It is rather disappointing to have to add that here again a very natural ambition was balked by an uncle's interference. The brother of the late marquis, to whom the court referred as an authority, was unkind enough to declare that his brother's wife (a princess of the blood, by the by) died

two years before the claimant was born, on which the court decided that she was, most probably, not the claimant's mother,

When, on the death of a Chinese peer, an imperial decree has been obtained nominating his successor, it does not follow that that successor can at once assume the title, and draw his pay. On the contrary, he is required first of all to go into mourning for his father, grandfather, or uncle, as the case may be. If he is a Manchu he can get this over in a hundred days—for the Manchus were a practical folk, and, though they yielded something to Chinese prejudices, would not yield too much—but if he is a Chinaman he must mourn for twenty-seven months. This was the cause why the late Marquis Tseng did not, though his father died in 1872, take up the title until September 1874, when he was again called into a second twenty-seven months' mourning for his mother. His mourning over, the new peer should go to court and be presented to the Emperor. There are, apparently, no succession fees, though the officials of the Boards concerned—the Home Office and the Horse Guards of China—contrive to exact fees on the first issue of a patent. These patents should be made of the best white silk, and on them should be printed a copy of the decree granting the title. It is melancholy, though not altogether surprising, to learn, however, from the confession of a censor, that the generality of patents "are inscribed on material of the most inferior description, coarse and loosely woven, and made up with a minimum of silk and a maximum of solidified dye."

Peers of the United Kingdom cannot be deprived of their titles by anything less forcible than an Act of Parliament, but in China simpler processes suffice. In the last twenty years nearly as many Chinese nobles have lost their titles (not their patents, though to be sure one unfortunate did do this, in a fire, and was punished for it, poor man). The reasons for the deprivation are exceedingly varied. Most of the sufferers are deprived provisionally of their honors, "in order to trial," which, as trial means beating, shows that a title does not serve, like a literary degree, to protect from indiscriminate bamboosings. Liu Ming-chuan, till lately the Governor of Formosa, was in his younger days, some nineteen years ago, stripped of his baronetcy, because, as commander-in-

chief in Chihli, he had been guilty of "tricky behavior." His successor had complained that "the number of invalids and persons on furlough still drawing pay was enormous." That battalion, it should be explained, had just been ordered off to the north west to fight the Mohammedans, and neither Liu nor his troops wanted to go.

The next noble to lose his rank is described succinctly as a "local bully." His offence was "kicking open a nunnery door and carrying off a young and comely novice." A lieutenant is deprived of his wardenship, because, when sent on service, he "dared to beat the soldiers in the batteries, and demanded an excessive supply of sheep," which the court characterized, very justly, as "a most outrageous and improper proceeding." A *ch'i tu yü* is sentenced to lose his title, because, in spite of the remonstrances of the aggrieved husband, he "persisted in his attempts at seduction." Breaches of the seventh commandment appear, indeed, to always involve loss of rank. One such offender in 1885, taken *in flagrante*, whose "explanations were unsatisfactory," was condemned besides to a hundred blows with the heavy bamboo, without the option of a fine.

Sometimes the Chinese peer is fined and not attainted. The notorious Yang Yü-k'o, who knew more of the murder of poor Margary than the Chinese Government cared to admit, was in 1880 deprived of one half of his salary as a baron for the next nine years, because he had "opened a money shop." A few months later the Emperor forgave him. A still graver offender against foreigners—for there can be no doubt of his complicity in the Tientsin Massacre—the scoundrel Chen Kuo-jui, was also forgiven, but not till after his death. His rank was allowed, in 1883, to devolve upon his nephew, whom he had adopted before the boy's birth. Chinese titles rarely suffer from "corruption of blood;" for even when a peccant peer has been attainted and dies unfor-

given, his title is frequently passed on to his next heir. This may, indeed generally does, take place in his lifetime. Thus in 1886 a young *yün ch'i-yü* is denounced by his colonel as "a disgrace to the service," because his conduct, particularly in the matter of drills, was far from correct, while he "refused to amend his ways in spite of repeated reprimands and cautions." He lost his title, but the Board was directed to find him a successor. A much harder case occurred two years later. Another *yün ch'i-yü* was in charge of an outpost, and in his judicial capacity administered twenty blows to a refractory soldier who had bullied a shop-keeper. The soldier died, and the "cloud-warden" was indicted for manslaughter. The court held that the soldier deserved a flogging, that the flogging was administered on a proper part of the person, and that the number of blows was moderate. Nevertheless as the man had died, the officer "was deprived of his hereditary post, to which another member of his family will succeed." A fellow "cloud-warden" in 1878 had slightly better fortune. He had outstayed his leave—he was in the Foo-chow garrison—by six months, and for this offence was sentenced in his absence to the loss of his title. He returned at last and reported that he had gone with his wife to see her parents. There a son had been born to him, and two months afterward he started to rejoin his corps. His wife, however, fell seriously ill, and when she at last recovered he himself caught an infection, and became delirious. His funds were by this time exhausted, and he had to borrow money to return when he did. In consideration of all these circumstances might not his forfeited title be bestowed on the baby? . . . One is very glad to find from the rescript that his Majesty, who was not very far advanced from babyhood himself then, was pleased to grant this prayer and ennobled Master Baby—surely the queerest creation in all the queer peerage of China.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MANNERS, MORALS, AND FEMALE EMANCIPATION.

BEING A FAMILIAR LETTER FROM A WOMAN OF QUALITY.

... Your literary aunt, my dear Charlotte, has been as much interested in these Society disquisitions of Lady A.'s and Lady B.'s as in anything that you have brought under her fading observation for years. Your literary aunt being herself a born member of Society, though a long-retired partner in its pleasures and fatigues, naturally lends an ear when Persons of Distinction call in the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker to hear how Society is going on *now*. So far as I am able to judge at six miles' distance from any railway station, the highest endeavor and the most engrossing avocation of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, at the present day, is to get things "thrashed out." But, naturally, some things yield more amusement than others under the flail. I read all the Society journals myself, especially the penny ones; and from them I learned long ago that though there may be great anxiety to thrash out tougher subjects, the one that gives most pleasure is the state of Society. Of course you know what I mean, my dear—the *rotten* state of Society: the viciousness of you and me and your aunt Julia and the rest of us up to the most exalted personages. To have that subject publicly thrashed out by ladies of unquestionable rank and fashion—one here, one there; one up, one down—I don't suppose that a more agreeable entertainment was ever provided for the People since they did away with cock-fighting. Nor do I see how it can be improved upon unless two more could be prevailed upon to argue the matter out personally in one of your public halls. The most elevated discussions have been carried on in that way, you know: I rather think by bishops, or persons who might have been bishops; not to speak of poor dear Mr. Bradlaugh, who, they tell me, would have been Home Secretary at this very minute if he had not gone to a better place while yet a comparatively young man.

Open the matter to the Countess of —, and to Lady —. One of them, at least, cannot say that she is unaccustomed to public speaking, and no one is more convinced of our duty to bring our

washing-tubs under the inspection of the Democracy. As for Lady —, she is already in public life, I understand, as a Primrose Dame. I *know* she can talk, and as she was brought up in a convent, and has lived all her married life among quite decent duchesses and other ladies as innocent as the generality of milkmaids, I think she might be able to say something for the order to which she belongs. I will certainly go to town to hear the discussion if it comes off, as you may tell them; and since I have had a considerable experience in the arrangement of theatricals, I might even be of use. One thing I should distinctly recommend, because there is so much in *spectacle*, in appealing to the eye. One of the ladies should appear on the platform in the most costly and improper dress that money can buy and the scissors cut down to: this would represent the extravagance and shamelessness of which "smart people" are accused. The other would be differently dressed, to give an idea of how gentlewomen look who are not "smart," and who live a little higher and more retired than the ladies that are.

Your literary aunt!—if she wasn't so old, if she wasn't so idle, if she could give time or thought to anything just now but her guinea-pigs from North Siam and her gold-fish from the Han-Kiang with their adorable triple tails,—I say that but for these and some other circumstances she would certainly take up her pen as you suggest; but not to drive it over "the whole subject," as you also suggest. There is still one time in the day when I really *think*; the rest is all guinea-pigs (I mean you to have a pair), gold-fish, and chrysanthemums from the Mikado's own garden. You know the hour. It is when my maid Mrs. Pepper comes with her combs and her brushes, plants me in a chair, tucks me round, and then plies her soothing magic on a poll which, I thank my stars! is still as brown as a bulrush. As Pepper brushes and brushes, then is my time for real thinking; and this is what occurred to me only yesterday in an interval between the hard brush and the soft.

Depend upon it, said I to myself, when

manners and morals deteriorate in a nation that has once risen to a certain stage of civility, it is we of the softer sex who are most to blame. It is we of the softer sex who are *much* the most to blame. If I were to express that opinion to Pepper, she would be quite shocked at the aspersion on our common womanhood; yet no maid in any family is a more constant reader of her Society journal, and nowhere does she find anything to the contrary in that unflinching mirror of the time's corruptions. In fact, all those authorities make it clear, both from their wonderful collection of news from the boudoir, the barrack, and the bassinette, and their improving comments on what they are told, that Society is depraved by nothing so much as the excessive luxury and extraordinary freedoms of the ladies in it. Precisely the same thing is implied in the information sent over to the Americans by some among ourselves; so that you see there is not the least originality in my remark. But if there is no novelty in saying that when manners and morals deteriorate in a civilized country it is Woman that should hang for it, you must admit that there is a deal of sadness in the observation, and that it is one that we ought to be very much ashamed of.

I dare say there was a time, my dear Charlotte, when women were not answerable for any of the wickedness that goes on in the world. We were too low to be responsible; too much in the hands of the sex which we are still accustomed to call brutes, poor things!—no doubt traditionally. But then came the Age of Chivalry; then arose the Troubadours—poets all heart, scarf, and guitar, whom you will have no difficulty in believing in (though many do) if you make the acquaintance of Mr. Hamilton Aidé. The Age of Chivalry arrived, the Troubadours came in, and Woman was advanced to the place of honor and sat at the custom-house of homage. Now *you* know what we are. You know that we are naturally gifted with such qualities that, once placed in our right position, it is our own wicked and wilful fault if we do not maintain and improve it. Of course it was our business, as acknowledgedly the more angelic sex of the two, to take watch and ward over the morals and manners of the world about us; and it is only by sweetening both, my dear, that we feeble female folk prosper.

And I think there cannot be much doubt that it was done. At any rate we know this: civilization has *somehow* played into our hands by putting into them by far the greatest share in the cultivation of manners and morals. No, I am not alluding to the nursery, though none of us have ever yet come across the clergyman who does not open woman's eyes to her privileges in that direction. I am thinking solely and entirely of our communion with each other as grown-up people; though your literary aunt would be no philosopher and no observer if she excluded that exquisite and exquisitely unconscious sweetener of morals and manners, the soft little innocent house-daughter who walks in a gown five inches from the floor. No, no; I take us as we stand in longer gowns and innocence broadened from the bud: women: women out in the world of women and men; and what I say is, that the manners and morals of the day are what we make them.

It is all very well to shake your head; I will give you a well-known and most familiar example of what I mean, and then you will say that I am right. Is it true or not that every woman has a look at command which confounds Impudence in a moment and turns the most confident advance into a hang-dog retreat? Hasn't it that instantaneous effect although the look is not even addressed to the offender, but seems intended as a lesson in rectitude to the lady's own nose? But what do I say?—isn't it well known that the impudence of the very *sapeur* does not venture on the beginning of advance where there are signs that this look may be held in reserve? To all these questions you answer Yes; and now I go on to say that just as it is with the worst atrocities so it is with minor offences against social morals and manners. Of course it needn't be published from the house-tops; but in nine cases out of ten, my dear, these offences are permitted, encouraged, or suppressed, as women please. To be sure, I don't pretend to tell you that it is so in every class, because I have never lived in any other but my own, and the society that James, and Alfred, and Henry, and Mrs. Pepper and the maids form in my own modest establishment. It is possible that the men of a lower class, less subject to the influence of the Troubadours in the thirteenth century, have re-

tained a good deal of their original alarming brutalism ; but I doubt whether there is much of it in relation to their spouses, and whether we should not find their manners regulated everywhere by the prevailing tone among the women. However, *they* appear to be all right. Village society is as sound as ever ; there is no complaint of demoralization in suburban circles, or of any decline of manners in the city ; and therefore we need not worry about them. It is fashionable society, high society, that has gone off so shockingly. Every sort of looseness and vulgarity is rampant there, where there certainly is as much good-breeding as anywhere else, and more of a born predisposition to mannerliness. Well, then, if that's true, I tell you roundly that it is the women who are altogether at the bottom of it ; and so it has been again and again since the time of our good Queen Elizabeth.

Of course there is the question how far it is true that the morals and manners of Mayfair are going to the dogs. Were I asked, I should first answer by declaring that I don't believe it, and next I should inquire what is meant by Mayfair. When you say "Greenwich Hill," do you mean the respectable astronomers and their nice wives who live at the top, or the ladies and gentlemen who roll down it on Whitsun Monday ? "Society !" what society ? whose society ? Are we to give that name to the squatters and incursionists who have made the fortune of the Duke of Westminster, and to the lords and ladies who open door and window to these newcomers ? That is what I would ask ; and then I should inquire whether there is no knowledge of whole sets of good gentlemanly higher up, where there is no more scandal than Lady Huntingdon herself could have put up with, and where I'll be bound Lord Chesterfield might have learned better because quieter manners.

But oh, my dear ! don't I know that all the time I swaggered in this way I should be aware that there is a great deal of truth in what is so unkindly taught to the Americans ? All that is wrong about it is the representation of the most ruffianly part of Society as if it were all ; or as if the raffish portion was overrunning our drawing-rooms in every direction and corrupting the whole *monde* with their fascinating freedom and "go." We know that that is not the case, and that there

are even signs of a time not far off when the gorgeous Goth and the gilded Hun will be rolled back into their natural confines to make a society of their own. Already, I fancy, there is not so much taking of them up as there was, and rather more shutting of them off. But yet I do not make my little excursion to town in the season without seeing that there is an epidemic of looseness, of vulgarity, of familiarity, of boulevard smartness, among people who ought to know better, and do. In speech, in gait, in coming into a room, in going out of a room, in what is said, in what is listened to, and more particularly, my dear Charlotte, in what you might call the abolition of atmosphere between men and women, there is a great change ; and it has been going on for years. That, perhaps, is why it is more visible among young people than their elders : the evil was established early enough in the retiring generation to affect the whole of that which is coming on—I mean, within the range of its beginnings and perhaps a little beyond. All the Accretions it of course seizes upon ; they find it such a delightful surprise that manners so far in the interior of the Great World as Belgravia should be so charmingly easy to imitate.

And now what do you tell me is the Burden of the Lamentation of Mothers in that very Belgravia itself ? It is that the young men of the day are desperately wanting in ceremony, in politeness, in even the commonest decencies of courtesy, to the young women of the day. I do not know whether it is ever said in the course of the lament that the young women of the day do not seem to mind it, but if it is, the story is complete and perfectly correct. Indeed, nothing is more striking to persons of a certain age who mostly live out of town, and bring a pair of fresh eyes once a-year to view what is going on. To them it seems the worst symptom of all, if that should be called a symptom which looks like full-blown disease. For it is not merely a want of politeness, such as young brothers have made us familiar with for ages—it is not this that troubles the eye of the observer from the country, nor is it all that puzzles and vexes Belgravian mothers. You marked what I said just now about the abolition of atmosphere between men and women ; and though it is rather a scientific observation, I dare say

you understand what I mean. Well, here you may behold the same thing decidedly in the wrong place. It may be all very well between ladies and gentlemen who are past the forties, though I don't think it at all convenient, or in the least degree pretty, wherever it is seen. But it is certainly not what any one could wish to see between lads and lasses on their first meeting in the open world, even if it were only a question of manners and their cultivation. And if the young men must be the worse for the change, as the least discerning eye perceives that they are, some of the young women at least must feel, at one humiliating moment or another, that they are desperate losers by it. But again I say they have only themselves to blame—they and their sisters and mothers and aunts. For however well these lads may happen to be stocked with impudence by nature, there isn't courage enough in their bosoms to treat young gentlewomen as if they were Piccadilly "chappies" unless they are first encouraged and then permitted to do so. We must admit the sorrowful truth, Charlotte, if it is only among ourselves.

Of course it will occur to you that there must be some explanation of the freedom that so many women of the Society classes allow themselves to take, and to suffer. And you see, don't you? that when we talk of freedoms we do not mean looseness of living or licentiousness of conduct. From the time that we were turned out of Eden to the present day, there has been no difficulty in accounting for freedom of manners accompanied by freedom of morals; and if the two went together in our generation, there would be no need to look beyond the history of the sisterhood and its liability to make periodical rushes back into original sin. Whether they can help themselves or not must be a troublesome question for everybody who has studied the Great Pendulum Theory. It certainly has been so to me; for how can any good woman decide whether she should wish a whole generation of her fellow-creatures abominably wicked, and wicked *on purpose*, or the puppets and victims of a particular law of Progress? For you know what the theory is. It teaches us that we never advance straight on to anything good, but are subject to a pendulumatical law which swings us backward and forward: now three steps on the right

road, and then by a sudden reaction (as it might be in consequence of the approach of Mars) two steps and seven eighths on the wrong. I don't like to believe in this theory, because, if it only holds out long enough, it will be too much of a comfort for the next age of Naughtiness; and yet since we all had grandmothers in the time of Charles, and Anne, and George—and even of the Fourth Edward as well, some of us—one really does not know *what* to wish. Here, however, I am on the path which every female foot should be restrained from, if possible—the path of digression. The particular thing that I want to say is that this is *not* an age of Naughtiness. No doubt the editors of my penny Society papers are anxious to make out that it is, and no doubt they succeed too well; for there is hardly a nook or a corner where their publications do (or do not) circulate where there isn't a readiness to believe them. Such is human nature at its farthest point in the forward swing of the pendulum. Are you in a convent? If so, whether as Lady Superior or the latest and nicest novice, you shake your secluded head at every rumor wafted from Society gossip, "fearing" that indeed the world is taking a turn for the worse. Are you yourself a weak and vicious thing, practising more villainy than a whole terrace of your neighbors?—then you are all the more willing to believe your lynx-eyed editor when he assures you that if there were no such thing as hypocrisy few ladies would show to greater advantage than yourself—vice being in fashion again. It is not true, you know. Of course if you have a "society" four times larger in 1892 than in 1842, you will hear of more "smart" people who are daringly improper now than were heard of then; but the rest is grossly exaggerated. It is possible that Society morals are a trifle worse than they were when you were in short frocks, my dear, but not much, I feel very sure; and we may depend upon it that till we are dead and gone there will be no return of the morals of the Restoration. It is our lot to sit upon the pendulum (like the little cupids on the French clocks) just as it is going down, and about to make a backward kick-up; but the time for that is not yet, I fancy.

But then, you will say, what about the freedom of manners that now prevails; the freedom of speech; the smiling of

matrons at dinner-table scandals which, when I was a girl, were only heard at tea-tables ungraced (would that I had the courage to say unregulated!) by gentlemen, and perhaps in smoking-rooms before ladies carried their cigarette-cases into them? Well, that is just the point I have been coming to all this while. Trust the penetration of your literary aunt, and believe as she does that all this looseness of speech and manners is no evidence of loose conduct or licentious indulgence. It does look like it, I grant you; and no doubt the two things have always gone together up to the present period. But the peculiarity of this age is that they do not go together. To say the least, with a great deal of the one there is nothing like so much of the other—no *corresponding* amount of wickedness, so to speak; which is so strange a thing that the most experienced persons cannot believe in it, and so they go about declaring on their own undoubted authority that society is in a very (I hate the word) rotten state. They look, they listen, and they think it must be. But no. I maintain that the immorality of the “smarter classes” is much more bark than bite; and that we must cast about for another explanation of the vulgarity, the looseness, the degradation of manners, which are so very obvious to the middle-aged. Well, is it far to seek? For my part, I don’t think so. What do you say to the Emancipation of Woman craze as an explanation? But I ought not to say “craze;” it is not that—it is a “wave:” one of the many waves of emotion that are stirring men’s hearts, and a great quantity of mud, at the end of the nineteenth century. Now it seems to me that this *is* the explanation; and if you want to see it bodily, glance at the attire of some young women nowadays, and observe how they walk in their jackets from Savile Row, their waistcoats, collars, studs, and “ties,” and their gowns that would be something else immediately if they were sewn together from the waist downward. As nearly as it can be got at from one point of view, that is the emancipation of Woman; and much of the rest is precisely similar. It is graceless, even vulgarly and violently rude; but it speaks of emancipation from “trammels,” of freedom, equality with Man, rejection of the petty and degrading elegancies by which Woman has been taught to appeal to the pet-

ting and protection of a sex not a bit more gritty, not a whit more grippy, than her own. How can equality be asserted and emancipation secured if women must blush when men do not, and if they tacitly acknowledge that there are all sorts of things that it does not “become them” to know anything about—or certainly to hear about and speak about? And why this fastidious choice of language for them, with all that is newest, raciest, and most idiomatic in our common tongue left out? That is not emancipation—to rebel against it is. It is freedom, it is elevation, to have done with all such nonsense as a soft gait, a gentle voice, limited curiosity, restrained laughter, and every other kind of strait-lacing.

If I am not much mistaken, we have in this determination to square shoulders with men (I don’t say that it is always done from a sense of public duty or to elevate the sex as a whole) the secret of the degradation of manners in good society. Unless they had been enthusiastically backed by us in the endeavor, the men couldn’t have done it, my dear, if they had tried; but it is no work of theirs, though to be sure they have helped it on. I do not speak of the male professors of emancipation (with whom, however, I have no patience, and never see one without wishing I could send him to my dress-maker’s), but of the sex as a whole. Like ourselves, they are but weak creatures; and when we took to shouldering up, dropped our reserves, and declared for “no nonsense,” they liked it. It flattered them. They found a new enjoyment in it, as something exquisitely confidential; and by way of showing their appreciation of the movement, they came forward and met us half-way. As men, they would have been ashamed not to meet our “jolliness” and chumminess with a handsome amount of reciprocation; and so, as I say, my dear, they came forward. Yes, and then a similar obligation to advance was created on the other side; and if one striking result is the abominable lack of courtesy in the language and demeanor of young men to young women, it should not be surprising to anybody at a time when the evolutionary principle is so thoroughly understood.

Here, however, I come to a stop. Believe me, dear Charlotte, I began with the resolve that you should be reminded of

none of the gifts that distinguish your Aunt Molly from every other member of the family. But I suppose that no author of one book ever succeeded in suppressing

an inclination to prolixity, whatever his merits in concealing the rest of his literary qualifications.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE RECENT "HEAT-WAVE."

BY SIR ROBERT BALL, F.R.S.

DURING the course of the summer which has just slipped away, the papers have frequently described in sufficiently striking paragraphs the abnormally high temperature which has been experienced in many parts of the globe. The first tidings of this nature reached us from America. Thus we read that on the 29th of July last the thermometer in the streets of New York had risen to as much as 101° and 102° in the shade. At the meteorological station in that city, where, no doubt, every precaution was adopted to insure accuracy in the record, we find that a temperature of 99° was indicated. The next day—July 30th—the ascent of the mercury still continued, and we hear that an observation in the Fifth Avenue showed as much as 107° in the shade. This, however, seems to have been the culmination of what had been somewhat absurdly designated "the great heat wave." On July 31st the warmth had begun perceptibly to decline, though it was still terribly oppressive. The descriptions which have come to hand from various parts of the North American continent show that the heat was almost, if not quite, as great in many other places as it was in New York. From north and south, from east and west, we have heard of abnormally high thermometers; we have been told that in many localities the work in factories had to be discontinued, as the hands could not stand the heat. In some towns business seems to have been temporarily suspended, and the traffic in the streets ceased during the hottest part of the day. It is also reported from many places that heavy losses were experienced by the death of sheep and cattle. Nor is the great heat-wave without a tragic aspect. We read of a large number of cases of sunstroke occurring in various parts of America, many of which terminated fatally. So far as we are able to form a picture of what has actually happened, it would seem to have

been one of the most protracted and calamitous spells of heat that have ever been recorded in America. It has been remarked as a somewhat peculiar feature, that there was an almost total absence of wind at the time when the heat was greatest; and it may also be recorded that the air was at the time largely charged with humidity. Every one who has had any experience of tropical heat knows that the suffering caused by an excessively high temperature is greatly enhanced if the air be saturated with moisture. Evaporation is then almost at a standstill, and one of the means by which the temperature of the body is kept down is so far rendered inoperative. I recollect being told by an officer who was in the Ashantee Expedition many years ago, that notwithstanding the excessive heat of the coast off which their ships lay at anchor, there was practically no evaporation, owing to the air being saturated with moisture. The towels which were hung up to dry in the morning remained wet till evening, even though the tropical sun beat on them all the day long. Heat of a somewhat similar character appears to have been experienced in America at the end of last July.

It was about a fortnight or three weeks after the New World had its scorching that the Old World was visited by the great heat-wave. Up to the beginning of August there does not seem to have been anything unusual in European temperatures; thus, for instance, at Berlin, on August 1, the highest thermometric reading was 72° , and the lowest 61° . Even on the 7th of August, the greatest and least temperatures at Vienna were no more than 70° and 61° respectively, but toward the middle of the month, the ascent of the mercury in the thermometer became marked and rapid all over Europe.

By the 17th of August, a temperature had been reached at Vienna which seems to have rivalled that attained at New York

nineteen days previously. We read that on the following day (18th of August), the thermometers at Vienna showed 107° in the shade; the telegrams declare that the streets are deserted, and considering what the feelings of the reporter must have been, who described it, we excuse his exaggeration that the Ringstrasse was "like a furnace."

On the 19th, Berlin is reported to be almost unbearable, and on the same day we read that the heat is tropical at Paris, where there have been many fatal cases of sunstroke. It is further stated that 100 oxen and 300 pigs were found dead from the heat in the railway trucks as they arrived in the meat market at Villette.

On August 22, the phase described in the papers as "almost unbearable" is recorded at Vienna, and that this language is justified will be obvious from one fact which is mentioned in the same connection. It appears that a body of troops which were out for manoeuvres in the neighborhood of Vienna during this terrible weather, suffered so severely that there were 200 cases of sunstroke among them, and many of those so attacked did not recover. About the fourth week in August, England experienced in some small measure the effects of the great heat-wave. But only in small measure, because we happen to lie on the margin of the globe area which was the seat of the high temperature. However, it may be remarked that for two or three days, an unusually high thermometer prevailed in South-Eastern England. On August 24th, 80° is recorded in the shade at Dover, and on August 23d and 24th, the highest and lowest indications of the thermometer at London were 80° and 59° respectively. It follows that the temperatures attained in these countries fell far short of what was experienced in so many places on the Continent, nor did the unusual heat which was reached last long in Great Britain. We find that by the 24th and 25th of August, the range at London had so far declined that the highest and lowest points were 75° and 62° respectively. It was not till some days later that the decline really set in on the Continent; for on the 25th of August, there was still a temperature of 89° in the shade at Vienna. On the 26th of August, which is the last record of the great wave which we shall here set down, the thermometer shows 84° at St. Petersburg, the

report accompanying it with the emphatic word "scorching."

From the various facts we have set forth it appears that toward the end of last July an extraordinarily high temperature, even for that period of the year, prevailed over a very large part of the North American continent. The so-called heat-wave then seems to have travelled eastward, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean, but, owing to the absence of information, except in such casual records as may be found by an inspection of ships' logs, we know little or nothing of the actual progress of the heated region across the Atlantic. However it may have come about, it is, at all events, certain that a fortnight after the occurrence of unusually great heat in the New World there was a similar experience in the Old World. Our knowledge of the distribution of temperatures over the whole globe is too incomplete to enable us to follow the movements of the great wave as fully as we might desire. No doubt our own Meteorological Office does most admirable work, and of course many other countries have more or less complete organizations for the study of meteorological phenomena. Yet our information as to the thermal condition of the globe still falls far short of what we would like to have. Certain materials are, however, available, and we shall endeavor to throw what light we can on the matter.

We often hear the question asked as to what was the cause of this exceptional heat? Let me hasten to say that neither in this article nor anywhere else could I attempt to answer this question in the sense in which it has usually been proposed. It is very doubtful whether it would be possible to assign a single cause for such a phenomenon, even if we knew many things of which we are now completely ignorant. Indeed the most difficult problem of astronomy becomes simplicity itself when compared with the extraordinarily complex agents that are in operation even in the simplest meteorological phenomenon. Let me illustrate this contrast between the two sciences by an example. The movement of the moon is one of the most profound dynamical problems. It depends principally on the attraction of the earth, and in a lesser degree on the disturbance caused by the sun. The forces thus arising can be submitted to calculation, and though the work in-

volved is extremely abstruse, and though it implies a prodigious amount of numerical labor, yet it can be completely solved for all practical purposes. The consequence is that the motions of the moon have become so well known that we can foretell not only the hour but even the minute at which eclipses will occur next year or in a hundred years to come. Contrast the certainty of this knowledge with the vagueness of our knowledge of meteorological phenomena. We can tell you precisely where the moon will be at noon next Christmas Day, or for that matter, where the moon will be at noon on Christmas Day in the year 1993. But who can tell what the temperature will be at noon next Christmas Day on London Bridge? No scientific man could venture on such a prophecy. He knows that he has no data to go by. The number of causes which are in operation is so great that the problem becomes of a highly complex nature. There is, however, a certain mathematical principle which applies in this case. It does not, indeed, enable us to predict the actual amount of any meteorological element, but it appears to demonstrate with all desirable fulness that there must be definite laws governing the changes of the different meteorological elements if only we were able to discover them.

The argument on which we are about to enter is perhaps a somewhat difficult one, but it will be worth while to face it. The method indicated seems to offer the only hope of our ever attaining such a knowledge of meteorological phenomena as will enable us to rise to the supreme position of being able to predict the facts of climate with assured accuracy, and for a long time in advance. Let us first enumerate some of the particular phenomena which are necessarily more or less connected together. The most fundamental of all the elements concerned is the pressure of the air as indicated by the barometer; then there is the temperature of the air and the degree of its saturation, the amount and character of the clouds, the rainfall, together with comparatively exceptional incidents such as hailstorms and thunderstorms. At present, no doubt, we are enabled, by the careful collection of observations all over the world, to predict in some degree the recurrence of these phenomena. Our newspapers give us each morning a forecast of the kind of weather

that may be expected. But every one knows that, though these forecasts are often useful, they yet have a very inferior degree of accuracy to the kind of prediction which we find in the "Nautical Almanac," where the occurrence of an eclipse of the moon, or of an occultation of a star, or a transit of Venus, or any similar astronomical event is foretold with definiteness and with perfect certainty of fulfilment. Yet no one can really doubt that the temperature at London Bridge next Christmas Day, or the height of the barometer at Greenwich at noon on January 1, 1900, are each of them quite as certainly decided by law as the time of high water or any other astronomical element. We know that there will be a transit of Venus in the year A.D. 2004, and that there will be no such phenomenon until then, while there will be a repetition of the occurrence in A.D. 2012. It is certain that these predictions will be fulfilled, yet why is it that we can make no assertion of a similar character with regard to the meteorological phenomena? The one is just as amenable to law as the other, but the difference is that the extreme intricacy of the causes which affect the meteorological phenomena have hitherto prevented us from discovering the laws by which they are regulated. Perhaps the differences between the state of our knowledge of the astronomical and of the meteorological phenomena will be more conveniently explained by choosing a branch of astronomical science with which we are at present only imperfectly acquainted. Let us take, for instance, the showers of shooting stars, which are wont to occur on November 12-14. Every one knows that there was a superb display from this shower in 1866, and there are good reasons to expect that there will also be a superb display in 1899. But though we can make this prediction, and feel in doing so that there is a reasonable prospect of its fulfilment, yet it stands on a very different plane from astronomical predictions of a more legitimate character. Nor is it hard to see the reason why this is so; we know in a general way the orbit of that swarm of bodies whose incursions into our atmosphere give us shooting star showers. There are, however, many circumstances in connection with the movements of these little objects, which as yet are only imperfectly disclosed to us. We have no very accurate knowledge as to the

manner in which the shoal of meteors is disposed around the vast ellipse which constitutes its path, and consequently our predictions must necessarily be put forth with some feeling of insecurity. It is quite certain no doubt that the earth crosses the track of the meteors every November 12-14, and it may also be regarded as tolerably certain that when the earth is in this position in the year 1899 the shoal of little bodies will be in our vicinity. We believe that the earth will actually pass through the shoal, in which case a great meteoric display will be the result—if the weather permits! It may, however, happen that we shall only traverse a sparsely occupied portion of the great host, in which case the shower will fall much short of others which have been recorded. An enormous volume of quite unattainable knowledge would have to be at our disposal were we to be able to predict with certainty all the circumstances of such phenomena; we should have to know exactly what meteors there were in the shoal, and the dimensions and other features of the orbit which every single meteoroid followed. If such knowledge as this were possible, then the future circumstances of the shower might be predicted with almost as much accuracy as the announcement of the next eclipse or the next opposition of Mars.

This illustration will suffice to explain the reasons why our knowledge of meteorological phenomena is at present in such an imperfect state as compared with those of astronomy. The supreme test of the completeness of any physical theory is the successful prediction of results—we are not yet able to predict great heat-waves or great storms with any assured confidence, not because such phenomena do not observe definite physical laws but because the knowledge that we would require before we could exactly specify these laws is in a great measure wanting. We are, however, not without grounds for encouragement in the belief that the time may yet come when the definite prediction of meteorological phenomena may become possible. An instructive illustration of the direction in which we may look for success is afforded by the study of the tides. Of late years the problem of tidal prediction has occupied a great deal of attention, and by the labors of Lord Kelvin, Professor G. H. Darwin, and others, the

investigation has received a completeness which renders it a typical example of how the solution of a problem of this kind is to be attained.

If we are ever to realize in meteorological prediction we can only do so by following the same lines which have already been pursued with striking results in the case of the tides. Of course the tides primarily depend on the attraction of the moon, but to a secondary extent the great undulations of the ocean are affected by the influence of the sun. As the movements of both these heavenly bodies may be regarded as sufficiently known the matter of tidal prediction would be indeed a simple affair were there no other element to be taken into consideration. But the time of high water at any port as well as the actual height which the water attains are by no means regulated solely by the positions of the sun and the moon; it is the configuration of the surrounding coasts, the depths of the seas in the neighborhood, the proximity or the remoteness of the open ocean, and other purely local circumstances which affect the result—all these have to be taken into account. The most instructive method of exhibiting the present state of tidal theory is given by Lord Kelvin's tide-predicting machine. In this arrangement the difference between what we may call the astronomical factors and the terrestrial factors of the tides, is clearly brought out. A cord passes over a number of pulleys and the centres of each of these pulleys are made to revolve in periods which are determined by the movements of the sun and moon. When the machine is to be employed for predicting the tides in any particular port, the positions of all these pulleys must be set so to speak in conformity with certain individual circumstances connected with the particular port—thus, though the tides at Madras are totally different from the tides at London Bridge, yet the same machinery may be used to calculate both. The fundamental movements of the machine are constant for all ports, but the various pulleys will in the one case have to be set in conformity with the local conditions of Madras, and in the other case they would have to be set in conformity with the local conditions of London Bridge. Two totally distinct tide-tables appropriate, however, to the two ports named could thus be generated by the revolutions of this useful machine.

It would perhaps be too much to anticipate that the time will ever come when meteorological phenomena shall admit of being worked out by a machine on the principle of the tide-predicting engine. But yet it does not seem altogether vain to strive for such a result. We can, in fact, give some reasons for indulging a hope that something of this kind may yet be accomplished. In the first place it is perfectly clear that the radiation of heat from the sun must be the chief factor in the variations of all meteorological quantities. The fluctuations of temperature with the changing seasons are among the most obvious instances of the connection between the sun and the climate, but it may be shown that the changes of every other meteorological element are also primarily dependent on the sun. Let us take for instance the pressure of the air as indicated by the height of the barometer, and show that the oscillations of the mercury must be due to the sun. Imagine for a moment that the sun were to be extinguished, one consequence of the cessation of the arrival of heat at the earth would be that winds would blow no longer. There could be hardly any movements whatever in the air except such as might arise from atmospheric tides. Perhaps also I ought to add that the internal heat of the earth as manifested by earthquakes or by occasional volcanic outbreaks might produce some local and temporary disturbance of the air. It is, however, quite certain that such influences would have very slender effects on atmospheric pressure. The argument will at all events suffice to show that the fluctuations of the barometer to which we are accustomed are almost entirely attributable in one way or another to the action of the sun. It can similarly be shown that the changes in every meteorological element will depend primarily upon the great luminary. In some cases, of course, the rotation of the earth on its axis is also an important element, and to some minute degree the moon must be reckoned with. But when these influences have been considered, we have no further concern with the heavens; it is the topographical features of the earth which complete the determination of all meteorological quantities. I cannot here go into the discussion of a celebrated mathematical theorem which bears the name of Fourier. It seems, however, to demon-

strate that any meteorological element, such as the height of the barometer or the temperature, must admit of being expressed in a somewhat similar fashion to the height of the tide. No doubt the arrangement of pulleys would have to be extremely complex, so as to enable the elements to be determined which were dependent upon so many considerations. It is, however, quite plain that if we are ever to succeed in subjecting meteorological phenomena to numerical precision it must be in some such direction as I have indicated. To put the matter a little more plainly: we have reason to believe that a system of pulleys could be so arranged, and the relative movements of them could be so adjusted, that a cord passing over those pulleys and actuating a pencil could be made to show the height of the barometer for every day in the year at a given place. A similar machine might also be conceived which should show the temperature at any stated locality for every hour in the year. I do not for a moment assert that the information at present at our disposal would enable us to construct such machines. All I am now contending for is that mathematical theory seems to declare the possible realization of such contrivances. The fact that an engine has already been constructed for the comparatively simple case of the tides leads us to hope that the time may arrive when meteorological engines shall have been designed by which meteorological prediction shall become as determined as the prediction of high water.

This discussion will at all events enable us to make some reply to the question which has been often asked, as to what was the cause of the great heat-wave. I do not indeed think that the question admits of any offhand answer of the kind that is frequently expected by those who ask it—the only kind of answer that seems possible is of a somewhat indirect character. We may here again revert to our illustration of the tides. It sometimes happens that an unusually high tide occurs. In the port of Dublin, for instance, we have had from time to time exceptionally high water in the Liffey, which has flooded the basement stories of low-lying dwellings. The cause of such extraordinary phenomena is not to be attributed to any unusual development of the strength of the moon's tide-producing capacity, it

is rather to be explained in a manner which the tide-predicting engine renders easy to understand. Besides the main lunar tide and the main solar tide, there are several minor tides, so to speak, arising from the different combinations of the movements of the sun and moon. Each pulley in the tide-predicting engine is, in fact, allocated to each particular tide—the consequence is, that the height of the water at any moment is the net result of one or two large tides, and of a number of small ones; thus, for instance, every one knows that the spring tides, as they are called, are exceptionally high because the sun and moon conspire; while the rise and fall at the time of neap tide are comparatively small, because then the solar tides act oppositely to the lunar tides, and what is actually perceived is only the difference between the two. There are also the numerous minor tides to be considered; of course, it will not generally happen that these are all consentaneous: some of them are high and some of them are low, and others may be at intermediate phases at the time of high water, as determined by the great predominating tide. But it is easy to imagine that every now and then, under exceptional circumstances, there will happen to be a concurrence between the time of high water in the small tides and in the great ones. Then, of course, there will be the exceptional flooding that is occasionally experienced.

It is somewhat in this manner that we must seek to explain what is called the great heat-wave. The temperature at any place has of course the main annual period corresponding to the variation with the seasons, but there are many other periodic fluctuations in the temperature analogous to those minor tides to which we have already referred. Generally speaking, of course, these will not all conspire; some will be tending to elevate the temperature and others to depress it at any time. It is the net result of all that we actually perceive. Sometimes, however, it will happen that several of these, or at all events some of the more important ones, move in the same direction; then of course we have great exaltation of temperature such as that which the newspapers have called the great heat-wave.

It is, however, quite possible that certain changes in progress on the sun may act in a specific manner on our climate. I

do not indeed say that there is much reason for thinking that the great heat-wave has really been connected with any intrinsic changes in our luminary, but it is just possible that something of the kind may have occurred. I would consequently like to devote the space that remains in this article to the consideration of this interesting subject.

In the discussion of such a question there is a fundamental point which must always be borne in mind. We must remember the full extent of the earth's indebtedness to sunbeams. We have spoken of a temperature of 100° during the continuance of the great heat-wave, and it is necessary to understand all that this implies. Of course, on our thermometric scale a temperature such as we have mentioned merely means 100° above a certain arbitrary zero, but the sun has sent us more heat than those 100° express. If the sunbeams were totally intercepted, so that the earth derived no heat whatever from this source, the temperature of our globe would fall not merely to zero, but it must sink down to a point far below this, even to the temperature of space itself; what this may be is a matter of some uncertainty, but from all the evidence attainable it seems plain that we may put it at not less than 300° below zero. It therefore follows that at the time of the heat-wave, when the thermometer indicated 100° , the sun's beams actually maintained the affected region of the earth at 400° above what it would have been if the sun were absent. This will show us that the heat-wave was not after all such a very exceptional matter so far as the sun was concerned. Had the temperature been only 80° at New York we should never have heard of the sunstrokes and all the other troubles; it was the extra 20° which made all the difference—in other words, so long as the sun merely kept the earth about 380° above the temperature of space no one thought anything about it, but the moment it rose to 400° it was expected that something tremendous must have happened. This way of looking at the matter places the great heat-wave in its proper cosmical perspective; it was no such great affair after all; it merely meant a trifling addition of 5 per cent to the temperature usual at that season—that is to say, when the temperature is measured in its proper way. This shows us that a very trifling

proportional variation in the intensity of the sun's radiation might be competent to produce great climatic changes. It seems hardly possible to doubt that if, from any cause, the sun shed a small percentage of heat more than it was wont to do, quite disproportionate climatic disturbances would be the result.

It cannot be denied that local if not general changes in the sun's temperature must be the accompaniment of the violent disturbances by which our luminary is now and then agitated. It is, indeed, well known that there are occasional outbreaks of solar activity, and that these recur in a periodic manner; it is accordingly not without interest to notice that the present year has been one of these periods of activity. We are certainly not going so far as to say that any connection has been definitely established between a season of exuberant sun-spots and a season remarkable for excessive warmth, but, as we know that there is a connection between the magnetic condition of the earth and the state of solar activity, it is by no means impossible that climate and sun spots may also stand in some relationship to each other. As to the activity of the sun during the past summer, a very striking communication has recently been made by one of the most rising American astronomers, Mr. George E. Hale, of Chicago. He has

invented an ingenious apparatus for photographing on the same plate at one exposure both the bright spots and the protuberances of the sun. Professor Hale delivered an interesting lecture at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Rochester. A report of this lecture has appeared in *Nature*, in which we are told of a remarkable application of Professor Hale's new apparatus. On the 15th of last July a photograph of the sun showed a large spot. Another photograph taken in a few minutes exhibited a bright band; twenty-seven minutes later a further exposure displayed an outburst of brilliant faculæ all over the spot. At the end of an hour the faculæ had all vanished, and the spot was restored to its original condition. It was not a mere coincidence that our magnetic observatories exhibited considerable disturbance the next day, and that brilliant auroras were noted. The whole communication was of such an interesting description that we are not surprised to hear that a vote of thanks was passed to Professor Hale amid much enthusiasm. It is quite plain that we have yet much to learn concerning the effect of the sun on things terrestrial. This new method, in which Professor Hale has extended and improved the processes of his predecessors, is full of hope for the future.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE SALONS OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.

BY MRS. D'ARCY COLLYER.

"WHAT strikes me most, upon the whole," says Horace Walpole, when he first visited Madame du Deffant in Paris in 1765, "is the total difference of manners between the French and ourselves, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours."

This is exactly what we are forever feeling as we read the fascinating, if not always edifying, memoirs of eighteenth-century France.

And naturally the contrast was not merely on the surface, for those *salons* of the *Ancien Régime*, whose charms lingered so long in men's memories, were deeply rooted in the whole of French home policy since the seventeenth century; and it

would be as vain to look for such a phenomenon in London as for *lettres de cachet* or a *lit de justice*.

But yet, by the very force of contrast, these French memoirs suggest so much in our own social history which throws a light upon theirs.

Why, for instance, has that quintessence of civilization, the art *de tenir salon*, never come to its full perfection in England? All through the eighteenth century, in spite of the Beauties and the "Blues," the art was at a sadly barbaric stage. We have Lord Chesterfield's description of the times of Queen Anne, when every woman of quality had what was called her "day," which was a formal circle of her acquaintance of both sexes, unbroken by any card-

tables, tea-tables, or anything but the most formal conversation. Then, in 1790, there is Gouverneur Morris, fresh from the waning brilliancies of Paris, finding the English routs and evening entertainments tiresome, with no pleasant intercourse between men and women: the ladies all ranged in battalia on the opposite side of the room from the men.

Madame de Genlis, after her English experiences in exile, is still more severe.

What (she asks) is this roomful of struggling people, heaped and squeezed together, so that even the women cannot sit down? The mistress of the house is a "wit," but of what use is it to her? She can neither speak nor hear, it is impossible to get near her. An automaton, placed in an arm-chair, would do the honors quite as well! She is condemned to remain there till three o'clock in the morning, and she will go to bed without having seen a half of the people she has received. This is a party à l'anglaise, and it must be confessed that *soirées à la française* held in the old days at the Palais Royal, the Palais Bourbon, at Mme. de Montesson's, Mme. la Maréchale de Luxembourg's, and Mme. de Boufflers' were something better than this!

The familiarity of the picture reminds us too sadly that, even in the present century, neither Lady Holland, nor Lady Blessington, nor any other of the queens of coteries, have been able to make any permanent or prevalent change in the fashions of English social life. In the eighteenth century it was the clubs and coffee-houses which, after an insular and masculine fashion, most nearly resembled the *salons* of Paris. They were the centres of such influence as society might bring to bear upon literature and politics, because they were the centres of the social life of literary men, and because men found there freedom of talk and what Dr. Johnson called "clubability" among their fellows. Each club, too, like the *salons*, had its special characteristic. As the *Tatler* tells us, there was pleasure and entertainment to be found at White's Chocolate House, poetry at Will's Coffee House, learning at the Grecian, and foreign and domestic politics at St. James's. It was not for the Bluestocking clubs, with their aspirations after the society of "literary and ingenious men, animated with the desire to please," to tempt men altogether from such delightful haunts. The truth was that the "Blues" had too much the air of effort and artificiality; the very fact that they gave rise to a nickname for affectation and

pedantry shows that the movement was a peculiarity, and that they represented, like the *Précieuses* in the days of Molière, a select literary clique, rather than the ordinary tone of cultivated society.

For, while the *gens de lettres* were "everywhere in Paris," in London those were yet the days of "patrons" and "Grub Street," and of such literary dandies as Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, who, while authors themselves and really ambitious of distinction, yet affected to despise the trade. Lord Chesterfield made an exception in favor of the *beaux esprits* of Paris, who, he said, were "mostly well-bred, while ours are frequently the reverse;" but Walpole carried his quarrel with them beyond seas, and grumbled that these authors, whom he stumbled against in every *salon* of Paris, were "worse than their own works."

It was just this ubiquity of the *gens de lettres* which was one of the notes of Parisian society, as compared with our own.

The society for a man of letters, or who has any scientific pursuit (says Arthur Young of Paris in 1787), cannot be exceeded. The intercourse between them and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exist at all, is respectable. Persons of the highest rank pay an attention to science and literature, and emulate the character they confer. I should pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant society in London because he was a member of the Royal Society, but a member of the Academy of Science in Paris is sure of a good reception everywhere.

It is said that Lord Chesterfield described Dr. Johnson under the character of a Hottentot who threw his meat anywhere but down his own throat; and Mrs. Boswell found some difficulty in appreciating the merits of the god of her husband's idolatry when she saw that, in order to make a candle burn brighter, he would hang it, wick downward, over her carpets. "Grub Street" manners may not have been altogether drawing-room manners; and some such sublimary reason, besides the extraordinary interest taken in political discussion, may have occasionally militated against the ideal attitude of "society" toward science and literature. But Dr. Johnson incidentally suggests another point of view.

Sir (he says), they talk in France of the felicity of men and women living together;

the truth is, the men there are not higher than the women, they know no more than the women do, they are not *held down* in their conversation by the presence of women.

The great critic was seldom in the wrong, at least in matters of fact; and this double-edged criticism seems to shed somewhat of a lurid light upon both societies—upon that extraordinary development of club life in London, and of the *salons* in Paris, which was so marked a feature of the eighteenth century.

It seems certain that the special achievement of Englishwomen, brilliant as some of them were, was not that magical mixture of art and literature, flirtation and politics, women's wiles and enchantments, brilliant conversation with quite ordinary love-making, which went to make up a *salon*. But perhaps it was not altogether the fault of the women. Rather it was at least as much owing to the virile energies of the men and to political circumstances. For all the various duties of an actively governing upper class, even party-strife and civil war, had conspired to prevent that massing of society in the capital which had taken place in France. Only a small proportion of our nobility were ever habitually at court or in London; and till toward the middle of the century there had been a strong feeling against country gentlemen frequenting town, with the idea that in doing so they neglected their home duties and unduly swelled the population of the metropolis! Bad roads and difficulties of travel made constant journeys impossible, while country life seems always to have been natural to Englishmen. "Exile only," says Arthur Young, "makes Frenchmen do what Englishmen do by preference, live on their estates and improve them."

From the Lord Chancellor to the rural justice, every variety of official work had kept men busy. The most cultivated class in England had, on the whole, never been an idle class; sociability had had no time to develop into a fine art! It would be consoling if we might believe that these conditions, and not an inherent churlishness, have had something to do with our social inaptitudes. In France, at any rate, the thousand political activities and divisions which have flooded her since the Revolution have, from all accounts, made society, in its old sense, "impossible," from the multiplicity of cliques; while,

as to the *salon littéraire*, M. Daudet prefaces an essay under that title with their epitaph: "Je ne crois pas qu'il en reste un seul aujourd'hui."

From whatever cause, society in the England of the eighteenth century had not that disproportionate place and predominance which political developments had given it in France. Neither, as a natural consequence, had women; and this in spite of so many brilliant women—the Berrys and the Gunnings, Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Mrs. Hannah More, and all the rest of the "dear dead women" whose sayings and doings we seem to know so well from the delightful gossips of their day. But two or three among them all made anything like a permanent mark in literature; their influence upon politics and letters was rather moral than intellectual; and it does not seem as if their contemporaries took them very seriously as a force in either department, except in their usual rôle as representative of the inspirations and limitations of home. The attitude of the *Spectator*, for instance, with its half-mocking homage to the "fair sex," alternating with a great deal of perhaps well-deserved reproof, can scarcely be reconciled with a very high notion of the mental attainment of women in general. Dr. Johnson was the uncouth but constant adorer of many clever women; he has a solemn "God bless you!" for Hannah More in her crusades against social evils; and much fond, half-quizzical admiration for the prodigy Fanny Burney, who can write a book! But even Dr. Johnson scorns Mrs. Macaulay, with her history and her republican notions, and turns upon Mrs. Montagu when she aspires to a serious work, in which she measures a sword with Voltaire in defence of Shakespeare. Then it is: "Sir, it does *her* honor, but it would do nobody else honor. Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book!"

All this, and much more which may be gathered from the general tone of eighteenth-century literature, is in curious contrast with the seriousness with which Frenchmen recognized the assured empire of their women, not only in the home or in society, but as acknowledged judges of literature, and as an important element in public life.

It was not for nothing that men of letters had become involved in the *vie de salon*. It followed that, if they were to be successful, they must have the women on their side. To be of the *salon* of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse was, according to Bachaumont, almost a passport to the Academy, through her influence with its secretary. Marmontel reads his "Contes Moraux," Crébillon his dramas, Rousseau his "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Emile" before this feminine tribunal. In the very Revolutionary days the Deputies read their speeches in the drawing-rooms, before repeating that process in the great hall of the States General, so that the style, if not the substance, might have the benefit of the criticisms of some special queen of the hour.

This was not a mere compliment of courtesy; the custom was to have a lasting effect both upon language and literature. For the influence of society co-operated with the Academy in developing the grace, lucidity, and precision which were the characteristic charms of "classical French." Sometimes even the Academicians reflected too faithfully the opinion of the *salons*; and in that atmosphere only an artificial and superficial literature could thrive. For the women were too prone to believe that the *salons* were the world, and that "society" represented the whole of life. All its deeper and graver aspects must be touched on lightly: "On peut tout effleurer, rien approfondir." Hence, says M. Brunetière, the French have no "Hamlet," no "Faust," no "Paradise Lost," no Shakespeare, Goethe, or Kant, but the most incomparable letters and romances, and the drama in perfection. To the same influence was due a certain impoverishment of vocabulary, the result of misplaced refinements; and one of the curious consequences of the censorship which the *salons* had established over language was the banishment of technical and special terms in favor of "general terms," which could pass current in general conversation.

It might almost be said that this drawing-room literature was deliberately manufactured, and in the process had lost, like other manufactured articles, all trace of spontaneity and individuality. These were the defects, according to their own critics, of all but the greater lights of the literature of the eighteenth century; and the

greater lights were those who, from some cause or other, had escaped the trammels of the *salons*. This was not the happy fate of Marmontel; his experiences are highly characteristic. He has been congratulating himself that the charms of certain fine ladies have never troubled his repose, and he adds:

What attracted me in them were the graces of their mind, the liveliness of their fancy, the facile and natural turn of their ideas and their language, and a certain delicacy of thought and feeling which seems the monopoly of their sex. Intercourse with them was both a useful and a pleasant school for me, and I profited much by their lessons. Whoever wishes to write with precision, energy, and vigor should live only with men; but whoever wishes to give to his style flexibility, grace, and ease, and that indefinable quality of charm, would do well, I think, to live with women.

Later he tells us how finely these critics could "hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

I confess (he says) that no success has ever touched me more sensibly than that which I won in that little circle [the *petits soupers* of Mme. Geoffrin], where wit, taste, and beauty, and all the graces were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a touch of description or dialogue ever so fine or delicate which was not instantly felt; it was delicious to see the most beautiful eyes in the world shed tears at the most touching scenes. . . . But, in spite of the most courteous consideration, I observed quite as plainly the cold and feeble places which were passed over in silence—those in which I had failed of the right word, the natural tone, the exact shade of truth; and these were the points I noted for correction.

Recollections of "Bélisaire" makes us wonder what aspect nature wore to those beautiful eyes—but that belongs to another chapter. Such an influence, long and continuously at work, had created a style "with the clearness and also the insipidity of water." Like the splendid furniture in the various *hôtels*, which was so alike that Walpole complained he never knew whether he was in the house he had just left or the one he was going to, any one's productions might have been written by some one else! Perfection of form was inevitably monotonous, and inevitably led, in all but the greatest, to poverty of matter, so that a *bon mot* or an epigram, elegantly turned, was the event of the day and the subject of conversation of many days, and the hero of society was he who

could best sing a new madrigal, or rhyme a very indifferent tragedy.*

M. de Ségur describes the society of the *Ancien Régime* as divided into three classes—young women; those of a riper age, ambitious of social success; and the old, treated always with distinguished respect, and recognized arbiters of taste and *ton*. A young man, when he made his *début*, succeeded or failed accordingly as he pleased these three classes of ladies, for it was they who decided on his reputation and on his favor at court. It was they who procured him office or military grade, and nearly always arranged his marriage for him. In consequence, a man owed, most generally, his whole success in life to the training which his mother gave him in grace and politeness, so that she exercised an unbounded influence over her sons, but, curiously enough, very little over her daughters, who were sent to their convent schools at five or six years of age, and only emerged into the world again to be married.

The love of analysis and character-drawing, which was so strong in these memoir-writers, gives us plenty of opportunity for watching the working of all this machinery. Marmontel tells us how Madame de Tencin, who in reality moved an infinity of springs both at court and in Paris, managed to impress him with her air of indolent nonchalance, of calm and leisure. "La bonne femme!" he exclaims, when he first makes her acquaintance, and fancies this arch-intrigante a kind soul who has taken a special and disinterested interest in his welfare. She gives him much good advice in the most natural, simple way; above all, he is to have "des amies plutôt que des amis."

For by means of women (she says) you can do all that you want to do with men, for men are too much self-absorbed in their own interests to take any care of yours. Instead of which, women think about it, if it is only from idleness. Talk to your friend some evening of what is troubling you; the next day you

find her at her wheel or her tapestry work, thinking and scheming in her own mind how to serve you.

The influence of such women as Madame de Pompadour is matter of history. Marie Thérèse must win an alliance by calling her "*Ma cousine*." Voltaire, who poses as a scorner of courts, schemes for her favor; and Marmontel, who is so convinced of his own good intentions and general honorable conduct; who is indeed *bon garçon*, and practises all kinds of self-denial to support needy aunts or sisters throughout his whole life; who undergoes an imprisonment in the Bastille, rather than sacrifice a friend who had betrayed him in some foolish freak—Marmontel takes no shame to himself that he makes traps to catch the Pompadour's favor, in order to get promotion to some government post.

Madame de Staël, in her correspondence with Gustavus the Third of Sweden, tells the story of Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, who was excessively *dévoté*; and when the law for improving the civil state of Protestants was about to be registered by the Parliament of Paris, and by that means to become the law of the land, she paid a visit to each member, leaving a little note, by which she hoped to rouse those reverend lawyers to a sense of their duty: "Madame la Maréchale de Noailles est venue chez M. le Conseiller pour lui recommander la religion et les lois, dont le Parlement est dépositaire." To such straits were voteless women reduced in those days!

The same lady on that occasion made a list of all the events of history in which Protestants were, in her opinion, to blame, and by publishing these, tried to strike terror into the hearts of the advocates of toleration.

It is pleasanter to find a *grande dame* using her wiles in a nobler cause. Gustavus the Third had visited much in Paris, as Crown Prince, and had won an immense popularity in the *salons*, ever ready with an enthusiastic, if somewhat sentimental, admiration for simple merit, liberal notions, unexceptionable *ton*, and a leaven of *esprit*. The voluminous correspondence which resulted from these visits no doubt contributed to keep up the affection and interest with which Gustavus always remembered the brilliant society of Versailles, whose flattering homage "had

* It seems a corollary to these demonstrations of MM. Taine and Brunetière as to the influence of society upon language and literature, that the temporary nature of the classical school in England, as exemplified by Pope and his followers, was due to its being an exotic. The conditions which made its characteristics permanent in France from the days of Louis the Fourteenth to the rise of the Romantic school, almost in our day, were absent in England.

given him a second kingdom." Henceforward his real confidantes and advisers were three *grandes dames* of the French Court—Madame de Boufflers, Madame de la Mark, and Madame Egmont. Madame de Boufflers' letters record the various negotiations, schemes, and *contretemps* in which for five years she bore a prominent part in arranging the marriage of M. de Staël with Mademoiselle Necker, and in procuring for him what was to be both the condition and the consequence of this rich alliance, the Swedish ambassadorship. His predecessor in that office sends the king a strong recommendation of M. de Staël, founded on the friendship of various ladies.

M. de Staël réussit admirablement (he writes). La Comtesse Jules de Polignac a pour lui la plus tendre amitié ; il est extrêmement bien avec toutes les femmes à la mode, comme Mme. de Châlons, la Comtesse Diane de Polignac, et Mme. Gontaud. Mme. de Boufflers l'aime comme son fils ainsi que Mme. de la Mark."

It does not appear that Madame de Boufflers had any personal interest in the matter, but she loves to act an important part between Gustavus and the French Court, whose policy just then was to support M. de Staël, while Gustavus was not unwilling to appoint an ambassador who might, by skilful negotiation, be enabled to secure a splendid establishment at small cost to the scanty coffers of Sweden.

Madame d'Egmont aspired to a tenderer influence. She was an ardent soul, a disciple of the "new ideas," by which all mankind was about to be made virtuous, free, and happy ; but, being neither a Republican nor a philosopher, she dreams that the Paladin of this great cause shall be Gustavus the Third. Her friendship is to be the price of this. Through a long correspondence she encourages him in the career of honor, dissuades him from despotism, tells him truths with severe sincerity, and refuses her portrait if he should consent to receive Madame du Barry's. Gustavus replies for a long time with the same exalted passion. On the very day of his coronation he writes her a letter of twelve pages. But, alas ! he wearies in time of too much sincerity, and the correspondence ends sadly. But these ties were not without effect, magic enough on both sides ; for it was Gustavus' envoy, Fersen, who planned the flight of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Varennes ;

and it seems certain that Gustavus' own assassination, the year before that of Louis the Sixteenth, was partly owing to his Bourbon sympathies, which excited the machinations of secret societies on French soil.

From the training of a king, the marriage of an ambassador, to the success of some yet obscure *littérateur*, nothing came amiss to the untiring energies of these ladies *de la grande société*. "They mixed themselves in everything," says Arthur Young, "in order to govern everything ;" and the whole system worked with such success that in the later years of Louis the Sixteenth no one can doubt that "society," with its effete men and clever women, did its full share in making all other government impossible. For the despotism of the later Bourbons was a despotism tempered by talk, and by a thousand invisible webs of intrigue, which had their nucleus where these Circes wove their charms. "Les conversations des sociétés ne sont plus oisuses," says Madame de Staël, "puisque c'est par elles que l'opinion publique se forme."

The black shadow of doom which overhung that brilliant world has given it an irresistible fascination. It was to be dissolved—to be swept away, as if it had never been, and it was absolutely unconscious of its fate. No Bourbon restoration could really restore it, for all the conditions which made it possible were at an end. Its graver moral and political aspects were to have their issues in the darkest days of the Revolution, and, if only for this reason, there is an inexhaustible interest in studying even its trivial and apparently superficial characteristics.

What was that art of *savoir vivre*, which they brought in those days to such perfection, and which was the real secret of the extraordinary influence of society ?

To begin with, since the days of Louis the Fourteenth the *noblesse* had absolutely nothing to do—that is, no parliamentary or magisterial duties to attend to, no committees, no farming operations to superintend. With one stroke the whole of the political field had been closed to them, and their power vested in the king's intendants. About two hundred noble families, out of the estimated twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand, retained the privilege of the court appointments, and from them the king chose all the immediate

attendants of his person and many of the officers of his government. These became permanent inhabitants of Versailles, for Louis made their residence a condition of his favor; and it was, besides, inevitable that as soon as they lost all importance in the local governments, through the appointment of *roturier* intendants, that they should cease to reside on their estates. Those of the *haute noblesse* whose duties did not call them to Versailles were, with few exceptions, always in Paris, while the lesser nobility, like our own, had their town houses in the provincial capitals. "No one was left in the country," says M. Taine, "but the unwilling exiles from court, the old-fashioned, and the misanthropic." It was not till a few years before the Revolution that a fashion set in, introduced from England and fostered by the magic of Rousseau's dreams of nature, of spending a part of the year in the country. With such slight exception, "the country was desert, or if a gentleman is to be found in it, he is in some wretched hole, saving that money which is to be lavished in profusion on the luxuries of the capital."

Thus, at the very time when in England civil war and a plebeian usurper were scattering and disuniting our upper classes, in France they were being forced by the despotic will of Louis the Fourteenth to mass themselves in the capital, and to give up their energies to the ornamental arts of life; for it became *bourgeois* to be occupied with any local activities which had been so entirely removed from their sphere of influence. Their interest in the central government was necessarily purely theoretical, and the army and navy had become, for the mass of the nobility, the sole outlet into active life. The enormous number of offices which they held, provincial and lieutenant governorships, court offices, and pensions, were in a vast majority of instances sinecures; and the royal policy, which had thus made them inactive members of the body politic, made their prestige and their fortunes dependent upon residence within the limits of the court and in Paris. Under Louis the Fourteenth the charm of his personality and his intelligent patronage had attracted all the literary and artistic life of France to Versailles, where the blessings and the banes of "centralization" fell too on these. But when the court had alienated

the less corrupt portion of society, as under Louis the Fifteenth, or had become unpopular from political causes, as under Louis the Sixteenth, the sway passed over in a great measure to Paris, and it was the salons of the capital which became the centres of philosophy, of literature and the arts, of the only public opinion which could make itself felt, of endless talk about all things in Heaven and earth and under the earth, of ceaseless schemings for place and pension, and, through all this, of a delightful social life. "Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789," says Talleyrand, in an often-quoted phrase, "ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre."

It was a society which seemed to concentrate the whole life of France. Through all these many memoirs we scarcely catch a glimpse of what the poor were doing, or the *bourgeoisie*, except those who were of the privileged *gens de lettres*. Those peasants who were shortly to burn *châteaux* and murder *grands seigneurs* were still, as seen through the rose-colored spectacles of Madame de Genlis, piping and dancing in the rustic solitudes. Society seemed supreme. Compared with our own, it was a caste, a close corporation, divided, no doubt, by personal and family jealousies, but untouched by the divisions which party politics have made in English society, at least since the days of the Stuarths. Thus an enormous upper class, having as a body scarcely any professional interests, and no constitutional or official means of making its influence felt—such as the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament and the provincial magistracy provide under the English constitution—seemed to have won, *en revanche*, an extraordinary force merely as a society.

It is exactly such conditions which must give predominance to women; and nothing is clearer than that they were the virtual rulers of France in the eighteenth century. "C'est alors," says M. Brunetière, "qu'elles sont véritables reines, maîtresses et arbitres du goût et de l'opinion." "The women say so," says Morris, ironically, speaking of some military matter, "and therefore it would be folly and madness to controvert their opinion." As a force, they were not only on an equality with men, they were, in fact, their superiors, since in their own sphere their faculties had not been dwarfed by inaction. Thus only can be accounted for

their exceptional preponderance and the comparative weakness of the men of the ancient nobility in the last years before the Revolution. "The men," says Arthur Young, "are puppets, moved by their wives, who give the *ton* to all matters of national debate." And he takes some pleasure in observing that one of the effects of the Revolution was to "loosen, or rather reduce to nothing, the enormous influence of the sex."

The society which wielded such a power understood to perfection that art of *savoir vivre* which the Duc de Lévis described as having its crowning achievement in giving one's self the least amount of trouble in order to enjoy society with the greatest amount of ease. Both its riches and its leisure seemed illimitable; but at no time was a luxurious table indispensable to the success of a *salon*. Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, at whose lodging thirty or forty guests met constantly merely for talk, was too poor to offer them any supper at all. So, too, in the latter half of the century, when pensions ceased to be paid and fortunes began to fail, the world still went on meeting and talking as much as ever, supping only, with undiminished good humor, on simpler fare. In the more prosperous days it was almost universally the custom to keep open house. The *maître d'hôtel* of a minister would come in the morning into his crowded reception-rooms to count heads, so as to guess at the number of covers required, and, after a humbler fashion, the same custom prevailed everywhere. One or two days, at least, would be open days, and a certain set of guests would have a general invitation, either for dinner or supper, so that regular *habitués* were established, by which a kind of permanent character and tone attached itself to each *salon*. The arrangement of the day shows pretty well the nature of the life. It was not only royalty that held its levee. Fine ladies received both in bed and at their toilet; * or if by chance there were no

visitors, there were the new books to be read while the *coiffeurs* were constructing the enormous edifices which the ladies wore upon their heads.

Dinner was at one o'clock, and for this full dress was *de rigueur*, even in the country. Arthur Young asks pathetically:

What is a man good for, after his silk breeches and stockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudré*? Can he botanize in a water-meadow? Can he clamber the rock to mineralize? Can he farm with the peasant or the ploughman?

Nearly the whole of the day was, in fact, by this arrangement spent *en représentation*, for the afternoon passed in visits or in play, the passion for which ran even higher than in England; there was the theatre at five or six o'clock, if no court office called for a visit to Versailles; and after the theatre there was supper, the crowning event of the day, to which every lady brought back as many friends as possible, when the talk was freest and gayest, and all the world was safe from the interruption of any shadow of business. Madame de Genlis, who survived to contrast the manners of the First Empire and of the Restoration with those of the *Ancien Régime*, gives in detail many of the lesser customs which had suffered change. Her exile in England had enabled her to contrast them with our own—not, she thinks, to our advantage.

When the company was sitting down to table (she says), the master of the house did not rush at the most considerable person present to drag her from the other end of the room, carry her in triumph in front of all the other ladies, and place her with pomp at the table beside him; nor did the other gentlemen hasten to give the arm to the rest of the ladies, as is now done. These were provincial customs. The ladies first walked out together, with some slight compliments to each other at the door, those nearest to it passing out first; and the men following, they all seated themselves where they wished at the table.

On the whole, with a good deal of ceremony of manner—though this was much less than in the days of Louis the Four-

* This custom seems never to have been followed in England, except here and there by ladies who professed to imitate French manners. "Sempronia," says the *Spectator*, "is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no further than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execu-

tion upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion! How much have I been pleased to see her . . . holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection by applying the tip of it to a patch." (vol. i.)

teenth—there was very little of ceremonial: the *compliments d'arrivée et d'adieu*, for instance, were of the simplest, generally limited to a profound bow to the hostess; the great point being that a guest should present himself modestly and without undue emphasis or interruption to the rest of the company.

These had been the manners of that part of society which claimed for itself the title of *la grande société*, for admittance into whose charmed circle only two conditions were exacted—"bon ton and noble manners." Madame de Genlis, however, adds ingenuously that "some kind of consideration must have been acquired in the world, either by rank, birth, or credit at court, or by a splendid establishment;" so that the conditions offer a fairly wide margin. She says significantly of this society that they paid at least a tribute to virtue in that good taste taught them to imitate its forms.

It was felt among them that, in order to be distinguished from inferior and vulgar company, one must preserve the tone and manners of modesty, reserve, kindness, indulgence, decency, and all sweetness and nobility of feeling. Scandal was banished from conversation; discussion never degenerated into dispute. Here was found in full perfection the art of praising without flattery or self-assertion, and of accepting such praise without having the appearance either of acknowledging its truth or of disdaining it; of putting others forward without any air of patronage, and of listening with the most courteous attention.

Ladies were addressed with all the respect due to princesses of the blood, generally in the third person; no *tutoyement* was used, even among the gentlemen, in their presence. The voice was imperceptibly lowered in speaking to them; and "cette nuance de respect avait une grâce qui ne peut pas se décrire!"

When Madame de Genlis returned to France all this was no more; these carpet-knights had acquired the manners of the camp; the ladies, no longer treated with such distinguished respect, had lost some of their reserve; they called young people by their Christian names, and, what disturbed Madame de Genlis still more, they "received," reclining on their sofas without "*couvre-pieds*!"

Oh, what charming times were those (she cries, mournfully) when people only met to please and to be pleased! when no one could without excessive pedantry lay claim to hav-

ing "advanced views" on government; when there was so much grace and gayety and charming frivolity to give relaxation every evening after the burdens of the day!

Of all the *bureaux d'esprit* which she remembers so regretfully, one of the most characteristic was Madame Geoffrin's, though, curiously enough, Madame Geoffrin herself seems at first sight to have been all that we generally suppose a brilliant Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century was not. She was *bourgeoise*; she was secretly *dévote*, having her *appartement* at a convent and her pew at the Eglise des Capucins; no breath of scandal had ever touched her character; she was very slightly educated, yet she contrived to make her house the centre not only for the *noblesse* and of all the best literary and artistic society of her own nation, but also of all distinguished foreigners, from crowned heads to philosophers, who visited Paris. Her little *bonhomme* of a husband, who sat in unbroken silence at her table, had made her very rich; in other respects he contributed nothing to her life, except some wonderful little stories. Some one lends him Bayle's dictionary; he reads it, following the line along the two parallel columns, and returns it with the criticism: "Quel excellent ouvrage, s'il était un peu moins abstrait!" A friend, from malice or negligence, lends him several times over the same volume of a book, then asks, "Comment trouvez-vous ces voyages?" "Fort intéressants, mais il me semble que l'auteur se répète un peu." He drops out of the society at last, and some one asks his wife: "Qu'avez-vous fait de ce pauvre bonhomme que je voyais toujours ici, et qui ne disait jamais rien?" "C'était mon mari; il est mort," she says. What her relations were with him in private does not transpire; but she was a good woman, and did not, probably, neglect him. But husbands were of little account in those days, and generally conspicuous by their absence.

Every Monday artists of all kinds—Boucher, Vernet, Lemoine, Carle Vanloo, and a host of others—met at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's; every Wednesday her *salon* swarmed with *gens de lettres* and encyclopedists. Montesquieu came sometimes from his retreat at La Brède, where he was meditating his *Esprit des Loix*; D'Alembert, gay as a schoolboy escaped

from school, after his morning labors in dynamics and astronomy; Helvetius, incessantly discussing; Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, "that astonishing mixture of propriety, reason, and wisdom, with the most active brain, the most ardent soul, the most lively imagination since Sappho;" Buffon, who disgusted her with the familiarity of his gestures and the vulgarity of his conversation; Diderot, Raynal, Thomas, Caraccioli; Marmontel himself, who has portrayed them all.

It was Madame Geoffrin's intercourse with the encyclopædists, as well as her *bourgeois* birth, which closed her own court against her, although she was on warm terms of intimacy with more than one foreign monarch. All the wandering kings and ambassadors, all the *beau monde* of the capital, and some privileged *littérateurs* met at her *petits soupers*, a meal always of extreme simplicity, generally consisting of a chicken, spinach, and an omelet.

In the affairs of all these various guests the hostess loved to meddle. If she did not, like Madame de Tencin, give to each of her literary friends for a new year's gift a piece of velvet for *culottes*, she was particularly generous to them in her own way. Marmontel lived long in her house, and poor Stanislas Poniatowski, then only a Polish gentleman with a taste for letters, was rescued from imprisonment for debt by her benevolence. The first time she left Paris (1766) was in her sixty-seventh year, when she visited her *protégé*, turned "King Stanislas" by the caprice of Catherine the Second. Her journey on that occasion was a succession of social triumphs. She dined at Vienna with Marie Thérèse; the Emperor of Germany met her incognito upon the road; the Czarina invited her to St. Petersburg; her prince at Warsaw had prepared for her an *appartement* as much as possible like her own at Paris.

This woman had achieved a European reputation as a social power; yet those who described her seemed to find it difficult to say in what her extraordinary attraction consisted. She was not young, she had no beauty, and her sole intellectual achievement was apparently the power of telling a story well. Though she wrote simply and clearly, it was in the style of an imperfectly educated woman, and she could not even spell correctly.

"A moi!" she says, when an Italian dedicates a grammar to her; "à moi, monsieur, la dédicace d'une grammaire: à moi, qui ne sais pas seulement l'orthographe!" That was the simple truth, says Marmontel. Her education was, in fact, only that which unceasing intercourse with intellectual society can add to a fine natural taste and sympathetic imagination. She had the wit to talk only of what she understood, and, for the rest, her talent lay in her knowledge of men and women, an instinctive insight into human nature.

Mme. Geoffrin came and sat beside my bed last night (says Horace Walpole, ill with gout in Paris); she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction. The manner of the latter charmed me; I never saw anybody in my day that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick; that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before.

Indeed she loved to scold her friends, and ruled them rather despotically for their good, both as to deeds and words. She had a kind of formula, "Voilà qui est bien!" with which she was apt to put a curb on too great freedom of speech among her guests. If we may believe Walpole, this would often be needed, for he speaks of the license permitted in conversation, both as to moral and religious questions, as something unheard of in England.

There is God and the king to be pulled down (he says), and men and women are all devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of the lady philosophers said of him, "Il est bigot; c'est un déiste!"

But this is again another chapter, and a darker one, in the history of Frenchwomen in the eighteenth century.

It was in November, 1789, that society began to show traces of the exodus from its ranks. The most brilliant *salons* were closed by then and silent. In those that were left men forgot to make love to their hostesses in their eagerness to read the latest news, and women forgot to notice the cessation of the compliments in their zeal to discuss a motion or a financial scheme.

Another act in the drama was at hand, when the guillotine and the prison were to set a chasm on many of these light-hearted queens of a dead civilization, and devo-

tion and self-sacrificing endurance were to consecrate their memory from blame.

But for such a society there was to be no resurrection; revolution and a triumphant democracy were not its only foes. For the great Napoleon made war on women, as he did on every obstacle in his path. It was not only by such isolated and arbitrary acts as banished Madame de Staël, but the almost incomprehensible personal terror which he inspired prevented any ascendancy of women in his court. Madame de Rémusat tells us that there was not a woman at his receptions who did not rejoice when he moved away from

her vicinity. The great conqueror established order and an unwilling submission in that department of his dominions, as he did in every other; and it is a curious thought that in this, as in other matters perhaps more important, it is the rude dominance of his nature which seems to have made him the instinctive instrument of some overmastering reactionary force, by which the "faults" and disorders of the social strata were reorganized and readjusted; whether with advantage to posterity, perhaps posterity has not even yet decided.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MOUNT ETNA.

WHEN I had climbed Vesuvius, peered into its murky mouth, come as near to being suffocated as discretion allows, been grazed on the left shoulder by one of the red-hot cinders courteously cast forth by the demons within the crater, and had all but stepped plump into a ditch of red-hot lava which (for ten francs over and above his fee) my guide had (he said, at the risk of his life) led me to see, then my thoughts turned toward Etna in the south. Alexander craved for more worlds to conquer. We in these days run hard after sensations. As sensations are reckoned, I suppose active volcanoes may still take fair rank.

It is as easy as going to bed to journey from Vesuvius to the vicinity of Etna. Three or four evenings every week a steamer voyages from Naples, and arrives at Messina the next morning. Thence, in three or four hours, you arrive by train at Catania, and your first step in a northerly direction from the railway station or your hotel is the beginning of the ascent.

At the moment, you may see nothing of Etna. Indeed, in winter and spring, the chances are that it will be invisible. But faith and the assurances of your Sicilian friends will convince you that behind yonder vast, unpleasant-looking, cone-shaped cloud, from the base of which you see green lands, woods, and white houses sprawling forth like the treasures of a conjuror's sack, the mountain upon which Epimenides committed suicide towers away toward the empyrean. There is something wondrously impressive about Etna under

such conditions. Your fancy exaggerates its difficulties; and your friends, unless they are members of the Italian Alpine Club, exaggerate the difficulties conceived by your imagination. The old terrifying legends are re-decanted for your profit. And under their influence, perhaps, you go to bed and dream of a death of horror upon the mountain top, or of a descent with bleeding and bloated face, like that of Humboldt after his exploits on Chimborazo and Cotopaxi.

In the colder months, Etna may thus be shrouded from the lower world for a week or a fortnight in succession. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot then tell for certain what is happening behind the cloud. The thunder and lightning which at such a time almost daily entertain the Sicilians of the neighborhood, are not peculiarly significant. The snow will be piling itself up by feet or yards. Perhaps lava will be flowing here and there from an old or a new outlet. The Casa Inglese (the house of refuge near the summit) will be deep buried. And, without pause, indifferent to all things, the huge crater will be roaring and fuming above the clouds, ever destroying and re-shaping its fearsome boundaries. The oldest inhabitant, being weak in the legs, will think it his bounden duty to warn you against an attempt to climb the mountain in winter. Nor is he singular in this. Looking over the record of visitors in the little inn at Nicolosi (the Zermatt of Sicily), ten miles above Catania, I find, so far back as 1853, the like counsel from a party of English-

men who had twice failed to get to the summit in January of that year :—

“The above-mentioned gentlemen strongly advise travellers not to attempt the ascent of the mountain in winter, as it is almost impossible.”

Further, a Frenchman, in July, 1854, writes as follows :

“The ascent of Etna is one of the most difficult and most fatiguing conceivable, and we (he must have been an editor) think it our duty to warn every traveller who proposes to visit the crater to make a serious estimate of his strength before he sets forth.”

If these combined counsels are not enough to alarm the simple-natured, I do not know what is. But really the Frenchman ought to have been ashamed of himself, or he must have been very frail in the back.

We left Naples by the *Prince Otto*, an indifferent little steamboat, with a screw that worked us like a nutmeg-grater. It was scirocco weather and mid-May. The lava on the flanks of Vesuvius was of the color of damson juice ; the vegetation amid the lava glowed with greenness ; and the white houses at the waterside were whiter than ever under the dull sky. The scirocco is certainly an infliction ; but it dyes Naples and the mountain with the most entrancing shades of color. You may be in a state of furious bad temper, or with a racking headache, but you could hardly help muttering that the effect is divine.

Our party of passengers was an uncommon one. The Neapolitan season was approaching its close, and several Sicilian nobles and their families, who had danced through the winter in the capital of the south, were now returning to their upland home estates for the summer. There were the Barons This and That, and the Marquises So and So, with their respective baronesses and marchionesses, sons and daughters, manservants and maidservants, horses and carriages and dogs. The Countess Z—— was accompanied by her Monkey, a small plaintive animal dressed in scarlet, and behung with bells. I quite expected the little brute would be invited to take soup with the rest of us.

The conversation on board was as hippic as at Newmarket. For the lords of Sicily have great taste in horses, and nothing is too fiery for them. One baron vaunted

the muscles of his son's leg as a wonder of his province. He defied his companions to produce the horse that could upset his boy. And the boy himself meanwhile cracked nuts and drank his wine with an elated look, as if he were well aware he could not possibly excel in better possessions than muscular legs. I talked with him later, when he had had enough nuts. He was as honest-minded and engaging a youth as ever gave himself heart and soul to the pleasures of a country life. And he confessed, with enthusiasm, that, when he was a man, one of the first of his ambitions to be fulfilled should be a visit to England, to see the Derby run. He told me of the fifty steeds in his father's baronial stables, all thoroughbred, and all tractable in his young hands, and much else. You should have seen the flush of joy in his face when I complimented him upon the muscles of his legs.

Besides the Sicilians, we included an English lady in a Tam O'Shanter, an English clergyman, and an English soldier's wife with three little children journeying for Malta. My countrywoman very gravely put the captain of the vessel (a red-faced piece of pomp) to the question, because the soldier's family were to have no covering for their heads in the night.

“But, madame,” protested the mariner, “they do not pay for sleeping accommodation. They are deck passengers.”

“Oh, but it a shameful thing—shameful !” she insisted.

The clergyman was the instigator of the revolt, but his ignorance of Italian kept him in the background. He stated his arguments in English. The lady kneaded them up with enough Italian to render them comprehensible, and blushed from stress of philanthropy and her conspicuousness.

To the majority of us, it was somewhat curious. For my part, I would willingly have given the woman and her babes my bed and cabin for the privilege of couching in cooler air. It is not so easy to define a hardship as my compatriot supposed. The baronesses and marchionesses were much interested in the colloquy until they learned its import. Then they exchanged delicate shrugs of the shoulder. It was evident that they said in their hearts, “How eccentric these English are ! and what a guy the girl is with her

healthy red face and that grotesque thing upon the head!"

The dawn of the following day found us between those little classical bugbears, Scylla and Charybdis. I wonder what the ancients would have thought of the race of water between Strömoe and Osteroe of the Faroes. The stream there is a good deal stronger than this in the Sicilian channel. Moreover, it has less passage room. But poor old Homer would have been at his wits' end to rise to the occasion. He exhausted himself in the Straits of Messina over the production of this kind of thing:—

Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars
Charybdis on the left the flood devours.
Thrice swallow'd in her womb subsides the sea,
Deep, deep as hell; and thrice she spouts
away
From her black bellowing gulfs disgorged on
high
Waves after waves, that dash against the
sky.

With us, however, Scylla was on the left, and very pretty is the little Calabrian town of Scylla which perches on the headland attached to the fateful rock. The *Prince Otto* did not deign to go out of her course to avoid the perils that menaced her. Even Brydone, who in 1770 voyaged hither in the *Charming Molly*, and wrote of Sicily as if it were a land unknown to Englishmen, could not find it in him to grow magniloquent upon the subject. He thought the locality had degenerated since the time of the "Odyssey." A redskin of the Fraser River would run between Scylla and Charybdis with his eyes shut, and light his pipe, without trepidation, midway in the stream.

Messina, I am thankful to say, does not demand to be described. It is a place of marine smells and much traffic. The former are, however, mitigated by the breezes that blow up and down the channel, or obliquely over it. There had been a catch of sword-fish off the coast the evening before. The fish market was adorned with their large carcasses, swords and all, fast being shorn away into cutlets. If only a shoal of tunny could have had a peep at the scene, they would surely have laughed to behold the figure thus presented by their terror-inspiring comrades of the sea. Some of them had been sold almost to the tip of their long noses, which alone awaited a purchaser. In truth, for hungry mortals as well as those who are par-

ticular what they eat, there are few things more palatable than a swordfish steak. You may consume it broiled or boiled. It is like Severn salmon, with a difference.

Notwithstanding Messina's commercial reputation, I found some score of citizens and their wives and many children intent in idle admiration of the movements of a bicyclist at exercise before the cathedral porch. The performer went round and round in the limited space until he was giddy. The people cried "Wonderful!"

But the bicyclist and all his tricks were not nearly so wonderful as the beauty of the land south of Messina, on the way to Etna. The graces of our own dear country are vastly too methodical and of the Dutch-like pattern. Even with our mountains, it is too much as if Nature's operatives had been bidden to smooth down their rugosities with a plane. There is hardly a touch of the fantastic in all the land. Here, however, one looks to the right up valley after valley of a grandeur that makes one catch one's breath. Crag upon crag to the clouds! A castle in ruins here and there upon a pinnacle that seems quite out of human reach! Verdure everywhere; the green of young vines and the grain below; of mountain oaks above; white stony riverbeds broadening toward the sea, with sparkling threads of water in them! The level land ablaze with the brilliant pink and scarlet of geraniums grown to trees! Square mile upon mile of orchards of orange and lemon trees, sweet with blossom! And the quiet blue sea rippling upon the yellow sand! We northerners cannot but exult in this smiling land.

It was afternoon when I arrived at Catania, and straightway set off for Etna. I had talked with a German doctor in the train, and half won him to join me in the ascent. He said "Yes," and for an hour held to his word. But when Catania was nigh, and he saw the utter blackness of the distant heavens, he cried off, and went in search of dinner. He said that perchance anon the mood might recur to him, and urge him toward Nicolosi ere nightfall. But such vacillation is not to my taste, and I parted from him in the station as if for eternity. A doctor who coquets with a mountain would stop in the midst of an amputation, and say: "I think, after all, you may get on very well with your diseased limb, my dear patient."

Will the day ever come, I wonder, when volcanoes may be bridled like a horse, and mayors and corporations laugh lustily at the idea of peril to their towns from such assailants as lava and volcanic dust? Let the Royal Society solve the question. It does not, however, seem so very improbable. A municipal umbrella a mile or two in diameter could surely be constructed by some ingenious machinist. Even a river of molten lava flowing at the rate of a mile an hour (a very uncommon pace) ought not to be undivertible. And if the fumes of sulphur and the closeness of the air oppress the city, of what use are experimental chemists if they cannot devise counter atmospheric currents of the necessary kind?

"But perhaps it were best to go promptly to the root of the matter. In the interest of ordinary human beings (who do not climb mountains, and who dislike those of the world's shows which are suggestive of danger), I suppose sooner or later all the volcanoes of the globe are likely to be tapped, their fires extinguished, and their pride humbled. Depend upon it, this is their eventual fate. We have rid the world of its wild beasts, save the few that are retained for sporting purposes. The more formidable of Nature's inventions that threaten our tranquillity will be the next to go. A tunnel, five, or ten, or fifty miles, more or less, from the sea into the bowels of the mountain, and the work is done! In the contest between our oceans and hydraulics, on the one hand, and the earth's volcanoes on the other, be they ever so tall, and of ever so old an establishment, there can be no real doubt as to the issue. And when we have put out all the volcanoes, our posterity will have as flat and peaceful a life as the most inane of them could wish for.

Catania provokes such thoughts as these. It has been destroyed, wholly or in part, I know not how many times. The present city is built upon a foundation of lava dozens of feet thick, mingled with which are the remains of its predecessors, each in their particular strata, or welded into a curious kind of concrete. Thus, a Catania might bore under his house in quest of his ancestors two hundred years ago, or two thousand. And yet the inhabitants of to-day are not afraid. Neither Etna nor the record of past earthquakes has prevented them from raising a city of

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVI., No. 6.

massy stone buildings that would not have discredited Florence in the days when her nobles built fortresses for palaces. Catania has nearly 90,000 inhabitants, and without much effort one may prophesy that the next great seismic disturbance in Sicily will slay half of them. But what is that to political economy? If land is dear in the suburbs, the city must compress instead of dispersing itself with due regard for the security of human life. And so we have its sledge-hammer "palazzi" of several stories high, with space for several families upon each story. A single coping stone from one of these "palazzi" would suffice to wreck the nest of an entire family. And an earthquake of average mischievousness will crush or stifle to death every inmate in every "palazzo."

Yet, though the Catanians seem so lamentably reckless, it is impossible not to admire their city. The long Etna Street in its midst is thoroughly impressive. It runs due north, straight as a pine trunk, until it seems thin as a hair. And it enfilades to perfection the huge body of Etna, which, thirty miles distant, looks like an irregular natural wall of the city, bisected by a chimney. One could fancy that the street was built for the volcano's convenience, so that its lava on the southern side might drain thence at its ease into the sea. But it is hardly wide enough to serve such a purpose in reality. The stream of 1669, which mounted the southwest walls of the city, and ran far into the sea (constructing gratis the present harbor), was four miles wide in places. It seemed likely to expunge the Catania of that day. But the people flourished the veil of St. Agatha before it ere it approached the walls, and the consequence was a bifurcation which saved them.

It was toward Nicolosi, the site of this worst of Etna's modern eruptions, that I trudged up the long Strada Etna, knapsack upon shoulder. Little enough of the mountain was visible. An occasional bellow of thunder echoed from its cloud down to the plain. And for five or ten minutes only the gloom round about its head broke to show an apparition of black crags and snowfields that seemed to have no connection with our earth. The prospect for the morrow was far from cheering. On the way I took the refreshment of a coffee-ice in a shop of the city, and there learned that for a week there had been wild doings

on the mountain. There was talk of nothing but constant thunderstorms and snow beyond Nicolosi. The market price of fresh snow in Catania (with the thermometer at 85°) was but three halfpence the kilo. Verily, the German doctor seemed to have abundant reason upon his side.

Nothing interested me more in the course of this ten-mile walk than the carts of the peasantry. They are the gayest of creations. And not content to adorn them with a border of fretwork that would have graced his parlor, the Sicilian agriculturist paints romances and scriptural episodes upon their panels. The designs are a little rough, but so bold! One is transported at a glance to the realms of chivalry sung with such heartiness by Ariosto. The cart may be condemned to carry pig-wash or something equally base; but, externally, it breathes of a gallant youth with a mandolin, sighing, with instrument and eye, toward a maiden at a turret window. In a fragmentary mode, I should think I saw depicted on one panel or another all the wondrous adventures of Rinaldo and Angelica. The Chevalier d'Anglante was there, transfixing six of his armored foes upon his trusty lance, "as if they were figures of paste." And innumerable other knights were to be seen riding at full speed, I know not where, each with a long-haired damsel tight clasped in his arms, or hung across his pommel like a regimental cloak.

But, since I am upon the subject of long hair, let me give a measure of fame to an old woman whom I met on the way in Mascalucia. Even as the Catanian carts were more remarkable than the balmy air and luxuriance of the happy fertile land they traversed, so the dame outdid the carts. She was about sixty, hooded, and in a blue gown; and she carried a hoar beard upon her chin that I could have grasped in both my fists, and yet failed to cover. I never saw woman so liberally endowed. Had it not been an indelicate thing to do, I would certainly have stopped and asked her as to her habits, diet, and antecedents. But I detest the modern custom of interviewing, and so I passed her by unwinkingly. The Emperor Julian, who wrote against beards in general, would have made a fine paragraph out of this old creature. Yet she bore herself loftily, as if she were quite unconscious that Nature had played her a sad trick.

Soon after I had passed this androgynous entity, Nicolosi came into view. It is a village of hardly 2000 inhabitants, and stands some 2300 feet above the sea. Close to the west of it is the double-peaked crater of Monte Rosso, or the Red Mountain, which swelled up like a blister in 1669, and poured a torrent of lava down upon Catania. It is one of the prettiest of the "figli" of Etna—so the scores of the like Volcanic boils which beset the long slopes of the great mountain are called. The blush of ferruginous crimson on its summit explains its name, though in truth it is, on the whole, more black than red, and when the vines which cover it are in leaf, green rather than red or black. Monte Rosso is only about 750 feet higher than Nicolosi, but its dimpled head was in the clouds when I approached the village. Indeed, the portents were all as bad as could be. There was a drizzle of rain, a pitchiness upon Etna, and a continuous rumble of thunder. But I never saw a lava bed look more imposing than the inky stream by the village in the atmospheric gloom. Its blackness was quite appalling. This torrent broke forth so lately as 1885, and, in the expressive words of a native, "made all Nicolosi weep." The lava of 1669, below the village, had, however, already put on its first verdure. Bushes of "ginestra," or mountain broom, were thick upon it, in the full strength of blossom. This blaze of bright yellow upon the jetty black and gray, under a dull sky, was very piquant; and the perfume, with that of the honey-suckle, which wove from bush to bush, clung with a cloying sweetness to the humid air. A restrained twittering of birds from this plantation of Nature's setting was the only sound that strove against Etna's growls over the scene of desolation.

Let not the traveller look to find in Nicolosi a stately hotel of the Swiss type, with electric bells, polyglot waiters, and music in the evening. Some day there will no doubt be such, but the day has not yet come. An earnest-faced small man came toward me on the skirts of the village, welcomed me genially with both his hands, and, with instinctive prescience, consoled me by making light of the mountain's humor, while he led me toward his inn. This was a single-story white house by a church in scaffolding; and hung against its southern wall, to catch the pil-

grim's eye, it bore an excruciating picture of Etna, and mountaineers nearly as large as the mountain. A legend upon the sign-board told how his was the only legitimate Etna hotel in Nicolosi, and that it was under the ægis of the Italian Alpine Club. But I would not be thought to deery the little inn. Mazzagaglia, the landlord, is an authority on all things Etnean. For generations the Mazzagaglia family have been guides in Nicolosi. It was, for example, a Mazzagaglia who, near a hundred years ago, accompanied the Abbé Spallanzani in his ascent. The present landlord for thirty years went up and down the mountain, and he has but one chief regret—that his wife has not borne him a small Mazzagaglia to pass on the family tradition. He is a man of kindly heart and locally omniscient. Proud indeed is he of the two well-kept volumes containing the names and lucubrations of visitors to Nicolosi during the last three quarters of a century, and lively is the reading in the books. But he does not understand English, or he would have been less eager to point at hazard to a recent page, upon which, with coarse untruthfulness, the following judgment appeared:—"The master of this inn is a thief."

Briefly, clean sheets, a dry bed, excellent wine from Monte Rosso, and early fruit are the characteristics of the Locanda Etna in Nicolosi. When Brydone travelled in Sicily, the authorities at Messina gave him half a dozen bandits to act as guides. These worthy fellows threatened with instant death the Sicilian landlord who overcharged the tourists, so that it was possible for eleven men and ten horses to dine heartily for half a guinea. If Mazzagaglia of the Locanda Etna is not quite as moderate in his charges as the brigands would have had him be, his impositions are by no means gross enough to justify his assassination.

We arranged the preliminaries of the expedition while I dined. The guide in chief of the district (a very civil gentleman) gave me no rose-colored auguries. We drank our wine with the thunder louder than ever about the village, and the bluish lightning flashing fast upon our windows. But the rain had stopped, which was much. And so the landlord and his wife went forth and killed a fowl, of the "thin, thoughtful, canting" kind, cooked beefsteaks, made soup, twisted

pinches of salt, and put old wine in new bottles in preparation for the dawn.

In fact, however, we had to start long before the dawn. Mazzagaglia called me at the painful hour of three, and by the trampling outside I knew, ere I left my bed, that the mules were at the door. In the night a change had come over the sky. The thunder-clouds had disappeared, and the heavens were dazzling with stars. With professional enthusiasm, Mazzagaglia must needs drag me out into the chilly air in my shirt sleeves, and there and then pilot me to a point whence Etna could be seen afar. It was as winsome a spectacle as I ever looked upon. The broad pale slopes soaring from our level, the intense white of the snow in the high cleared air, and the long puff of ashen smoke at the summit, drifting toward the stars! A bright half moon hung over Monte Rosso, to illumine our steps. All was very quiet. Even the most presumptuous of the Nicolosi cocks did not venture yet to proclaim the morn.

There is an agreeable sense of mystery about a ride by moonlight, especially if the moon be but half a moon. One's surroundings are then like the mere shapes of things. They affect none of the properties of substances. If you put out your hand to touch them, it is almost a surprise to feel resistance. You cannot say whither you are going, for the ground is transfigured by the prevalent gleam of witchery. It is like a sea flecked with phantasmal islets. The very mountain cones on either hand are not real; they will of a surety vanish with the stars. And there is no small fear that Etna itself, its snow, its steam, its hidden fires, and all, will fade into barren nothingness with the crowing of the cock. So it seemed to me while we were meandering up the still streets of Nicolosi, and when we had begun to plough through the deep black sand at the base of Monte Rosso. It was a hard opening of the day for the hapless animals, and they at any rate had no chance of being beguiled by the spectral unreality of the world. But the Etna mules are large sturdy fellows, and thus early in the morn I for one had no thought of compassion to offer them. We stumbled along through the night, cloaked to the chin, breathing the pure moist air, and now and again gaping like crocodiles. Conversation at such an hour is an impossible thing.

We awaited the first glimmer of the dawn to put us on a footing of thorough communicability.

We were in the greenest of young woods, in their spring panoply, and had been afoot an hour or more, when the day began to break upon us. Not a single marplot cloud was to be seen. We had but just crossed the black ruin of 1885, beneath which lay vineyards and pastures of Nicolosi worth two million francs. The stream had divided above the village, which it embraced like a forked stick. Small marvel that the villagers did not stay to witness the havoc that was wrought upon their land. When report reached them of the hourly advance of the fire, they began to go. Sleep was not to be thought of. And when the fluid was within gunshot of the houses, they forsook their homes. A few old men and some soldiers were alone left in the place. By-and-by the others returned. There was much natural wailing over the loss of land; but they have already scratched a respectable highway across their rugged quarry, and confidence has sprung anew in their hearts. This devastating Behemoth of 1885 is not yet dead, however. Even in the moonshine we saw the smoke rise from it where we trod and elsewhere; and a few hours later we passed near to the crater (Monte Gemellaro) whence it had issued, and marked the vapor eddying out of its black mouth. It is not easy to determine when the lava of a flow has become thoroughly congealed. Much depends on the composition of the lava, much also on the profundity of the stream. The surface soon hardens, so that it is possible, with brisk feet, to walk across it while yet it is in motion. But underneath it retains its heat, and even its red glow, for months and years after its emission. Dolomieu, indeed, declared that the lava Dell' Arso, in Ischia, was alive in the last century. But this is probably the *ne plus ultra* of assertion on the subject, since the lava in question dates from the year 1302.

In the meantime the dawn stole round about us through the trees, the dewy bracken, and the fragrant clumps of honeysuckle upon the hawthorn. The thrushes among the chestnuts began to carol, the black and red humps of ash (hundreds of feet high) above the trees to the right and left stood more and more solid. We no longer groped in uncer-

tainty. The mules could gaze in futile discontent at the dark dust through which they had to tread, and in which at every footfall they sank six or seven inches. When at length the sunlight put a rosy glow upon Etna's steam, there was no doubting the token. A moment later, and the lower snow was turned to coral, the smoke took a tint of gold, and anon the mountain flanks were all of coral and gold by turns. Finally, the leaves of our chestnut-trees were dipped in the light, and the day was fully born. It was time to say "Good-morning," and look at each other. But, spite of the color and sparkle of this cheerful pageant, it was biting cold. And all the three of us were conspicuous rather for red pinched noses than aught more prepossessing, or for sprightliness of spirit. A sunset is ever better than a sunrise, because the former does not, like the latter, mock the beholder. Evening succeeds an active day, and at the sun's departure there is no offensive contrast between the warm hues of the sky and the body's warmth. A man would get little pleasure by gazing from the lone north pole upon the exuberant vegetation and bustle of life in the tropics. It seems a parallel case.

For the ensuing three hours we ascended methodically and without a halt. The track was almost too matter of fact. There was nothing of perpendicularity here to win the affections of an Alpinist. For color, however, give me these Etnean flanks in defiance of the world. It was not only the woods, with their lively undergrowth of grass and flowers, but the very soil beneath our feet. At one time this was of a sooty hue, then it changed to a strawberry-red, and after awhile to gray. The rain of the day before had riven this glamorous path into miniature ravines. We trod daintily on the edge of precipices, five feet or more sheer. A careless step of my guide's mule buried both man and beast eighteen inches deep at the base of one of these abysses; and the higher we rose the brighter were the swelling hills which dotted the slopes. One was a velvety brown, another purple, a third a glittering bronze, and a fourth the color of cochineal. They were of this century and the last, and even earlier. The veterans among them were distinguished by the tall trees they had generated; whereas the youngsters had only a

delicate green down upon the lip, and the most recent of them held their sheeny ashes unadulterate. As we rode beyond and above them, we looked below into their swart mouths, concave like saucers.

All this time Etna was as visible as ourselves, but it seemed mightily remote. There were points of rock about it free from snow, else all was white, save the topmost cone, whence the smoke rose thickly without pause. The Serra del Solfizio, to the east of the great crater, was especially engaging. Its black and white were well diversified, and we knew that on its farther side it fell perpendicular to the Valle del Bove. Ah! if only the clouds would hold off until I had looked once into this stupendous glen! And so we pressed on, that we might keep the whiphand over the day.

But it was not to be. When they had plodded for four hours over the most fatiguing of materials, and never rested a leg, the mules flagged. There is a cottage in the chestnut-wood to the left (the Casa del Bosco), the last habitation toward Etna, and here they are wont to dally and indulge in water-drinking. But to-day they were disappointed in the matter, and so they sulked. Their pace degraded to a dreary saunter, and in this they mulishly persisted, notwithstanding the expostulations of their master, who had them in keeping. And while they thus dragged themselves on through ash and over the lava heaps, the first clouds of the day began to brew before us. At the outset it was thin mist rather than clouds. But the mist embodied only too speedily, and joined with the smoke of the cone. Then a current of air came to take charge of the new creations. It hurtled them hither and thither, fattening them with the exercise. And thus by nine o'clock all the heavens within a wide radius of the summit were populous with vapors. They did not instantly blot out all things. They played hide and seek with the mountain for fully half an hour. But after that it was a bad business.

To soothe the hurt feelings of the mules we now sat, and prematurely broke our fast upon a spot of weak greenery amid a waste of inclined mud heaps. The air was singularly unappetizing, I know not why. We had lavish prospects below us. The sun shone broadly upon the lower

world, and blanched villages, blue sea, dark woods, and the nearer humps of ash were all declared. We were here about 6000 feet over Catania. Already the clouds were within a thousand feet of our heads. According to Herschel, Etna's cone is 10,772 feet above the sea. It was conjectured, therefore, that about 4000 feet of cloud were above us, unless the mountain top pierced the bulk, and stood unsullied in the blue.

When the mules had eaten pansies and star-grass for half an hour (there was nothing in the world for them to drink), we got them to work again. But the region of gloom and absolute sterility toward which we bore was not a whit more to their liking. The snow lay in grimed heaps wherever there was a dell among the ash. This fine ash by and by changed to a nasty tenacious black mud, which the wet of the clouds and the percolations from the snow rendered particularly disagreeable. We floundered tediously, and the mules were hard set for breath. It was therefore a relief, after awhile, to get to the edge of a waste of untrodden snow, and to dismount, to try the final issue with the mountain on foot. The Serra del Solfizio was here close to our right. Intermittently its bold peaks appeared through the clouds; and before us, to the left, the huge white cone of Monte Frumento (the loftiest and greatest of the "figli") was for the moment fully displayed. Etna's summit lay obliquely to the rear of Monte Frumento. By Antonio's reckoning, a good two hours' work had yet to be wrought.

With nothing beautiful within the range of our vision (unless hysterical damp clouds and smutty snow a foot deep be things of beauty), we ascended slowly until the gracious dome of a house stood through the fog in front of us. This was the Casa Inglese, or English house of refuge. It is as like a small church of the Greek faith as it well could be. I should expect to see in the hollow of its dome a big coarse picture of Christ, done in mosaic by a Byzantine. But as we were without the key, this shelter was not for us. It is a most substantial building for such a site: a compact little fortress of lava blocks closely morticed, shuttered and iron-banded windows, gutters and a roof of lead—all girt by a strong wall. A man could not be more securely housed

against the elements at a height of 9603 feet above the sea.

That the shelter should be called the Casa Inglese is a fine though not unmerited compliment for our stout-calved nation. The original skeleton of the thing was set up by one of the Gemellaro family in 1804 (the same family after whom the volcano of 1885 was christened). But the English colony in Sicily at that time were not satisfied with Gemellaro's little hut. They instituted a subscription among themselves, and the Casa Inglese is the outcome of it. The Italian nation have now added an observatory to the shelter, and the result is the present imposing edifice. Unless we protest, I fear the designation of the Observatory is likely in a few years to supersede the name of Casa Inglese. In truth, however, the latter title is one of courtesy only, for the Britons who built the house formally bequeathed it to Gemellaro, by whom it was subsequently presented to Italy.

It is indicative of our predominant energy that two such peaks as Etna and Tenerife (both in foreign lands) should have a Casa Inglese. But however it may be with the Peak of Tenerife, we have lost the precedence at Etna. The Germans have beaten us. They come hither in the spring, in the guise of scientific investigators, and ascend the mountain with hammers and tin boxes, and other more mysterious tools of science. I suppose they have written more pamphlets about Etna than all the other nations of Europe put together. The visitor's book in Nicolosi is an incontestable witness against us. Fifty years ago, nine tenths of the visitors were English. Nowadays, the proportion is a fourth or a fifth. No doubt, however, this apparent neglect is due rather to the stronger attraction of our colonies and the United States than to a decay of national energy.

The Casa is almost sybaritic in the luxury of its appointments. The Italian Alpine Club are not content to store in it such bare essentials as beds and fuel and straw; they go down the gamut of domestic furniture even to knives and forks and tumblers. A score of travellers may thus get cosy lodging for the night. Under certain circumstances, one could think of a temporary residence here as very desirable. As an air-cure house it might do well, the sulphur fumes, of

which there is such unstinted supply, being, of course, of further medicinal value. And as a retreat from the maddening crowd it could hardly be surpassed. Mazzagaglia told me of a certain Englishman who, forty-five years ago, did in fact make this use of it. He was brother to a lord, and "pazzo in testa" (rather soft). From June to September of one year he lived up there, with no companion except a violin, which he played divinely. Mazzagaglia, then a boy, was wont every other day to ascend from Nicolosi with fresh vegetables and meat for the recluse's consumption. But this was not quite enough for the Englishman's stomach. Once a fortnight, therefore, he descended to the village and ate a very heavy dinner, after which he returned to Etna. His health all the while was excellent. I think there are Englishmen (not necessarily "weak in the head") who could sympathize with this "brother to a lord" in his passion for the mountain air and solitude. But fancy a man playing the violin on the edge of Etna's crater, with the furnace roar in his ears! It is a companion scene to that of Epimenides about to take his immortal header, and an effective picture of the sad results of combined genius, a tendency to craziness, and a mind perverted by Lord Byron.

Etna's cone springs almost from the walls of the Casa. The smell of sulphur hereabouts rekindles expectation. It is time to begin to keep watch and ward over one's head, for

Etna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
Involved in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;
With loud dislosion to the starry frame,
Shoots fiery globes and furious floods of flame.

So sang Poet Laureate Warton in his day, under Homeric inspiration.

But, added to these ordinary perils of the spot, Antonio and I, in the course of our final climb, had to face the prospect of elemental strife. Heaven's artillery was already in the field, and the gunners were trying their guns. Though clearly a lad of pluck, Antonio did not like the look-out. He wanted to be up and down as quickly as possible, ere the series of noonday storms, which had become a routine experience for Nicolosi, burst upon us from their very source. The cone was at a stiffish angle, and, from the looseness of its material, hard to grapple

with. There was further much fume of sulphur, and the clouds rode upon our backs. Above us we could see little, but that little was eminently suggestive. A whirl of energetic vapor seethed vertically through the common clouds, and when the wind (which did not know its own mind) dashed it downwards in our direction, we had much ado to bear it. Worse still, however, were the inflamed rocks, which fell now and again with an ominous thud indifferently to the right or left of us, above us or below. Etna's roar was inaudible, but it was still as in Warton's time—

Her shattered entrails wide the mountain throws.

I have ever been esteemed thick in the head, but these neat round bombshells were of a size and kind to crack the thickest of skulls like a hammer upon a nut. I imagine Antonio accounted his head no safer than my own, for he was mortally brisk in his movements to leeward whenever the chance offered. With every stimulant to exertion in these the last moments of our climb, in spite of the toil of it, we soon got up the cone. At 11.20 we came suddenly upon a level, and saw the smoke boiling up from below. This was the summit.

How I wish I were here in a position to compel dithyrambic words from my laggard brain, in praise of the sublime and expansive view that met our eyes! Would that I could sincerely echo the eloquence of Brydone, who here averred "that in proportion as we are raised above the habitations of men, all low and vulgar sentiments are left behind; and that the soul, approaching the ethereal regions, shakes off its earthly affections, and already acquires something of their celestial purity." Would even that I could enter into the spirit of Spallanzani, who, after all his fatigues, at length "exalted in a kind of rapture," here sat down on the edge of the crater, and remained for two hours. We were not so fortunate as Brydone and Spallanzani; though let it be said that Spallanzani accuses Brydone of failing to reach the crater, and of indulging in his flights of rhetoric from an inferior standpoint; and let it be said further, that the Abbé makes the most of all the perils he incurred, so that one is fain to think him the hero of science he limns himself.

Verily, Antonio and I had no oppor-

tunity for tranquil realization of the glories of our situation. In the first place, we could see nothing but the dark impending edge of the crater at our feet. A pace further, and we should have gone the way of Epimenides. Moreover, we had not well taken our bearings. The wind was against us, so that the sulphur on the summit blew in our teeth as if to stifle us. Spallanzani, in the like predicament, for a while lost his senses, and this on a day the most propitious. Had we tarried, our fate might have been more tragic. For though the sulphur was bad, the bombardment from the depths was worse. At any instant a missile might have taken us. To put the climax of discomfort upon us, there came an admonitory thunder-clap fit to wake the dead, and at the same moment a storm of snow and hail buffeted us hard. We bent our heads before this variety of ill-treatment, and struggled toward a more sheltered quarter with all speed.

I am much grieved that it was quite impossible to measure the crater, even by perambulating its boundaries. Antonio professed amazement at the changes which had taken place since his last ascent, about a year back. The gulf yawned as of yore, but an internal ridge of cinders and mud divided it into two parts. The crater thus assumed the appearance of two craters, and each seemed to vie with the other in its outthrow of mud and stones, and in the height to which it could lift its smoke. This latter, notwithstanding the wind, rose in agitated volutes five or six hundred feet above our heads. But the upper air would have none of it, and so it was beat back upon us, and rushed down the slopes of the cone, mingling with the hail and the snow.

Our footing, as we strove to and fro on the brink, and tried in vain to see through the noisome smoke, was very unpleasant. We were on the mud outcast that very morning, and so but a quarter congealed. It clogged our boots like new snow, and there was, or seemed to be, some danger that it might fail to support our weight, and let us down Heaven knows whither. Under these conditions it was unwise to stand long in one spot, though, to be sure, the turmoil of the elements and the cold (thermometer at 38°, with a fierce wind) was another effectual bar to this. There was such a shrieking of the storm fiend,

and such a merciless whipping of hail and snow upon our cheeks, and such a stifling malodor of sulphur, that, while we stumbled along, we pivoted round and round, in vain attempt at self-protection. How I envied Spallanzani his chance of sitting calm for two hours, note-book in hand, watching the crater's operations at his feet! His artist has drawn a curious and even a thrilling picture of him in this position. His two guides are seen amusing themselves by throwing stones into the crater, while he is depicted upon his knees recording his observations. Very different, too, was the crater in his day. It is shown as a tall cone, so little out of the perpendicular that it rather resembles a chimney-stack, and constructed by nature after the mode called cyclopic. The Abbé had to clamber up this wall of immense rocks, brought somewhat neatly into a state of coherence by the exusion from within of a convenient mortar of molten lava. I should much like to have seen the party descend from their aerial perch.

Since Spallanzani's time, the pinnacle he climbed has fallen in. Other pinnacles have been upraised, and they also have had their day. It is this periodical change in the configuration of Etna's crater that makes every ascent more or less a journey of discovery. The crater that this year seems about two miles in circuit may, next year, by the mountain's activity in the generation of new material, be reduced to one mile. And, the year after, the very banks which have been built up to diminish it may all collapse, and the gulf may widen to a mile in diameter.

Our view of Sicily from the summit is soon described. We saw none of it except the ground we trod upon.

Half an hour by the crater was enough for us. Antonio began to prate about men who had been done to death upon Etna, with so earnest a tone that I felt he feared the like fate for us. It really did not seem impossible; for, ere the half hour had expired, we were in the thick of a tempestuous hurly-burly. I have never heard thunder to outshout Etna's. It was also sufficiently grim to have the gloom of blinding snow and mist which enveloped us cloven every minute by a jagged flash, which was as much below as above us, and seemed at times to strike from our very midst.

The snow did not cease until we were beneath the snow-line. We were knee-deep ere we had done with it. But I think the snow was preferable to the torrents of rain which poured upon us for all the rest of the day, until we were again by Nicolosi. The woods were lovely under the influence of all this moisture. There were actually runlets of water in the volcanic dust; and when we touched the zone of vines, we found the vineyards in the midst of glittering pools. The lower we descended, the higher was Antonio's enthusiasm. It was a charming rain—worth a mint of money to Nicolosi. What did it matter if we were like half-drowned cats?

As for the thunder, it sounded weaker and weaker as we progressed, so that by the time we were in the village we heard but the mere echo of the claps which, by the crater, almost made one's hair stand on end.

The Hotel Etna received us again at five o'clock in the evening. Our work had taken us thirteen unresting hours.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE GENIUS OF TENNYSON.

I.

THOSE who, in 1842, when Tennyson's first important poems were published, were just old enough to love poetry, and yet young enough to have no prepossessions or prejudices against poetry of a new type, probably owe more to the great poet who is just dead, than either his own contemporaries, whose taste in poetry was formed before his poems were published, or those

younger generations which have grown up to find Tennyson's fame well established and taken for granted by the whole world around them. An original poet is usually more or less unwelcome to those who have formed their own taste on older models; and yet there is something in the young which rather resents the conventional praise of the society in which they live, and delights to discover a literary hero for themselves. The death of the Poet-

Laureate has brought a severe shock to those whose earliest intellectual youth was saturated with admiration for his rich, grave, measured, and elaborate genius, who in their College days declaimed to themselves the stately rhetoric of "Locksley Hall," brooded over the glowing pictures of the "Dream of Fair Women" and "The Palace of Art," wandered at will into the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, followed all the windings of the subtle controversy between "The Two Voices," accompanied Sir Dedivere to the lake into which he was so reluctant to plunge Excalibur, and gazed at their own College friendships through the same "vinous mist" which colored so charmingly the "lyrical monologue" of Will Waterproof at the "Cock;" and all this, long before they had any opinion on the comparative merits of the many great English poets. Those who were growing up, but not yet grown up, in 1842, can hardly know how much of their ideal of life they owe to Tennyson, and how much to the innate bias of their own character. They only know that they owe him very much of the imaginative scenery of their own minds, much of their insight into the doubts and faith of their contemporaries, much of their political preference for "ordered freedom," and much, too, of their fastidious discrimination between the various notes of tender and pathetic song. But they will find some difficulty in determining what it is that Tennyson has most effectually taught them to enjoy and dread, where he has enlarged to most purpose the range of their love and reverence, and stimulated most powerfully their recoil from ugliness and evil.

We should say that perhaps the most distinctive, though not the most striking and impressive characteristic of Tennyson's genius, was the definitely artistic character of his poetry. There is not a single one of his greater poems which does not bear the signs of careful thought and meditation, not to say study. There is both care and ease in every line,—the care of delicate touches, the ease which hides the care. Tennyson is not a poet whose poetry bubbles up and flows on with the superfluous buoyancy and redundancy of a fountain or a rapid. It is inlaid with conscious emotion, saturated with purpose and reflection. Its grace and ease,—and it is almost always graceful and easy,—are the

grace and ease of a flexible and vigilant attention. There is what theologians call "recollection" in every line. He is as much artist as poet. Nothing that he says seems to be unconscious. Even his passion is deliberate and more patient than stormy:—

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die,
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine;
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horned,
white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois, all alone."

What a richly painted picture is there, and that is Tennyson's usual style. Every verse of "The Palace of Art," every verse of "The Dream of Fair Women," is a separate work of art, a separate compartment of a great whole. Consider only the rich workmanship, the masterly concentration of care on such a pair of stanzas as the following in the picture of Cleopatra:

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
Struck by all passion did fall down and
glance
From tone to tone, and glided through all
change
Of liveliest utterance."

"When she made pause, I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the
ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with
light
The interval of sound."

That is no ripple of artless eloquence. It is the very opulence of richly wrought imaginative speech.

And Tennyson's art is as signal in the careful ordering and evolution of his *thoughts* as in the painting of his pictures. Examine the structure of "The Two Voices," or of the argument with Scepticism, in "In Memoriam," and you will find how carefully the evolution of the whole is planned, how the simple and more obvious difficulties are dealt with first, the larger and wider further on, and how the whole presents the effect of a fully studied and gradually developed plan. Tennyson was evidently one of those

"Who rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream,"

as he himself describes them. And yet he was willing to listen with rapt attention

to all who did dream it was a dream, that he might fully read all that was in their heart, and bring it to the judgment of his own larger and wider and richer experience.

Great as Tennyson was as an artist, he not unfrequently erred on the side of redundancy in the use of light and color. His richly jewelled speech,—as in “*Enoch Arden*,”—sometimes distracted attention from the substance of his narrative. He occasionally filled his canvas too full of glowing and enamelled fancy. His poems, especially in the middle period of his genius, are almost too much concerned with the pageantry and sentiment of life, so that the outline is lost in the richness of the detail. Sometimes, too, he harps too much on the minor key,—as in that reiterated refrain, “*Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die*,” which overloads the beauty of “*Cenone*” with its plaintive wail, or on the over-wrought pathos of “*The May Queen*,” or “*Mariana in the Moated Grange*.” This is the chief defect of his art. But it is a fault wholly absent from those studies in which he assumed voluntarily the self-restraint, and even something of the severity of the classical models. In poems like “*Tithonus*” or “*Ulysses*” his art rises to its highest perfection :—

“ I ask’d thee, ‘ Give me immortality.’
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a
smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they
give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work’d their
wills
And beat me down and marr’d and wasted
me,
And though they could not end me, left me
maim’d
To dwell in presence of immortal youth.
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty make amends, tho’ even now
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with
tears
To hear me? Let me go ; take back thy
gift.”

There we see the artist at his highest point,—the intensity of the feeling not allowed to overflow into any excess or redundancy of expression, but restrained with something of the severe simplicity of the Attic genius, while yet the passion of the rhythm, and a note or two of modern despair, betray the depth of self-conscious

anguish that beats beneath the surface of the antique legend. In many of the finest cantos of “*The Idylls of the King*,”—especially in “*The Coming of Arthur*” and “*The Passing of Arthur*,”—there is the same refined intensity, kept strictly within the severest limits. And where this is so, we recognize in Tennyson one of the greatest artists of all time. His modernness, however, too often betrays itself by a reiteration, an emphasis of expression,—especially where the mood is one of pathos,—that verges on the morbid vein of our own too plaintive and garrulous generation.

This tendency, however, to be too microscopic and elaborate in the structure of his poems of pathos, is itself the secret of his strength when he takes a theme like that of “*In Memoriam*,” and devotes all his great powers to the task of delineating the various phases of human grief, when he confronts us with the dismay and doubts to which it gives rise, and shows us the conviction that springs ultimately out of them, if they are fairly faced, that the deeper affections have a future before them of which death is only the beginning. In a poem of this kind, great delicacy and minuteness of treatment, and great power of expatiating on all the various phases of doubt and faith, is absolutely necessary, if the poem is to be a perfect one. And probably no poem of the kind has ever been written which succeeds so completely in throwing a glorious rainbow upon the black cloud. “*In Memoriam*” would have lost half its value if it had not struck all the chords of a profoundly patient and tenacious sorrow, and dwelt on the blank despair, the tremulous hope, the humility of love, the tyranny of the senses, the insurrection of the conscience against that tyranny, the testimony of the spirit, the indomitable elasticity of faith, with all the vividness and freshness of a great imagination and an intellect of a candor and courage of something like prophetic calibre. When has the humility of love, in dwelling on a friend’s higher state of being, ever before been painted with such strength and tenderness as in itself to more than compensate the supposed inequality of the two natures so compared ?—

“ He past ; a soul of nobler tone :
My spirit loved, and loves him yet
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

" In mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

" The little village looks forlorn ;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

" The foolish neighbors come and go
And tease her till the day draws by ;
At night she weeps, ' How vain am I !
How should he love a thing so low ? ' "

And where in all Literature has the protest of the spirit against the triumph of physical Nature over its higher life, been conceived and expressed with so much intensity as in this great poem, of which even the following splendid lines are hardly more than an average specimen :—

" And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

* * * * *
Who lov'd, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills ? "

How many of those who followed Lord Tennyson to his grave in the great Abbey on Wednesday must have been haunted, as was the present writer, by the deep passion of that indignant question ! It took all Tennyson's pertinacious fidelity, all the passion of his devoted love, all the patience of his plaintiveness, to give to the world such a poem as his " In Memoriam " on the early death of Arthur Hallam. His favorite minor key, swelling at the close into the exultation of victorious faith, was the true setting for that rosary of grief.

There is a good deal more difference of feeling about the spiritual element in " The Idylls of the King." King Arthur has not been a favorite with many of the best critics, though it is easy to discern that it was half in memory of the glorified friend of his youth, and only half in honor of the hero of the Round Table, that Tennyson's Idylls were conceived and executed. It is very difficult to delineate a perfect nature,—at least, in a mere man,—without exciting the grudging spirit which takes umbrage at any assumption of sanctity ; and it may perhaps be admitted that in the closing scene of " Guinevere," Ar-

thur does assume too much of the stainlessness and sinlessness which belonged only to one who was more than man. But even with this admission, we believe that " The Idylls of the King " contain a wonderfully fine " romance of eternity," to use an expression of M. Renan's,—which he misapplies to something much greater than any romance,—and that the picture of the faith and failure, and especially of the faith *in* failure, of the King, contains one of the noblest of the many noble though imperfect poetic ideals of our day. The warnings with which Arthur opens the quest for the holy grail, and the foreboding vision of the collapse of his kingdom with which he sums up the story of these self-consuming or defeated hopes, seem to us the finest possible comments on the craving of enthusiasts for religious excitement, which the spiritual wisdom of man has ever uttered. We quote the closing words of the passage in which Arthur insists that the excessive enthusiasm of mystics has wrecked the reign of law and righteousness, and yet claims for himself visions more than they all,—but visions meant to strengthen for, not to distract from, the true work of life :—

" And some among you held that if the King
Had seen the sight, he would have sworn the
vow :

Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the hind
To whom a space of land is given to plough.
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done, but being done
Let Visions of the night, or of the day
Come as they will ; and many a time they
come

Until this earth he walks on seems not
earth,

This light that strikes his eyeball is not
light,

This air that smites his forehead is not air,
But vision,—yea his very hand and foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again ; ye have seen what ye have
seen."

That, we have the means of knowing, was more or less a transcript of Tennyson's own experience. It witnesses to something like the same experience of the nothingness of all material things which Wordsworth claimed for himself in the great " Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." And the picture of the impending moral catastrophe in " The Last Tournament " is still grander. There we see the

moral analogue of "ragged rims of thunder brooding low, and shadow streaks of rain." Whatever may be the shortcomings in the picture of Arthur, "The Idylls of the King" seem to us to contain a most powerful delineation of the various conflicts between earthly passions and spiritual aims. If the literary perfection be less complete than that of "In Memoriam," the design was richer, and covered a much wider field.

And Tennyson's ideal of spiritual life included not only the individual, but the nation. No one can read these visions of the Arthurian kingdom without being conscious that the poet's eye was fixed on the spiritual ambitions and the spiritual shrinkings and timidities of his own country and his own day. Indeed, he expressly says so in his epilogue addressed to the Queen. His sympathy with deeds of valor makes the English heart beat higher. His dread of anything like national insincerity or unmanly self-distrust raised the courage and daring of his fellow-countrymen to their proper level. And he ended his Idylls with one of the finest exhortations to his own people which our language contains :—

"The loyal to their Crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
For ever-broadening England, and her throne
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle
That knows not her own greatness ; if she
 knows
And dreads it, we are fall'n."

Never was Tennyson greater than when he spoke for the nation with something like the authority of one conscious of the nation's reverence and trust.

But perhaps the highest point which Tennyson's poetry ever reached was in those exquisite little lyrics which test the inspiration of a poet more even than more massive structures. He was not great in drama, though his insight into ruling passions and purposes, especially when dealing with the simpler and rougher and more massive character of half-developed natures, was profound, as is shown by his sketch of the "Grandmother," of the two "Northern Farmers," and of the "Northern Cobbler," who conquers his passion for drink by boldly confronting the tempter day after day in the shape of a great bottle of gin. But these were the incidental triumphs of a great poet. For the most

part, his concrete characters are not powerful. His figures have no wealth of life in them, and their actions do not carry you on. But though on ground of this kind he could not touch the hem of Shakespeare's garment, the little songs with which the dramas and the longer poems are interspersed are, for beauty, tenderness, and sweetness, quite Shakespearian. And they have, moreover, very frequently a singularly dramatic effect,—Fair Rosamond's little song, for instance, in *Becket* :—

"Rainbow, stay,
 Gleam upon gloom,
 Bright as my dream
Rainbow, stay !
But it passes away,
 Gloom upon gleam,
 Dark as my doom—
O rainbow, stay."

It is the same with the lovely song, "Come into the garden, Maud,"—perhaps the most perfect of its kind in English literature,—and Enid's song, "Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel," and with Maid Marian's song, "Love flew in at the window," in his *Foresters*. There is singular beauty and even dramatic effect in that song, as there is in all Tennyson's songs,—only they are all the songs of a musing and meditative fancy, not of a wild and free imagination. Milton spoke of Shakespeare as "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," warbling "his native wood-notes wild." That description would never have applied to Tennyson. His wood-notes are not wild. They are, perhaps, even more beautiful, but they are also less simple. They are, to Shakespeare's songs, what the garden rose is to the wild rose,—richer, fuller, more wonderful works of art, but with less of that exquisite singleness of effect which conquers by its very modesty. Tennyson's songs are miracles of gayety or pathos, or wonder or grief ; especially of grief. Our language has never elsewhere reached the special beauty of his "Tears, idle tears," or his "Break, break, break ;" nor for magic of sound has the spell of his "Blow, bugles, blow" ever been commanded by another. But even these perfect blossoms of song are all the growth of highly complex conditions of thought or feeling, which show themselves in the elaborate delicacy and harmony of their structure. High culture is of the very essence of Tennyson's poetry,

be it picture, or playful reverie, or love, or sorrow, or self-reproach. He is, indeed, the living refutation of Carlyle's theory that genius is never self-conscious. Without clear self-consciousness, there could never have been a Tennyson, and therefore, without clear self-consciousness, one of the highest types of genius would be impossible.—*Spectator*.

II.

THE greatest poetic artist of the English-speaking race has passed away. There need be no sadness of farewell at such a close to such a career. To have passed a long life in undivided devotion to the noblest of the arts, to have grown in mastery of it almost to the end, to have become in very deed the voice of the nation he loved so well: this has been surely the supreme lot. It is characteristic that almost the only trouble of his later years was the intrusive reverence of his fellow-countrymen, a burden that might have been borne with somewhat more of patience and geniality. But there was a touch of the aristocrat about Tennyson that chimed in well with the dignity of his art, and completes the picture of the *vates sacer*, the consecrated voice of a mighty people, brooding in self-chosen isolation upon the things of highest import.

That is not the figure which Tennyson presents on his first appearance in the arena where he was to outstrip all rivals. His *Keepsake* period lasted long. Looking back, we can indeed discern in the volume of 1842—in the "Ulysses," in the "Morte d'Arthur," in "The Two Voices"—the promise of nearly all that was to come. But these were imbedded in much that was pretty but petty, Wordsworthian idyls too long drawn out, Lords of Burleigh and Ladies Clare, that half justified the early scoffers, Wilson and the rest. Even the melody, though sweet and clear, was thin and at times tinkling. Grace, not force or dignity, was the characteristic up to and including "The Princess" of 1847, the most graceful poem of such length in the language.

Yet all the while the master was growing in command over his instrument. Even in the earlier volumes of 1830 and 1832 there were premonitions of the almost flawless workmanship in words which was to be the *cachet* of Tennyson's style. They say that men's minds ossify after forty.

Certainly there comes to languages growing old a stage of ossification, when new collocations of words become increasingly difficult and the conventional epithet is stereotyped and polarized. In the history of English style, in prose indirectly as directly in poetry, that stage of ossification was arrested by Tennyson. He is the great master of the epithet in our language. He revived old words like "marshy," he invented new ones like "murmurous." He seems to have taken infinite care over the filing of his phrases. A careful study of the *variae lectiones* of his successive editions is a liberal education in poetic form, and there was probably much greater modification before anything of his appeared in print at all.

It is for this reason that the poet with whom he is to be affiliated in the history of English poetry, regarded simply as an art, is, of all poets in the world, Pope. It was Pope's aim, he himself avowed, to make English poetry correct in form. It was Tennyson's function to bring back to English verse that care for form which had disappeared from it when he began to write. During his adolescent period, the titular head of English poetry was Robert Southey, who published amorphous masses which he called poems, while Wordsworth was acting up to a theory of poetry which implied that form was of no consequence. Tennyson rescued English poetry from these tendencies. No wonder that his influence has been the dominant one among all but a few. As in the eighteenth century every poetaster aped Pope, so in the nineteenth every English minor poet has followed in the wake of Tennyson.

There can be little doubt that this care for form was due to his University education on the old classical Trinity lines. Tennyson is of the classical order of poets in a double sense. There are always poets learned in their art who love to reproduce and recall the best work of their predecessors in their own or in the classical languages: Milton and Gray are of this class. There are poets, again, who preserve in their lines the reserve, the dignity, the *καρπός* of the great poets of antiquity, even though they may not be intimately acquainted with them: Collins and Keats are classical in this sense. Tennyson was classical in both ways: he has antique reserve, he is full of reminiscences. It is this fact that has made the comparison to

Virgil or to Theocritus so natural, yet so misleading. The reference to Theocritus might pass for one side of his work, and that the least important. But Tennyson had no such theme as the *Majestas Romæ* of the great Mantuan before him: no national-religious sanction to his subject, no haunting sense of a world-theme in his words.

There is, indeed, in Tennyson's first period, which we are at present considering, no haunting sense of anything. There is none of the magic, the mystical charm of Coleridge or of Rossetti in his lines. They are as clear cut as crystal, and as cold. One feels no rush of impetuous emotion behind the words, no uncontrollable outburst of imaginative force. Yet it is this that gives us the sense of a great poet, a vision of unknown vistas of the poet-soul flashing through the verse. Tennyson in his first period knows exactly what he wants to say, and says it in the best way. This is the side of him that has made him popular, and contrasts so favorably with the obscurity and incoherence of many of his contemporaries. Yet it has its weakness in the want of depth, want of soul-tone in his earlier work.

Akin to this clear-cut form was the accuracy and minuteness of observation which made him so successful a painter of domesticated Nature. His achievements in this direction may have been over-estimated. He is not immaculate: the songster nightingale is always with him the female, not the male, as it is in Nature: he was probably misled by the myth of Philomela. But the minuteness and independence of his powers of observation are acknowledged on all hands, and go naturally with the clear vision of the artist in words. Yet here again the result is to impair the true poetic effect. Nature in poetry must be used as a "pathetic fallacy" to give the *Stimmung* to the emotions the poet wishes to arouse. Minute attention to detail diverts the emotion, and at best produces only a decorative effect.

The danger was that this mastery of form and clearness of vision would lead to mere daintiness, might even result in the feeble elegance of *vers de société*. Tennyson was saved from this by the great chastening sorrow of his life. While he was training himself as a poetic artist with metrical experiments and coinages of five-word

phrases enshrining his observations of Nature, he was also elaborating his masterpiece—"In Memoriam." For twice the Horatian period he kept this series of poem-sequences by him, adding, revising, inserting, and rejecting, till the whole grew to a moving series of pictures of a soul's development from the first overwhelming stroke till the final reconciliation of sorrow and hope. Injustice is done to Tennyson in thinking of the "In Memoriam" as one outburst. He is careful to mark the stages of his grief. In one case we can even date a stanza at least thirteen years later than the death of Arthur Hallam. When the poet speaks of science charming her secret from the latest moon, there is little doubt he is referring to the discovery of Neptune in 1846; yet this occurs in one of the earlier sections of the poem. The dangers involved in a philosophical poem were overcome by putting the problem in a concrete shape. The theology of the poem was from Rugby: it is the voice of the Broad Church, clear, yet somewhat thin, and wanting in the higher imagination. The curious anticipations of Darwinism which occur so frequently in it were due to the interest excited by Chambers's *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, which appeared in 1844, and enable us to see how late these sections of the poem were added. The felicities of phrase with which it abounds cause it to rank as one of the best-known poems in the language, and the one with which the name of Tennyson will be indissolubly connected. Here, again, the comparison with Pope is justified. The only other long philosophical poem in the language of any real literary merit is his "Essay on Man."

"Maud" is even a greater surprise when compared with the Tennyson of the first period. There is no lack here of impetuous emotion, no cold decorative work. There is even a touch of hysteria in the highly wrought passion. The poet broke here with *Manchesterism*: the sword is the voice of God, as a later poet has put it. There was in "Maud" an indication of emotional power, as in "In Memoriam" there was an unexpected proof of intellectual power, in one who had seemed only the idle singer of an empty day. To the poet of "In Memoriam" and "Maud" there seemed no height too high, no poetic exploit too ambitious.

Unhappily, the poet's ambition turned for nearly a quarter of a century into spheres of poetic art where his powers, great as they were, were inadequate. He was not an epic poet, he was not a dramatic poet; yet he devoted his forces at their highest capacity to epic, to drama. An epic is the presentation of a national myth regarded as sacred: the "Paradise Lost" answers to this description, the "Idylls of the King" do not. Arthur has never been a national hero; he is mainly the outcome of a long series of literary creation; the "Idylls" could at best claim only to be a literary epic, not a national one. But the temper required for the literary epic is the romantic, not the classical spirit. There must be something of the Viking delight in battle, a tone of *χαρμη*, not to mention a certain sensuous glory, surrounding the passion of the epic. Such ideals are different from the Rugby ones, which Tennyson represents in literature.

It is scarcely denied that Tennyson transformed the tone of his originals, of the "Mabinogion" and the "Morte d'Arthur." The unworthy gibe that the "Morte d'Arthur" of Tennyson was a "Morte d'Albert" was the more unfair, as the "Morte d'Arthur" is the least unsuccessful of the series, and departs least from the original. But the whole conception of Guinevere, and still more that of Vivien, was of the nineteenth-century English gentleman, and something in the spirit of Mr. Podsnap. The control of passion, which is so characteristic a part of the Rugby ideal, has its noble side, but it has a narrowing effect on the artist when dealing with passionate subjects. Along with it goes a want of humor, conspicuous alike in Tennyson and in Wordsworth. The "Northern Farmer" is almost the sole exception to the high seriousness of his work. The isolation of the poet must have contributed to this defect: one cannot keep one's self in cotton wool with impunity.

The epic period, 1860-70, was succeeded by a dramatic decade even more disastrous for his reputation. It is not merely that the dramas were unsuited for the stage; their fatal defect was that they were not dramatic. There is more dramatic force, for example, in the closing lines of "Lucretius" than in the whole of the dramas put together. It is useless to

note that the character of Henry II., or of Mary, is according to the Records: dramas are not histories. Tennyson may have conceived his characters aright; he has not presented them dramatically. Here, again, as in the epic series, one felt the absence of the creative rush, the sense of a personality behind the artistic work and greater than it. The great poet is himself greater than his work; the sense of easy mastery of their materials is given by men like Shakespeare or Homer. Tennyson's epic and dramatic studies leave a sense of the poet's struggle with an uncongenial task. Even the poet's mastery of form had declined; there are many passages in the "Idylls" which, by their mere verbal beauty, redeem the poems from insignificance. There are scarcely any in the dramas—apart from the lyrical interludes—which are either worthy of their setting or worthy of being taken out of their setting.

I can remember the disastrous effect the epic and dramatic periods had on Tennyson's reputation during the "seventies." We that were interested in the future of English letters had lost all hope in Tennyson: our eyes were turned to Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne. It became the fashion to think and speak slightly of the great master, who was all the while maturing to a final creative outburst which was to raise him far above any contemporary, far above most of his predecessors in English song, except the two greatest names of all. The fifth act of the drama of Tennyson's poetic career fulfils all, and more than all, the promise of the earlier ones.

Since Sophocles there has been nothing in all literature like that St. Martin's summer of Tennyson's muse. The old age of Goethe was devoted to science; the vital portions of the second part of "Faust" were written years before they were published. The vigor and virility of the volume of "Ballads," the "Teiresias" volume, the "New Locksley Hall," and the "Demeter" volume were astounding: "Rizpah," "Vastness," "The Ballad of the 'Revenge,'" "Teiresias," to mention some of the more striking, were achievements of the first order in poetic force. There was no want of the rush of inspiration behind the verse; there was rugged vigor, sublime incoherence. The metrical forms could no longer bear the fulness of the poetic fervor. There was

no over-niceness of precision; even the metre had grown less smooth, more Michaelangelesque. It was as if the frost of eld was sending spikes of ice across the surface of the stream of verse. Thus, in the "Crossing of the Bar," which has been so mercilessly reiterated during the past week, the third line of each stanza seems to our ear wanting in the old smoothness and ring; yet it is effective for all that.

It is in the Tennyson of these later days that we recognize the master—the great poet-soul looming behind the poem, and greater than it. He rises at times to an almost prophetic strain. He had always been English of the English; if this had given him some narrowness of vision and sympathy, it gave him in later years the intensity which seems impossible without some narrowness. He has revived for us the half-forgotten sentiment of patriotism. Even throughout the pseudo-cosmopolitanism of the Manchester period of recent history he was always for England first: "Love thou thy land!" was his refrain throughout, and he set the example himself. He has been the one Laureate that was really the nation's voice. If his utterances as Laureate do not take a foremost place among his compositions, that is simply because the English nation during his laureateship has been happy in having no dramatic episodes in its history. You cannot be strikingly effective in dealing with a slow and unconscious development.

It cannot be said of Tennyson that he has been a great spiritual force in the national development of the last half century. "The Princess" may have aided the movement for the higher education of women, though it is in essence a protest against it. "In Memoriam" has liberalized theology and been to the Broad Church movement what "The Christian Year" has been to the High Church. But where is the Broad Church now? "Maud" may have helped to free England from the shackles of *Manchesterthum*. His later incursions into polemical verse, the "Children's Hospital" and the unfortunate "Promise of May," were best forgotten. Direct didacticism is likely at all times to lead to priggishness. The teaching of the true poet is indirect—a sort of induction of the poetic temper and attitude, far more subtle and penetrating in its effect than all your direct teaching.

The pictures of still and cleanly English life in the earlier idylls, of sturdy heroism in the ballads, even the somewhat namby-pamby chivalry of the epical "Idylls"—these were the teachings of Tennyson, so far as he was a teacher. It is noteworthy that, in almost all these aspects, he was carrying on the tradition of his predecessor on the poetic throne.

There were so many Tennysons that one would never have done in attempting to deal with all sides of his multifarious poetic activity. But throughout the five acts of his poetic life there is one common element that binds them into an organic unity. His lyrics were as sweet last as first. They run through and connect together, like a string of pearls, all his poetic phases, even his bronze and iron periods. They give unity to "The Princess;" they relieve the heaviness of the dramas. Dainty and exquisite in form, they have besides that haunting charm, that imaginative atmosphere which is too often wanting in Tennyson's other work. Their melody is almost unsurpassed in our language, and they have received the homage of musicians in frequent settings. Yet I remember George Eliot saying to me, that, exquisite as they are, they are seldom suitable for singing, especially when compared with the Elizabethan lyrics which trill forth as naturally as from a bird. The collocations of consonants in Tennyson's lyrics often impede voice production. The Elizabethans were writing for a nation of singers; Tennyson was writing for a people with whom singing is a lost art.

It was his lyrics that made him the popular poet he undoubtedly was. He was emphatically, for the Victorian era, the man that sang the nation's songs. If these were at times wanting in the finer harmonies and the more complex rhythms, that was no bar to their popularity—it was rather a condition of it. The critical problem of Tennyson's art, we have been told, is his simultaneous acceptance by mob and by dilettanti. The solution is obvious: he appealed to these different classes with different phases of his art. He could use the simplicity, even the banality, of Longfellow, and he could also wield the wand of Coleridge, or of Rossetti. There were so many Tennysons.

Of Tennyson the man the public know nothing; it was his dignified wish to live

his life apart. The glimpses we catch of him reveal something akin to his own bluff English squires, tempered by even more than the usual share of poetic sensitiveness. This aloofness need only be here considered in reference to its consequences on his art. This cannot but have suffered from want of contact with the larger life, which made him impossible as a dramatist. But it prepared the way for the Seerhood of the closing period, and, above all, enabled him to live his life solely devoted to his glorious art.

No English poet impresses one with such a sense of continuous improvement in the *technique* of his vocation. At first the echoes resound : a touch of Keats, a sentiment of Wordsworth, a phrase of Byron, a rhythm of Shelley or of Coleridge, metrical experiments in quantity—everywhere we find the poet testing all things poetical, and holding fast that which was good. Soon the individual accent comes, in the "Palace of Art," in the "Lotus Eaters," in "The Epic;" and the music strengthens and deepens till the last. No

English poet but Milton shows so steady an advance in his art from the beginning of his career till its close. Nor has Milton the same wide command of all the keys. Tennyson is the greatest poetic artist of England, and he will thus remain at once the people's poet and the poets' poet of these isles.

It is no world-poet that England now is mourning with commingled pride and grief. No world-pain throbs through his lines. No world-problem finds in him expression or solution. The sweet domesticities, the manly and refined ideals of English life in the middle period of the nineteenth century—Tennyson was the fluted voice of these. To these he has given immortality while he has gained immortality from them. For us he has helped to form the English ideals which are destined to be an abiding influence in the national life. He spoke not to the world at large : he spoke only to his beloved England. He was, and is, our own Tennyson.—*Academy*.

DEATH AND THE GHOULS.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

DEATH spake to Life, whose ghouls stood fang'd for prey :

"The dead man here," said he—"while Avon ran

Unconscious of its glory—grew to man

And led a bride through Shottery flowers one day ;

Then, Fortune's finger beckoning him away,

Vanished from mead and stream, and then began

Shakespeare's great part 'mid London's poet-clan—

Shakespeare's great part in Man's great phantom-play :

Held it against all strivers—left the strife—

Lived here, a phantom-farmer as before—

Lived here, or dreamt he lived, with phantom-wife,

And died. Give this thy ghouls for gossip-lore :

Death bids them pause at *one* dead poet's door :

Death sets the seal of God on Shakespeare's life !"

—*Athenæum*.

OVER-EDUCATION.

A CHRIST CHURCH undergraduate blowing his brains out in his rooms in College, with an at least dubious death of another the next week, may turn, if but for a moment, unthinking people's attention to the grave question of the day, "What are we to do with our scholars?" We ventured only last week to comment rather strongly on one aspect of the case, and now we would fain briefly review the whole educational problem before a momentarily shocked world has fallen back into its lethargy again. For it is not merely the handful of students too many—a few thousands in all—whom the Universities turn out every decade that makes the question so serious. The Philanthropist and the Socialist is a very Nero in the matter of lives, and would sacrifice the odd thousands, we well know, on the altar of his theory. But the educational difficulty goes much deeper than this. Every single member of society, from the artisan and the crossing-sweeper to the shopkeeper and the yeoman farmer—now alas! so rare—is educating his son a peg higher than his father before him, and educating him above manual labor. It is all very fine to say that a man can sweep a crossing as well or better if he knows the rudiments of Greek and Latin grammar. It is not true, of course; but that matters nothing to the "man with a Fad." The question is not whether a man will sweep his crossing better or worse on a classical education. As a matter of fact, after that education he will too frequently refuse to sweep one at all.

Even granting that a knowledge of the dead languages will increase his aptitude for performing that necessary labor, it will destroy his taste for it, or rather, which is the same thing, give him a taste for something of a different kind. He will want to work with his head instead of his hands, to be a clerk instead of a working man—and to what end? The world is packed with clerks. There are twenty applicants for every miserably paid post, infinitely worse paid than honest manual labor. The rest, the other nineteen, starve, or address circulars at a shilling a thousand, and eat their hearts with misery and wretchedness. They cannot teach, to dig they are ashamed. And, as if to make matters

worse, they not only will not dig, they cannot. The product of the Board Schools, the boys who triumphantly pass the higher standards, *cannot* work with their hands. They have developed their brains at the expense of their muscles—very few can develop both simultaneously—and if they earn starvation wages as clerks they would earn none at all as artisans. What a picture this gives of the modern movement in favor of the higher education universally applied, given free, gratis, and for nothing, nay, compulsorily, if the dream of the reformer be realized, to all! In the highest grades we find sons of middle-class shopkeepers obtaining an exhibition at one of the Universities, just keeping body and soul together there for three years, securing a degree of some sort, usually a poor one, and settling down to be ushers for life—if any one will take them. But will any one? Very often not. Ask at any of the scholastic agencies if you wish to ascertain the state of the market in the supply of schoolmasters. The market is positively glutted. There are twenty ill-dressed, stooping, faded wretches panting for every assistant mastership at £50 a year, non-resident, or twenty resident. And remember, on such a pittance the poor fellows have to "keep up a position!" They must dress as gentlemen, live more or less like gentlemen, on the wages of an omnibus-driver. But they have taken up the profession, they have qualified for it by years of laborious, half-digested study. They could not drive an omnibus if they would. Who would trust a horse in their hands? They could not mend the roads in spite of an Oxford bachelor degree. Who would select the pale, narrow-chested scholar among the gangs of sturdy laborers who clamor for work and style themselves—sometimes justly, poor fellows—unemployed? Nobody, of course.

Meantime, they are shouldered out in another way. Every head master of every little hedge-school must have an athlete as well as a scholar for his assistant nowadays. What chance has this overworked creature of the education craze to develop into an athlete? He has not the time, he has not the money, ten to one he has not the *stamina*. Again, every head-master

wants a "gentleman," a man with good manners, good appearance, well-dressed, etc. And the market is packed with young men of unexceptional parentage fresh from the University, willing and anxious to take even the smallest posts. This is a fresh cruelty to poor Smike. These young men are the sons of parents who have moderate means, but are determined their sons shall have "something to do." They are willing to make them an allowance to supplement their pay, but their hearts are set on seeing them with some definite employment. So the sons, weary of parental admonitions, take any little post that turns up, "just for the look of the thing," and work as assistants at wages on which they would starve but for the "hundred a year from the governor." When the choice is between these young men who have had all the advantages from the first—public-school training and the social, as well as mental, education of the University—which the other poor fellows, from lack of means, have missed, of course the gentleman's son is chosen if he will come on the same terms. He looks better bred, is probably stronger and more athletic, is incomparably better dressed, and more at his ease. He elbows the poorer man out of the running with light-hearted carelessness, and the poorer man dies in a garret or turns genteel swindler. It is a losing race from the first. Wages are down to nothing because of the number of young men on an allowance who are willing to work for little, under pressure from home. The requirements of the head-school are monstrously out of proportion to the pay, because the market is so full, and there is no room for the product of the education mania anywhere. We have seen circulars by the hundred from agencies, asking for assistant-masters for such schools, demanding an "Honors man and athlete," and offering £40 a year salary! The thing would be ludicrous if it were not so pitiful. The child of gratuitous education falls back on an ill-paid clerkship or addressing circulars—which line, by the way, is also overstocked—and breaks his heart or ruins his health at thirty. Such is the education mania in its highest phase, when the son of our washerwoman goes to Oxford and the heir of the butler is a Bachelor of the sister University.

It is exactly the same lower down in

the scale. The less promising pupils, who never reach the stage of the University and the exhibitions given to deserving students by City Companies, are equally useless products, and more hopelessly stranded. For the others have at least reached the goal of their ambitions. They have got their degree, and found it useless, and given the whole foolish business a fair trial. These others have fallen between the two stools. They have no degree; so the scholastic walk in life is closed to them. They have learned enough to develop a certain power of thinking which makes any kind of monotonous labor intolerable. An uneducated man who can only read and write can stand at a machine and make the heads of pins from one year's end to another till he dies, and yet be tolerably happy. To [any one at all educated such a life would be literally maddening. To have acquired a certain taste for music and poetry, and then make the heads of pins or split steel pens ten hours out of the twenty-four from seventeen to seventy, would drive him crazy. To be able to do the same work every day for eight or ten hours requires an utterly blank intellect. If your brain is working full power in thought while your muscles are working at heaving coal month after month you would wear out. The amount of vitality at your disposal would not stand it. And whether your health would stand it or not, *you* would not. An educated man working out his life as a dock laborer would attain a misery horrible to contemplate.

And, after all, although philanthropists prose about elevating men's minds and purifying and raising their ideas, sensible people must know that the great thing we all want is a certain measure of happiness in a not over happy world. Don't tell us with pride that men's minds will be raised; tell us men will be happier, or rather more contented—happiness is too positive a quality—for your scheme of education, and we will give in a qualified adhesion to all the fuss and bother it will entail. But no one who is not hopelessly prejudiced, or has not already taken a brief for the other side, or committed himself once and for all to that way of thinking, will pretend that the educated or, in the case of the victims of the modern craze, the half-educated man, will be

happy as a citizen, or a docker, or working at a machine all his life in a crowded factory. Would any one of us be happy? Of course not. Education lifts men into a different sphere, gives them different ideas of pleasure, different standards of comfort. One can think of no more exquisite torture for an educated man than to send him to live on eighteen shillings a week in a court in Whitechapel, working ten hours a day at making, say, French nails. He would blow his brains out, poor fellow, and we could hardly blame him; or, more probably, he would get a few hundred others, similarly situated, together, throw up a barricade and fight savagely for life and plunder, as happens every ten years in France. If his rage and fury at the misery within him had not robbed him of his reason, he would specially direct his attentions to philanthropic School Board agitators, and hang them one after another on the lamp-posts along the Strand or Whitechapel Road. But we cannot be expected to believe that all the workers—the vast majority of the British nation, in fact—are in this condition of shocking, horrible misery. If the philanthropist would have us so believe, we must beg respectfully to decline. The thing is impossible, or it could not have gone on for the last fifty years without a revolution. People would have killed themselves by thousands rather than endure it. No moral or legal or religious restriction would have sufficed to prevent them. If, on the other hand, it be maintained that they have only refrained from doing this from sheer dulness and stupidity, and that as soon as it penetrates to their slow minds they will die like flies, we must again take leave to doubt it. We believe there is a vast amount of dull, contented happiness among the working classes, and we cannot see what good will be done by robbing us or them of that

belief. Of course happiness is largely a matter of belief and of temperament, and doubtless if you tell people they *ought* to be miserable, often enough they will begin to be miserable, or at least uncomfortable. At present the working class is happy enough—far happier, we suspect, than the brain-laborers, with whom a certain measure of melancholy seems to be chronic.

What, then, is the good of teaching them either languages or science and unfitting them for manual labor? Do let us remember that brain-labor is a luxury, and poets are a luxury, and gentlemen are a luxury, and art, science, philosophy, luxuries. Whereas bread and boots and pins and French nails are a necessity, and without butchers and bakers the world could not go on a day. There can be bread without philosophy, but we cannot be philosophers if there are no bakers to feed us. Let us, therefore, not interfere recklessly with nature's supply of bakers and tillers of the soil, and Heaven will send us enough philosophers. If people are too highly educated to plough, the world must starve. This, it must be remembered, will prove no bar to the rise of great talent or genius. Genius has forced its way to recognition before now despite of lowly birth and small opportunities. One might instance countless names. We do not wish to keep any one down. All we protest against is the pulling of every one up—by the roots, as it seems to us. The same problem is agitating France which is troubling us, and M. Taine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has put it forward from the French standpoint with all the force of his pen. When we have no laborers and no artisans and no bakers and no domestic servants, we may perhaps begin to realize our error; but not, we suppose, till then.—*Saturday Review*.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

BY JOHN TODHUNTER.

In her still House of Fame her Laureate dead
 England entombs to-day, lays him to rest,
 The leaves of honor green around his head,
 Love's flowers fresh on his breast.

Mourn him in solemn service of high song,
 Music serene as breathed in his last breath,
 When, to the soundless ocean borne along,
 He met majestic death.

Mourn him with grief's most fair solemnities,
 Ritual that with an inward rapture suits,
 While in stern pomp the mind's grave companies
 March as to Dorian flutes.

If tears we shed, 'tis but as eyes grow dim,
 When some rich strain superbly rolls away ;
 For like the close of an Olympian hymn,
 Ended his golden day.

Bear him in pride like a dead conqueror,
 Brought home to his last triumph in sad state,
 Over him his Country's Flag ; who in life's war
 Was victor over fate.

We saw him stand, a lordly forest tree,
 His branches filled with music, all the air,
 Glad for his presence ; fallen at last is he,
 And all the land is bare.

So, with old Handel thundering in our ears
 His mighty dirge, marching from breast to breast
 In sorrow's purple pageant, with proud tears,
 We leave him to his rest.

—Academy.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER AMONG THE APULIAN BRIGANDS.

FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF THE LATE GENERAL SIR R. CHURCH.

BY E. M. CHURCH.

SOME sixty or seventy years ago King Ferdinand of Naples commissioned an English officer to put down and destroy the secret societies with which the province of Apulia was infested. This English officer, General Church, was invested with full powers to try, condemn, and execute all such offenders. He has left behind him some curious accounts of his experience in fulfilling this mission, and from his unpublished papers is drawn the following account of the life and capture of the most remarkable among the brigand chiefs of the time.

Ciro Annichiarico was a priest, and sometimes exercised the functions of a priest in the midst of his blood-stained career. We hear of his celebrating Mass before starting on some wild expedition, and he complained of the Mission priests

"that they did not preach the pure Gospel, but disseminated *illiberal* opinions among the peasants." At the same time he was cruel, sparing neither age nor sex ; his life was openly immoral, and he boasted of his infidel opinions. When he lay under sentence of death, one of these same good Mission priests came to exhort him to repentance. "Let alone this prating," answered Don Ciro, with a sneer ; "we are of the same profession, don't let us make game of one another !"

As to his personal appearance, General Church says : "He was a good horseman, and a capital shot ; strong and vigorous as a tiger, and equally ferocious ; his countenance was bad ; he had large features, a very ordinary face, and never without a sinister expression, quite unlike the manly countenance of Don Gaetano

Vardarelli" (another brigand chief). "His eyes were small and of a reddish hue; his hair dark, thick, and bushy; he had shaggy eyebrows, and a short, rather turned-up nose." The General adds: "Ciro had friends and protectors in all the towns and villages of the province of Lecce, and had the effrontery at times to show himself in broad daylight apparently unaccompanied. He was a perfect Proteus in his disguises—as a woman, as a beggar, as a priest, as a friar, as an officer, as a *gendarme*. His usual dress was of velveteen, highly laced, with many rows of buttons, and belts in every direction, and he was always armed with pistols and stiletto, carbine or rifle. He always carried poison with him, in a small case, within a red pocket-book. He also always wore several silver chains, to one of which was attached the silver death's-head, the badge of the secret society, the Decisi, which he had founded, and of which he was the recognized head—that terrible society, whose first condition of admission into its ranks was that the candidate must have committed two murders with his own hand, and whose decrees and patents were written in blood. On his breast he wore rows of relics, crosses, images of saints, and amulets against the Evil Eye. His head-dress was a high-peaked drab-colored hat, adorned with gold band, buckle, and tall black feather, and his fingers were covered with rings of great value."

Ciro Annichiarico was born of well-to-do parents, in Grottaglia, one of the little white towns which stud the green plain of Francavilla. He was early destined to the priesthood by his relations, who were quiet, respectable people, of the farming class mostly, though one of his uncles was a *canonico*, and "a man of learning, who never took any part in the crimes of his nephew." The first time we hear of *Ciro* he has stabbed a young girl of Grottaglia, betrothed to a fellow-townsmen, Giuseppe Molotesi. *Ciro*, though already a priest, waylaid the poor girl, and on her scornful rejection of his addresses, murdered her, and afterward murdered young Molotesi, his sister, and three brothers. This was in 1803.

The only member of the Molotesi family left alive was a little boy, who was hidden away by a faithful servant in his own desolate house, and who grew up

there, barred and bolted in, never once, for fifteen years, venturing to stir outside the door.

The child grew to be a man. One day friends came to him, not as they were wont, with gentle tappings and passwords, before the fast-bolted door would open to admit them, but in broad daylight, exulting, saying that he was free, that the murderer of his family was dead, that he could come forth and breathe the fresh air of heaven. But the pale captive shrank back, fearing it was some snare laid for him, and refused to cross the threshold of his door. At last he was persuaded to creep out, trembling, dazzled by the sunlight, to go to the town-gate, and to look upon the ghastly head exposed there in an iron cage. There he stood, poor creature, half dazed at first, then breaking into wild tears and laughter, throwing himself on his knees to thank the Madonna and all the saints for his deliverance, then running off to the General's quarters to thank him too.

For the murder of the Molotesi, *Ciro* was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment in chains; but in four years' time he had escaped, and betaken himself to the mountains, where he gathered round him a band of ruffians and outlaws, and became the terror of the neighborhood. In a "Justification" which he sent to the Royal Commission appointed in 1817 to act against the brigands, the wolf thus complains of the hard measure dealt to him by the shepherds of the flock:

"The priest *Ciro Annichiarico*, of the town of Grottaglia, learns with surprise that the Commission . . . demands the reason why *Ciro Annichiarico* resides out of his native country." He proceeds to protest his innocence of the crimes laid against him, "feeling within me no tumult which reproaches me with having ever acted against reason, or offended against the sacred laws of virtue and honor;" and adds that in consequence of cruel persecutions, he had for years dwelt among the wild beasts, living by the compassion of peasants and shepherds, or on the wild fruits! But his conscience is at peace, though "the blame of every disturbance falls on him, and whenever robberies or murders are committed, it is put down to the *abate* *Ciro Annichiarico*!" He adds:—

"When the glorious Bourbon dynasty returned and benignly determined to recall from

exile those who had been banished from society. I presented myself to the authorities, and obtained leave to dwell at Bari under police supervision, and the most pleasing hopes arose within me of living at rest, in social order. I reflected on the obligations imposed upon me by my sacred profession, and determined to join the College of Mission Priests at Bari. I was on the point of doing this, when the thunderbolt burst upon me; I was secretly informed that my arrest was ordered, and I vanished, and betaking myself to my old haunts, recommenced a wretched and savage life.

"Circumstances invited me to crime and vengeance: the feelings of nature and religion recalled me to duty. I learned with horror from the shepherds that brigands infested the mountains, and the account of their outrages made my heart bleed. I determined to help my fellow-creatures, and hoped one day to undeceive the Government about the calumnies heaped upon me. I came forth from my cavern, and took the road to Martina. . . . I can say with truth that the roads are now safe, that the traveller journeys without fear; the farmhouses stand open, the shepherd sings as he leads his flock to the pasture."

Let us turn to the real story of *Ciro's* life and ways.

He had escaped, as has been said, after four years' imprisonment, and had gone to the mountains. After awhile, General Ottavio, a Corsican, was sent to put down brigandage, which had become troublesome, in Apulia; and he set about it by offering an amnesty and pension to *Ciro* if he would reside at Bari, forsaking his evil ways, and becoming a peaceful citizen. "It was a disgrace to the Government," says General Church, in his account of the affair; but General Ottavio was mightily pleased with his short and easy method of turning the wolf into the lamb, and at Francavilla a meeting took place, articles were signed, and *Ciro* became, indeed, the pet-lamb of the fold. But it did not last long. He tired of captivity, in spite of riding and dining with the General, who greatly delighted in his company; and the story of his escape recalls one of those old tales which were our childhood's delight.

One fine day General Ottavio and *Ciro Annichiarico* were strolling together, outside the walls of Bari, accompanied by some officers of the General's suite. Presently the General's horses were brought out for their usual exercise, and *Ciro*, who had been amusing the company with stories of wild adventures and hairbreadth escapes, interrupted himself to commend the horses, of which the General was vast-

ly proud; among others there was a gray which, saddled and bridled, was brought up by a groom for his master's morning ride. "Yes, 'tis a good horse—you shall try him, and give me your opinion of him," said the General; but *Ciro* modestly excused himself; he was growing stiff, he was out of practice. Yet, if his Excellency insisted—and after much pressing, the *abate* obeyed, and mounted, rode a few paces, and would have dismounted, but at the General's repeated request took another turn, walked, trotted, galloped, and returned full of praises of the gallant gray. He had never ridden a better horse!

General Ottavio was pleased, but not satisfied. He must have *Don Ciro's* opinion upon a horse from *Conversano*; he must know if it would be safe to bet on the speed of the *Conversano*. The races would soon be coming off, and he knew no man whose judgment would be so good as the *abate's*. So *Ciro* obligingly consented to mount again, riding a little way, and returning to the gate where the General and his officers stood watching him. He was met with an indignant protest. "But this is nothing, nothing at all! You have grown lazy, *Don Ciro*; you must have a gallop out of him, or how can you give an opinion?" *Don Ciro* seemed strangely apathetic. Good living and comfortable quarters had taken the fire out of him apparently: still, to please his host, he consented and galloped off, taking a wider circuit, flashing along the white road which crossed the wide plain, lost to sight for the moment among the olive-woods, then returning at full speed, and declaring that it was an excellent horse, and fleet—though not perhaps quite so fleet as some among the General's stud. Yet a good horse, an excellent horse."

"Ah, you are thinking of my Andalusian. I am told he is five times as fleet as *Conversano*. What do you say?"

Don Ciro looked at the tall dark chestnut and shook his head. "No, no, your Excellency. *Conversano* would match that horse any day. But I will try him." So the *Conversano* was led back to his stable in the town, and the saddle and bridle were put upon the Andalusian. The General handed a whip to *Ciro*, saying, "*Andate, andate! presto, presto!*" and off he went, tearing along the road till he

reached the turn to Brindisi. Some of the officers looked at one another significantly, but only for a few moments. *Ciro* reappeared, at full speed, and was soon among them again, loudly declaring that he preferred *Conversano* as a riding-horse a thousand times.

"Bah! bah!" answered General *Ottavio*, "any one can see that the Andalusian is the swifter of the two; you are prejudiced, *signore abate*, because the race of *Conversano* is the glory of *Apulia*. The chestnut is a little fat and lazy, that's all. You should have made more use of the whip!"

"Whip, your Excellency? There was no need of a whip! I rather needed a second pair of arms," said *Don Ciro*, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "The brute! *Madonna mia*, but he has nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets!" and he dismounted with apparent difficulty, rubbing the said arms, and muttering that the horse must be surely possessed by the devil, and that he should not be able to mount again for a month at least at which his Excellency and the officer, laughed uproariously.

So the Andalusian was led away, but General *Ottavio* was not satisfied. He was determined to have *Don Ciro's* opinion upon a thoroughbred English mare, of a bright bay color, which he had just bought. "Come, *Don Ciro*," he said, coaxingly, "what do you say to it? One turn more, just one little turn!"

"Impossible, your Excellency—really impossible: I am dead!"

"Come, *signore abate*, I must have you try the mare. Can it be the redoubtable *Don Ciro Annichiarico*, the first of horse-men, who refuses me?"

"Pardon me, your Excellency. I am not the man I was. In truth, you must excuse me."

"One more trial, my friend. Only one more! She has cost me 200 English guineas, hard cash, and I have set my heart on having your opinion."

Very reluctantly *Don Ciro* allowed himself to be persuaded, rubbing his aching arms, and after a short turn, begging to be allowed to dismount; but yielding to renewed entreaties, he took off his hat, bowed low, and saying, "At your Excellency's commands," was soon flying along the road, followed by the cheers of the spectators. Soon he had turned the cor-

ner of the road that led to Brindisi. Is it necessary to add that General *Ottavio* never saw his English mare again?

He did see *Don Ciro* once again, however, and it was on this wise: He was still in charge of the district, and was making some attempt to pursue some brigands. One day he was placidly walking in his garden alone when a man, armed at all points, sprang over the wall and confronted him. It was *Ciro Annichiarico*. "You and I have met before," he said; "you remember me, General? Pray don't be frightened. Your life is in my hands, but I will let you off this once for old acquaintance' sake. Only remember that I shall not be so lenient another time, and leave off hunting after me in this furious fashion! *Addio!* A thousand greetings, *Addio!*" and so saying he leaped back over the wall and disappeared, and we may be sure that General *Ottavio* took the hint!

When he was on his trial, *Don Ciro* was asked how many murders he had committed. "*Chi lo sa?*" he answered, coolly. "Sixty or seventy, perhaps!" One of these murders made a special impression on General *Church*. He not only relates the circumstances at length, but refers to it again and again. No wonder it *did* make an impression not to be effaced on the mind of the chivalrous, kindly Englishman!

The old feudal castle of *Martano*, he says, stands above the picturesque little town of the same name, and overlooks a magnificent view. There, across the blue waves, you see the opposite coast, and the Albanian mountains beyond, while nearer at hand stretch green plain, olive-woods, vineyards, as far as *Otranto*, fourteen miles away. This old castle belonged to the Princess of *Martano*, a beautiful orphan girl some twenty years of age, sole mistress of great wealth and fair estates, dwelling among her own people, in the home of her ancestors, adored by those around her, fair and innocent, happy and fearless—why should she be otherwise?

Many suitors had she, but to none of them had she a word to say, laughingly declaring that the care of her own people, the company of her little cousin (an orphan boy of seven or eight years old), the kind guidance of her old chaplain and of her duenna—both distantly related to her and both devoted to her—filled up all her time

and thoughts, and she wished for nothing more.

The houses of the town of Martano were scattered irregularly up and down, with very little in the way of a street, being mostly detached and surrounded by gardens. A steep road led up to the castle, which stood at some distance from the town, and apart from all other buildings.

One dark December night—it was in the year 1814—the inhabitants of the castle of Martano bade each other the usual *felice notte*, the old steward locked and barred the great gates according to custom (for though the moat was filled up and the ramparts had crumbled away, the walled court-yard and great portals remained), and all went peacefully to bed. The young Princess had dismissed her maid and was preparing to go to rest, when there was a knock at the door of her apartment, and her duenna entered.

“You are not asleep, dear child? Well, so much the better; for you must dress yourself and come down to receive his Excellency the Commandant of the province. The poor gentleman has been belated on his way to Otranto, and begs your hospitality. Will you come?”

“Surely yes, *cara mia*,” the young girl answered. “Send Lucia to me, and I will follow you immediately.”

“For,” says General Church, “such is the hospitality of the nobles and gentry, and indeed of all the inhabitants of Apulia, that, arrive at their houses at what hour you will, you are sure of a welcome, and most likely the master of the house will himself come down to receive you.” So, as a natural thing, the Princess prepared to come down and receive her guest.

Alas! it was no belated traveller who knocked at the castle-gate that night; but Don Ciro, with a band of forty or fifty ruffians, giving the name of the Commandant of the province, and excusing his late arrival by the darkness of the night, the inclemency of the weather, the disturbed state of the country, the distance to Otranto. He was readily admitted; the old steward, as he drew back the ponderous bolts, calling the sleepy servants to make haste and fetch light, and summon the Princess. His orders were cheerfully obeyed; the serving-men hastened down the wide stone staircase, some bringing torches, some flinging logs on the smoul-

dering hearth, some hurrying to fetch food and wine, all anxious to show respect to the Commandant. No sooner had the gates been opened than a clatter of horse-hoofs was heard, and a band of armed men rode into the court-yard. Some remained on horseback to guard the castle-door, some dismounted and followed their leader as he pushed his way into the hall.

There was no possibility of resistance, no time to raise an alarm even; the old steward was stabbed as he stepped forward, hospitably anxious to greet the unexpected guests; the torches were seized from the hands of the servants with one hand, while the other dealt the death-blow; their bodies were flung into the court-yard, while the murderers rushed through the house, killing and plundering. The white-haired chaplain, the old lady, the servants—male and female,—none were spared. As for the fair young Princess—

She was in her own room, chatting gayly with her maids, as she prepared to go down-stairs and receive the Commandant. The noise of footsteps on the stairs, a certain bustle and movement, attracted the attention of one of her attendants, and she went out into the passage to see what it was about. At the head of the stairs she was met by an armed man. Terrified, she gasped out, “What are your commands, signore?”

“Is that the Princess’s door?”

“Yes—what do you want?”

“Nothing.”

There was a shriek, and the poor woman fell to the ground pierced by a dagger, while Don Ciro rushed past her and burst into the room where the Princess stood, white and trembling, yet commanding herself bravely as became one of her birth and breeding, giving no way to tears or entreaties, and answering Ciro’s curt salutation with gentle, youthful dignity. The colloquy was a short one.

“Princess, we know that you have a large sum of money in the house. Where is it?”

“In yonder iron chest.”

“Where are the keys?”

“On the table by the chimney-piece.”

“Where are your jewels?”

“In the small box on that table.”

“Have you any others?”

“Not in the house.”

"Very well. Allow me to examine them."

He unlocked and opened the chest, which contained 36,000 gold ducats, his eyes taking a red glow as he ran the coins through his greedy fingers; then he opened the jewel-box, and took out pearls and diamonds and rubies, sparkling rings and golden bracelets, which had adorned many a fair and noble dame of ages past; and then—it is horrible to relate, but it is true—crying fiercely, "Philosophers tell us that dead dogs can't bite," he stabbed both the Princess and her maid with his poniard.

Meanwhile the rest of his band had finished their share in the bloody work, and fetching food and wine, and stirring the smouldering logs to a blaze, they feasted gayly in the hall stained with the blood of their victims, and quaffed huge draughts of wine to the health of "*la bella Principessa*."

After a time Don Ciro gave the word to depart, and after some disputing over the division of the spoil, they all rode away, setting fire to the furniture in the great hall, and carefully shutting the court-yard gates behind them, that casual passers-by might not suspect that anything was wrong within.

But there had been a witness of the foul deed, though they little guessed it.

The boy who has been mentioned, the hapless Princess's little cousin and play-fellow, had been awakened by the dying shriek of the attendant. His room opened within that of the Princess, and he ran into her chamber for explanation and protection, just as Ciro himself burst open the door. The little fellow, in an agony of terror, crept under a table which was covered with a heavy cloth, deeply fringed with silk and gold, and there he lay, unperceived, a horror-struck witness of the scene.

How long he lay there he could not tell, but at last he was roused from his stupor of terror by the choking smoke which began to pervade the apartment. With shaking limbs and chattering teeth, not daring to turn his eyes to the white heap which lay, so strangely still, upon the floor, the poor little fellow crept out of his hiding-place, and wandered from one silent room to another, too frightened to go down-stairs, until he reached a window which was sufficiently near the ground to

enable him to drop down into the garden; then, stumbling through the darkness, he climbed a low wall, and found his way down steep and stony pathways to the house of the *Sindaco* of Martano, just as the gray winter's lawn was beginning to rouse the inhabitants from their slumbers. Breathless and trembling, the child could only explain that something terrible had happened up there, at the castle; and the alarm being given, the townsfolk, headed by the *Sindaco*, rushed to the castle-gates, which stood shut, and apparently just as usual.

But they yielded to a push, and flew apart, and then—ah, what a ghastly sight met the eyes of those who entered and passed into the great hall! There seemed nothing to be done save to bury the dead bodies and extinguish the fire. Every one knew whose that dark night's work had been. Every one had loved the fair young Princess, and would have gladly seen her murderer brought to justice. The little boy was able to give a description of Don Ciro, and a full account of all that had taken place: among the heaps of corpses on the floor one man-servant and the woman who had first spoken to the *abate* still breathed, and being taken to the town and carefully tended, lived long enough to sign a deposition before the magistrates. But there the matter ended. Ciro Anni-chiarico had so surrounded himself with the reputation of a magician that the people dared not even curse him aloud, lest his familiar spirits should carry him a report of what was said!

We are told that "Ciro's activity was as astonishing as his artifice and intrepidity; and as he was always extremely well mounted, and found concealment and support everywhere, through fear or inclination, he succeeded in escaping from the soldiers repeatedly, even when confidential spies had discovered his place of concealment only a few hours before. This singular good fortune acquired for him the character of a magician, and he neglected nothing that could confirm this idea."

Ciro's ambition was to be the acknowledged head of all the secret societies in Apulia. In the month of December, 1817, there were said to be 70,000 secretaries in the province of Lecce alone, and Ciro was attempting to gather all to a meeting, and to get them to make common cause against the king's troops; for

he thought in this way they might get good terms with the Neapolitan Government. He was all the more eager to persuade other chiefs of banditti to join his party, because he knew there was very little hope of pardon for himself unless he could appear as the head of the great body of secret societies.

He had two meetings with Don Gaetano, the chief of the *Vardarelli*; but they did not come to terms, and finally he determined to go his own way, and take the field with his own band against the English General, who was now in command of Apulia.

Meanwhile General Church had been marching up and down the provinces, fixing his headquarters sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; sometimes welcomed, more often met with sullen apathy; keeping his men under strict discipline, and proclaiming peace and safety to all who would help him in establishing order and putting down murder, robbery, and lawlessness. Reports came in daily. *Ciro* had been seen here, heard of there. One officer of *gendarmaria* had talked to him for half an hour; another had heard at Ostuni that *Ciro* had slept in the adjoining house a day before. Let us take a look at General Church as he sits in his room at Lecce studying the map of the province with his chief of the staff, Colonel Schmerber. They have stuck red pins into the loyal places, and black into those which are disaffected. The General has determined that the three towns of Grottaglia, Francavilla, and San Marzano shall be the centre toward which all his lines shall converge, so that his columns should all draw closer and closer till *Ciro* was fast caught, as in the middle of a net. This having been explained, the General throws himself back in his chair, rubbing his hands, and says, "Schmerber, my friend, *Ciro* is moving against us."

"Impossible, General. You are joking," was the reply.

"Not a bit of it; read for yourself," handing him a letter. "You see the black flag is hoisted. In fact, Don *Ciro* has been so considerate as to warn me that if I don't withdraw my men he must go to war with me in earnest, in which case one of us must die, and that one will not be *Ciro Annichiarico*!"

"Very good, General. We are quite ready for him."

"And, if you will believe it, Schmerber, the scoundrel offers me his friendship and protection if I will go away and let him alone! He has published a manifesto, declaring that he is fighting for Liberty, especially reminding the *gendarmes* that they are mostly *Carbonari*, and therefore brethren."

"No fear of the *gendarmes*, General. They are devoted to you."

The General took up his map again. "Bentz and his battalion must march at once to Brindisi—that place is only kept in order by the garrison in the castle. Corsi to Gioja; Francia to Taranto; Bianchi to Ostuni. Fusco says Francavilla is all for *Ciro*, and our men are insulted in the streets. Well, I shall be there before long. Shall I tell you a piece of news, Schmerber? Vito del Serio is going to be married!"

"What the devil does that matter to us?"

"For once in your life, my friend, you are wrong. It matters so much, that if I cannot have the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony, I shall certainly send representatives. Oh, it will be a grand affair, I assure you. Read this."

The paper which General Church held out contained the news that Don *Ciro* was intending to make the marriage of one of his chief officers the pretext of a great gathering of the brigands throughout the country, and the signal of a general rising.

"This will be our opportunity, Schmerber, our crisis," cried the General. "Now, do you see? If we succeed here, the campaign is finished. *Ciro* has not done much against us as yet."

"He has tried one or two things," said Schmerber. "There was that dash on Brindisi, in hopes of freeing the galley-slaves, but the cavalry met him a mile outside the walls, and our gentleman had no mind to come to close quarters; so off he goes to Gallipoli, and as he met with the same reception there, he thought it best to retire and lie quiet for a while."

"We are not a day too soon or a day too late," exclaimed the General, pacing the room eagerly. "Send off the officers to their different posts. We could not have better news, Schmerber!"

That evening the General gave a farewell dinner to his friends at Lecce, preparatory to leaving the pleasant little town and taking the field against Don *Ciro*.

There were loyal and complimentary toasts drunk, and then the General called upon his guests to drink to the downfall of *Ciro Annichiarico*, the curse of Apulia.

No one ventured to refuse; some heartily applauded; some agreed that it was well said, but, with shakings of the head and doubtful looks, asked how the thing was to be done? *Ciro's* name had been so long a terror to the land, the people dared not say a word: eighteen years' practice had made him perfect in the trade of an assassin. No one else was safe while he lived. But when General Church replied, "Well, gentlemen, have it your own way. Either act with me, heart and soul, or withdraw to your own houses, and keep out of it altogether. For my own part, I swear never to rest till I have destroyed the scoundrel *Ciro Annichiarico* and all his bloodhounds!" "I will ride with you!" cried one. "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" they said, catching the fire from each other; while a worthy lawyer—a great friend of the General's—declared with a laugh, that though he was too fat to ride, and had a distinct dislike to the neighborhood of musket-balls, he would put his unwieldy body into a carriage and go from place to place to exhort others to join in the good cause.

And now, let us turn to San Marzano and Vito del Serio.

A mountain village, straggling up and down among crags and walls, the houses jumbled among patches of olives, wherever there was a little bit of flat ground. At the top of all a castle, and below the village a belt of woods. Altogether a capital place for defence, and therefore a favorite haunt for banditti at all times; and the people, who were an Albanian colony of old time, were wild and rugged, and bore a bad character as favoring Don *Ciro* and his band.

The wedding-day had arrived, and the little town swarmed with guests armed to the teeth. The bride, a strapping *brigandessa*, did not depend on her splendid costume, bright eyes, and straight black brows entirely for her conquests apparently. She was also armed with carbine and stiletto, and her hands and arms looked as if she were as capable of using them as was the bridegroom himself. She was lodged in the castle, which belonged to a certain Marchese Bonelli, whose agent, in fear of his own life, surrendered the keys,

and placed the good wine at the disposal of his uninvited guests. The farms and houses around had been requisitioned, and right royally the brigands feasted in the castle-hall, joined by most of the inhabitants, some from fear, some inspired by the eloquent harangues delivered, glass in hand, by Vito del Serio and his charming bride. As the day grew on, their courage grew too. The wine flowed freely, the people gathered round and swore fidelity to *Ciro* and the *Decisi* with brimming glasses and ringing cheers. Then they swore to put down everything sacred on earth, and sealed the oath by rushing to the ramparts and discharging their muskets. And this was so delightful and inspiring that they shouted out decrees, ratifying each with a bumper and a volley. Death to the king!—to all kings and rulers!—to all Governments!—to the Pope!—to *il Generale Giorgio!* (Church); and this was taken up and repeated with shouts of "*Brindisi! Brindisi! a Brindisi!*" to the death of *il Generale Inglese!* and a fresh rush to the battlements, with shouts and firing of muskets, until, to relieve their excitement the company called for a *tarantella*, the music struck up, and the dancing and drinking grew wilder and wilder, and the dancers were ready to defy the world!

Suddenly a bugle-call was heard in the direction of Francavilla. The dancing came to a sudden stop. Checks turned pale, eyes sought one another doubtfully. Vito del Serio ran to the top of the castle ramparts, and looked across the great green plain, dotted with white villages, and bounded by the Gulf of Taranto. He shaded his eyes from the low rays of the afternoon sun. "*Gli Albanesi!*" he cried (General Church's Greek soldiers were called *Albanesi* by the people), "they are coming!—but they are few." And then, after a pause—"No, no; fear nothing—they are taking another road;" and he descended from his post of observation. The dancing began again, but not with the same spirit as before, though the talk was brave enough. "*Gli Albanesi* are out of sight," said the revellers. "They are afraid of us; they have run away. Ah, we shall hear no more of them!" But in a few minutes the sound of a drum beating a march was heard, and there was a rush to the walls.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing; only some soldiers going to Taranto. *Buon viaggio, signori!* there they go!"

"Where, where?"

"Over there. See—a small column; few, very few. They are marching toward the sea. Who's afraid?"

No one, of course. Yet they ceased the attempt to resume dancing, and hung together in groups; and Don Ciro marshalled his men to their appointed posts, some to the flat roofs of the houses, some to the walls, some to the top of the castle. The inhabitants, too, were provided with arms and ammunition, and took their places as they were directed. There was a shot in the wood which lies about the feet of the little town; another, another; then half a-dozen in quick succession. "To arms, friends and brothers!" cried Ciro Annichiarico and his officers. "They are coming! Courage, brothers, courage!" They were coming indeed; for at that moment the winter sunlight shone among the trees on the black-plumed helmets of the cavalry, slowly descending the opposite hill, and the shots in the wood told of a skirmish between the brigand outposts and the *gendarmeria*.

There was some sharp fighting, and the broken ground made it impossible for the cavalry to get to close quarters; but a body of infantry under Major Francia was just behind, and rushing on, with fixed bayonets, they carried the place in spite of a galling fire. Many of the brigands fled, and were cut down by the Greeks and *gendarmes* who were posted in the wood outside San Marzano. Some hid in cellars, and were dragged forth and delivered up by their *quondam* friends. The bride and bridegroom were among these.

The soldiers were for taking summary vengeance on the villagers by burning the place to the ground, but this the officers would not allow; so the captive brigands were bound and marched off to Francavilla, where the General had now taken up his headquarters, and the inhabitants of the place showered curses upon them, and loudly protested their devoted friendship for the Government. As to firing on the troops, or in any way assisting Don Ciro, heaven forbid that they should do such a thing! But the old soldiers smiled grimly, and pointed to hands grimed with gunpowder, and mouths black from biting cartridges—evident tokens that the people

had joined in the fight; and some forty stout fellows were marched up to the castle, there to remain prisoners till General Church's pleasure should be known. In San Marzano the troops captured 130 horses belonging to Ciro's followers, over 2000 firelocks, and several hundreds of pistols and stiletos.

And what had become of Don Ciro?

He had escaped on his famous English mare, and no trace of him was to be found. But a few nights later a certain Don Giacomo di Montenegro was sitting over the fire, in his own home, in the outskirts of Brindisi, a cigar in his mouth, and a white nightcap on his head, peacefully ruminating, when he heard behind him the sound of stealthy footsteps, and turning his head, beheld a man, wrapped in a long cloak, approaching him on tip-toe. To his horror he recognized the chief of the Decisi. "Don Ciro!" The cigar fell from the poor old gentleman's fingers.

"Yes, it is I, Ciro Annichiarico," was the reply—"I, and no other, and I have not time for compliments. You must help me to escape from my persecutors one way or another, or you will repent it. Hide me in your house, or find a vessel to put me across seas, I care not where—Tunis, Tripoli, Constantinople,—anywhere beyond the power of this infernal Englishman! Here are 200 ducats wherewith to charter a vessel, and I think you will hardly refuse Ciro Annichiarico."

A week earlier it would have been doubtless difficult to refuse such a request, but the taking of San Marzano, and the capture made at Grottaglia immediately after of ten of Ciro's chief officers, had put things in quite a new light. Ciro must have been astonished when the old gentleman rose, and, taking off the nightcap, faced the unbidden guest with a certain dignity and determination. "Don Ciro," he said, "I cannot protect you. I refuse your money, and despise your threats."

Ciro glared on him like a wild beast, trembling with rage at this unexpected check. "You refuse me? You despise my threats? Then look to yourself, for by—"

"Gently, signore, gently. I have no vessel to place at your disposal, in the first place; and I could not hide you if I would, because my house is full of soldiers, and I am expecting the English Gen-

eral and his staff every moment. Just take the trouble to peep into the next room, and you will see the table prepared for supper. Hark, here they come!" Sure enough, the clatter of horse hoofs was heard in the court-yard. "Fly!" cried Don Giacomo; "fly, or you are lost!"

"Where can I fly?" answered Don Ciro, bitterly. "Those confounded soldiers are everywhere."

"There, go in there." Don Giacomo pointed to a small door. "Bolt yourself in, and don't answer till you hear me say '*Il vento è buono*'"—and he dashed off to receive his guests. They proved to be some of the staff, and glad were they to find a roaring fire, and supper ready to be served up.

"But the General? where was he? Should the supper wait his arrival?"

"Oh no, by no means. He would arrive in an hour's time, and it would be a pity Don Giacomo's good things should be spoiled; and as to our General, he is related to those creatures who live on air!"

So the officers were shown to their rooms, and then sat down gayly to supper, and then Don Giacomo was able to return to his prisoner, who opened the door at the given signal, asking eagerly, "Is all well?"

"No, very ill," was the reply, "and the sooner you leave this house the better. Understand that I cannot protect you, and would not if I could."

"You say that to me! Take care!" And Ciro laid his hand on his dagger.

"Listen to me, *signore abate*. This Englishman has trusted me, and I will not betray his confidence. He was my friend once, years ago. No, it is no use putting your hand to your dagger. Of course you can kill me, but you can't get out of this house without my help. Look out of the window if you doubt it."

Don Ciro took three strides across the room, and looked down into the great court-yard. Armed and mounted sentinels guarded the gates, tall grenadiers paced the court or stood about in groups, officers and orderlies passed to and fro. All were armed, all alert—all on the watch for him! Ciro's hand was lifted, and then fell to his side with a gesture of despair. "Traitor!" he muttered through his set teeth.

"Not so, Don Ciro; I should be a traitor if I broke faith with the General."

"You mean to deliver me up to him?"

"Not that either, *signore*. You shall get out of this house and out of Brindisi safe and sound for me. After that I wash my hands of you, and you must trust to your own devices, which have got you out of many a worse scrape ere this."

"You shall pay for this!" muttered the baffled villain under his breath.

But Don Giacomo heard him, and with a shrug of the shoulders and outward spreading of the palms, "Don't threaten, please," said he. "The house is full of soldiers, you know, and a word from me—but I am a peaceable man, and you are wise. Only, I don't choose to be insulted in my own house."

"Well, well, one must submit to fate," growled Don Ciro; "but in truth I am tired of this life."

"Truly you would do well to take to an honest one," answered Don Giacomo, sententiously. "Perhaps you might get a pardon as others have done."

"I get a pardon? No chance of that. This confounded General has sworn my destruction."

"How do you know that, Don Ciro?"

"He said it at Lecce, at his own dinner-table. It was reported to me by one who was there, word for word. Not that I care a fig about dying; but when I think of that man my blood freezes! Fifty plots have I laid against him, and all have failed. Oh, I have seen him! A little man, two inches shorter than I, and too young for a general. But he rides well, and he has an eye! I went to the theatre at Lecce on purpose to see him. I have tried to gain over his soldiers, but to no purpose. Even the *gendarmes*, half of whom are *Carbonari*, are my bitter foes now that this Englishman has come into Apulia. Did not they lead the attack at San Marzano? *Carbonari*, *Calderari*—the names go for nothing—they all forget their differences to run after his pleasure! Did he not have the whole *Decisione* seized at Grottaglia, in their own council-chamber? Ay, and he got his information from Grottaglia itself, my own town. And now you, you yourself, Don Giacomo, are against me, and for him, the Englishman!"

"Come, Don Ciro; no use wasting time in words. Look here;" and he flung a bundle on the ground. "These clothes belong to my sister. Dress yourself in

them, and put your own into this bag. I will be back directly."

He went to receive General Church, who was at that moment riding into the court-yard, and having seen him safe in the room prepared for him, returned accompanied by a little boy.

"Carlo, attend!" said Don Giacomo, putting his hand on the child's shoulder. "Look at me, and not at the signora, Carlo."

"*Si, signore*," said the boy, stealing a wistful and wondering glance at the figure in female habiliments, the face muffled with veil and kerchief.

"Take the signora's bundle, *Carlo mio*—that is right—and conduct her to the shore, and set her across the harbor to the back of the castle. Do you understand?"

"*Si, si, signore*."

"And when you have landed her, come back quick—and do just what the signora bids you."

"*Signore, si, si*," cried the urchin, shouldering his bundle, in a hurry to be off.

"And mind you don't speak to any one, Carlo. *Addio, signora. Felice notte e buon viaggio*;" and *Ciro* and his little guide departed.

They passed through a long gallery purposely but dimly lighted, and were scarcely noticed by the officers who stood talking in groups; they descended the staircase and crossed the great hall unchallenged, though some curious glances and laughing remarks followed the passage of the muffled female and her little guide. Just as they reached the door, they nearly ran into a tall young captain of hussars just entering, and he exclaimed, "Holloa, my dear! don't be frightened. I've a mind to see what kind of a face is hidden under that hood;" but luckily for Don *Ciro*, Colonel Bentz was within ear-shot, and took up his young friend pretty sharply.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. What business is it of yours if the girl is handsome or plain? Any woman belonging to this house is to be treated with respect."

"All right, Colonel," answered the young man good humoredly. "I was only joking."

"Some petitioner to the General—some *contrabbandista*," suggested another.

"Upon my word!" said another, "did

you see her eyes? I caught a look, and thought such eyes only belonged to *Ciro* or the devil!"

"You young fool," answered Colonel Bentz, with a laugh, in which the rest joined, "you see Don *Ciro* everywhere. You must be precious afraid of him. Fancy looking for him in Don Giacomo's house!"

And while the discussion was going on, *Ciro* had slipped past, crossed the court, answered the challenge of the sentinels, and in due time had been rowed across the harbor, and deposited at the foot of the castle. The little boy returned to Don Giacomo, and reported that the *signora donna* had shaken her fist and poured forth "*mille maledizioni*" as she sprang ashore, and added shrewdly, "For my part, signore, I don't believe that the *signora donna* is a *signora donna* at all."

Then Don Giacomo went upstairs to the General's room and told him the whole story, winding up with, "And now—I can only throw myself on your Excellency's friendship for Giacomo di Montenegro."

General Church had listened without a word of interruption. Now he looked up, and there was a comical twinkle in his eye. "Do you think I am angry with you, old friend, for letting the scoundrel go? Not a bit of it! How could you give him up, when you had passed your word? If you had been capable of such a thing you would be no friend of mine."

Happy Don Giacomo! Before General Church knew what was coming, his hand was seized and repeatedly kissed.

"Well, well," said the General, "pray let's say no more about it. It would be awkward for us both if the story got abroad."

"I am well aware of that so far as I am concerned. But, your Excellency, I have still a favor to ask—for the honor of my house."

"I guess your meaning, my friend. How long will it take to get twenty miles from Brindisi?"

"Four or five hours."

"Then don't let us say another word about Don *Ciro* till daybreak. That will give the fellow rope enough, I think!"

One cannot help fancying that it must have been with a certain shamefacedness that the quixotic General told the story next morning to his trusty chief of the staff, who dryly remarked in reply, that

by this time *Ciro* was probably off to the mountains. To which General Church retorted that *Ciro* was certainly gone to his own town of *Grottaglia*, which he would think all the safer because of the General's foray lately made there.

So now, some days were spent in riding about the country from place to place, wherever any trace of the chief of assassins was to be heard of. In the saddle at daybreak, with no refreshment but a cup of coffee and a biscuit, off to this village or that *masseria*, visiting outposts, questioning peasants, and back after thirty or forty miles' ride to *Francavilla* to dine, and then snatch a couple of hours' sleep on a sofa, booted and spurred, and wrapped in his long cloak. Once as he rode with his troops, accompanied by some gentlemen of the province, along a deep-cut lane leading to *Grottaglia*, *Ciro* himself was hidden among the bushes above him: so close was he that by stooping he could have touched the General's plume! and he was raising his carbine to fire, when the sudden appearance of some soldiers in the high field where the brigands were concealed forced them to mount and dash away for dear life. Meanwhile General Church rode through the lane below, chatting cheerfully, and unaware of the nearness of his foe. *Grottaglia* was reached, and the soldiers passed through silent and deserted streets. Not a woman looked forth from her window to see the troops ride by; if a man appeared, he averted his face and hurried by without look or greeting. But just as they rode through the gates of the rebellious little town, a venerable-looking white-bearded old monk met them. Throwing back his hood, he gazed earnestly on the martial array, then raising his hands, he solemnly invoked a blessing from heaven on the leader and his men.

"Thanks, many thanks, good father," said General Church, saluting the old monk respectfully. "Thanks all the more because yours is the only salutation I have met with since I entered the city of *Grottaglia*."

Soon after this General Church appeared before *San Marzano*. Out came the people to meet him, the *Sindaco*, the clergy in their robes, the women carrying olive-branches. There was an ovation of welcome to the deliverer, and protestations of joy at the defeat of the brigands, and

of hope for *Ciro*'s overthrow—to all which the General answered never a word, but sat like a statue, surrounded by his officers, apparently absorbed in his own contemplations. The *Sindaco* implored him to enter the city, where a feast was prepared for him. Still no reply. The women (and this was the trying part of the business, says the General pathetically, for many were handsome and graceful, and of respectable families!) knelt before him with waving of olive-branches and frantic cries of "*Misericordia! Pietà!*" Still he hardened his heart, requested the fair dames and damsels to rise, and, turning to the *Sindaco*, said that he would not enter *San Marzano* in peaceful wise till it had made up for its late bad behavior. As to the priests, who came forward in their turn, he would have nothing to say to them. It was their duty to teach the people obedience to the law, peace, and charity; whereas the conduct of *San Marzano* showed that the people had been very ill taught indeed. "I will never enter your town," he said, "till you have wiped away the disgrace of having fought against the king's troops. I give you five days wherein to find *Don Ciro*, or put me in the way of finding him. If you do not do this, *San Marzano* shall be burned to the ground. You may send away your women and children, but not a man of you will leave this place without a permit from me or one of my officers, on pain of being sent for trial to the military commission at *Francavilla*." And he rode away.

Three days later, General Church reached *Ostuni* after a forty miles' ride, and having made arrangements for the following day, dismissed Colonel *Schmerber* and the aides de-camp for a few hours of much-needed rest. But there was to be no sleep for them that night. The General had just wrapped his military cloak around him, when far away, through the silence of the winter night, only broken by the "*Qui vive?*" of the sentry at the gate, he heard the ringing of horses' feet. He threw open the window. Surely that was in the direction of *Francavilla*? Truly the rider rode fast, and came nearer and nearer; now he stopped at the gate of *Ostuni*, for that was the sentinel's challenge. Then came the clattering hoofs, full gallop, along the narrow little paved street: he drew rein at the court-yard of the General's quarters, and again there was the

"*Qui vive?*" the pass-word, the unbar-ring of the great gates, the entrance within the court, the parley at the castle-door. How long it seemed while the huge key was turning in the rusty lock, and the bars being pushed back, to let the messenger in! The General hurried from his room, and nearly fell into the arms of Colonel Schmerber, who rushed breathless up-stairs.

"A courier, General, a courier, from Francavilla! We've got him, General, we've got him; the devil has abandoned him at last!"

Close at his heels, covered with mud from head to foot, came the courier. "God fights for your Excellency, and Ciro is fast in the net. Francia, Bianchi, Guarini, Corsi, send their congratulations. They salute your Excellency. Here is the despatch."

"Fusco, you shall choose the best horse that you can find for this!" and as he spoke, the General broke the seals of the despatch, and read as follows:—

"EXCELLENZA,—Don Ciro is in the tower of Scaserba, closely surrounded. He can't escape. He has killed and wounded several of our men. The troops are enthusiastic, the militia behave well. The volunteers were the first to discover him. He defends himself desperately. Your arrival will finish the business, if it is not finished before. The troops of Francia, Corsi, Bianchi, surround Scaserba, while the guns threaten Grottaglia; but even that town is for us now. The road is too bad to bring the guns here. GUARINI."

"*Montez, montez, messieurs!*" cried the General, all fatigue forgotten. "For you, Fusco, eat, drink, sleep, and then join me at Scaserba."

"Heaven forbid, your Excellency! I need nothing but a fresh horse;" and in a few minutes they were riding full speed through the sleeping town, leaving for the master of the house the following note, written by the General on a scrap of paper: "The *abate* is in the net. Pray God for a happy ending to our enterprise."

On they dashed, through gray olive-woods and leafless vineyards, under the rocky heights of Cisternita, past the fortified *masserie* that are scattered round the Monte di Martina, drawing rein for the first time as day was breaking, at the top of a ridge, whence they saw stretching below them the wide plain, dotted with white towns and towers, and among them the tower of Scaserba. Not a word had

been spoken since they left Ostuni, and Schmerber broke the silence by saying, "This time, General, we have him fast."

"We shall see, *mon cher*," was the answer; "seeing is believing! Spur on! Forward, gentlemen!"

On, on, across the plain, till they neared the tower. Peaceful it lay, in the misty sunshine of the February morning; no sound or sight of war broke the stillness. They accosted some peasants, and heard that the siege was over, and Ciro a prisoner. As they reached Grottaglia the news was confirmed by seeing that the camp outside the city, with its two cannon set to overawe the place, had been taken away. So they were late for the finish, after all!

We must go back a little to give the account of the siege and Ciro's capture. "The *masserie* or farm-houses of Apulia," we are told, "are all built on the same plan, and capable of defence. They date from the period when the incursions of pirates were frequent, and the people shut themselves up with their cattle and valuables when an attack was apprehended. A square solid wall surrounds the dwelling-house, which is built on one side of the enclosure, and contains two or three rooms. The stables and outhouses form a right angle to the dwelling-house, also within this wall. A tower of two stories stands apart, and is ascended by stone steps, or by a ladder or drawbridge."

"Ciro, worn out with fatigue, took refuge with a few companions in the *Masseria di Scaserba*. He had previously provided it with provisions and ammunition. When he saw the militia of San Marzano searching for him he was not alarmed, thinking he could easily cut his way through them. He shot the first man dead who came within his range. The militia of San Marzano sent information of his presence to the nearest troops, and Ciro found himself surrounded. Seeing that a vigorous assault was intended, he locked up the people of the *masseria* in their straw-magazine, and mounted the tower with his companions." A very few well-armed men could hold the tower against hundreds, and the brigands defended themselves vigorously till nightfall. Ciro tried to escape in the darkness, but the neighing of a horse apprised him that reinforcements of cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be hopeless to elude; so he re-

turned, having killed one of the *voltigeurs* stationed under the wall from which he had meant to descend. He shut himself up again in his tower, and spent the rest of the night in making cartridges.

At daybreak the besiegers tried to break open or burn the gates of the *masseria*, but the besieged repulsed them with a rapid and well directed fire, killing and wounding several assailants. Then a 4-pounder was pointed against the roof of the tower, and the tiles and bricks came rattling down, forcing the brigands to descend to the lower story. Worn out with fatigue, tormented by burning thirst, *Ciro* called a parley. Upon this the troops ceased firing, and *Bianchi* came forward. *Ciro* showed himself at the door of the tower.

"Good-morning, gentlemen. I wish to speak with the General."

"Impossible, Don *Ciro*."

"But I am willing to treat with him! What kind of a man is this, who refuses to speak with me?—with *me*, *Ciro Annichiarico*!"

"Not even with you, Don *Ciro*."

"I have had the honor of speaking with many generals—and I have many things to say to *Generale Giorgio*."

"That may be, Don *Ciro*."

"But I wish to treat with him, I tell you. Good heavens! what a man is this, who refuses to see me!" He stood there, a wild figure, his eyes glaring fiercely from his powder grimed face, showing his teeth like a wild beast, and trembling with rage—then, "Water, water!" he gasped, "for the love of God, let me have a drop of water!"

Bianchi signed to a soldier, who ran forward with a pitcher. *Ciro* drank greedily, and would have handed it back.

"Give the rest to your comrades," said *Bianchi*; "and now, Don *Ciro*, defend yourself as long as you choose, but you can't escape. We don't care if we have the tower to-day or to-morrow, but have it we will."

"We are rich, *signore maggiore*: those who serve us are wise!"

It was an unlucky speech to make to one of *General Church's* officers, and *Bianchi's* wrath blazed out, "Rascal, assassin," he shouted, "get back to your tower! The parley is at an end."

With a curse *Don* *Ciro* withdrew, and as he did so a rattling fire came from the

loop-holes of the tower, killing two *voltigeurs* who were standing incautiously exposed.

The firing went on till evening, and then another parley was called. *Ciro* appeared again at the head of his ladder.

"Conduct me to the General, then."

"Only as a prisoner, Don *Ciro*."

"So be it, then;" and ordering his men to cease firing and lower the draw-bridge, he crossed it rapidly, and in another moment was disarmed and bound. On being searched they found on him several amulets, some French songs, and a red pocket-book which contained a packet of poison, and his diploma as chief of the *Decisi*. It seems strange that, knowing his certain fate, he had not courage at last to "end all" by self-destruction.

Soon the whole band of brigands, strongly fettered and closely guarded, were on their march to *Francavilla*. *Ciro* kept a gloomy silence all the way, except once, when he suddenly broke out, rolling his eyes and gnashing his teeth. "For eighteen years I have been absolute master of the province. I have made fools of many generals—French, Italian, Swiss, German, Neapolitan—and now at last I have been made a fool of by this accursed Englishman!" After this he did not again open his lips till he and his escort reached *Francavilla*.

Francavilla was illuminated that night—not for joy at the capture, but because the soldiers were few and the disaffected many, and it was safer that no corners should be left in darkness. So, by military order, every house and street and square blazed with light. The houses opposite the prison were occupied by soldiers, four *gendarmes* kept guard in the room where the fallen chief of assassins lay, four hussars kept the door, cavalry patrolled the street outside, and very glad and thankful were his captors to hand over their prey to the General when he arrived early in the morning.

Both the civil and military authorities would have had *Ciro* put to death then and there as an outlaw; but "No," said *General Church*. "I am quite aware that he is beyond the pale of the law, but he shall have a fair trial for all that. Oh yes, I dare say he has been tried and convicted a dozen times, but his friends shall not say we don't dare bring him to justice publicly, or that we fear a rescue." So *Ciro*

Annichiario was arraigned for his crimes, according to the usual forms. When he was first brought in he made a speech, which he addressed, as he thought, to General Church. Being told that the General was not present, and refused a private interview with him, "*Ho capito*" (I understand), he said, and from that time, all through his trial, never answered a question or spoke a word.

On the 8th of February 1818 he was led to his death through the streets of Francavilla, which were crowded with spectators, as were the roofs and windows too. The church bells tolled, the black coffin was carried along, preceding the criminal, who walked between two files of soldiers, carrying himself with an air of haughty defiance, and turning scornfully from the Mission priests, who followed, anxious to call some feeling of repentance to this hardened soul. The piazza was filled with troops and guarded by cannon. In the centre waved the banner of the Decisi—black, with the insignia of death's-head and cross-bones—and close beside it stood a row of soldiers, carbine in hand. Ciro took his place, asking for wine-and-water, which was given him, and then turning to the priests with a snarl, "Away!" he said. "Am I not a priest? am I not the Abate Annichiario, and your superior?" and to one kindly old priest, who, holding out the crucifix, begged him at least to give one sign of penitence, he added, pushing away the sacred sign with an impatient gesture, "Come, these fellows would as soon shoot you as me—so be off."

The crowd looked on in shuddering silence; then there was a murmur, "It is he—truly it is Don Ciro;" but there was no thought of a rescue, the people were overawed. A soldier came forward to tie a white bandage over his eyes.

"Ah, bah!" he said, with something of his usual swagger, "I will not die so; I will die like a soldier, my eyes open. Here is my breast—fire, my friends!"

"Not so, not so, villain!" cried the soldiers with one voice: "you shall die the death of a dog! You a soldier! Never, never! Murderer, prepare to die!"

These words rang loud and clear through the silence, and were taken up and repeated, first by two or three of the crowd, then swelling to a kind of groan—"Scelerato! assassino! maladetto!" reaching the ear on all sides. Then Ciro's courage forsook him; his head sank on his breast; passively he submitted to be blindfolded, knelt as he was desired to do, with his back to the file of soldiery. A blast from a trumpet, a volley of musketry, and he fell to the ground. But though twelve balls took effect, he still breathed, and a second volley was necessary to put an end to his sufferings. "As we perceived," said one of the soldiers, "that he was enchanted, we then loaded his own musket with a silver bullet, and this destroyed the spell." In another moment his head was severed from his body and held up before the spectators with proclamation, "This is the head of the chief of assassins, Ciro Annichiario of Grottaglia."

It was over. Ciro was dead. There was an awestruck silence, such as follows the crash of some tremendous thunder-peal. Then heads were lifted, some one in the crowd cried, "*È ben fatto!*" (Well done!) and the crisis was over. "*Evviva, evviva il Generale!* we are free, we are free!" cried the multitude, waving their hats, and pressing round with shouts of joy; while General Church, riding forward, addressed the crowd, thanking them for their loyalty, and exhorting them to show its sincerity by helping him to clear their beautiful Apulia from the robbers and murderers who had so long infested it.

The head of Ciro was carried to Grottaglia, and placed in an iron cage over the gate of the city.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

OUR MOLTEN GLOBE.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Few scientific inquiries excite greater interest than those recent researches which have so greatly extended our knowledge of the stars and nebulae, whether by determining the direction and velocity of their motions, or ascertaining their physical constitution and probable temperature. In comparison with this considerable amount of knowledge of such distant bodies, it seems strange that so little comparatively is known of the structure and internal constitution of the globe on which we live, and that much difference of opinion should still exist on the fundamental question whether its interior is liquid or solid, whether it is intensely hot or comparatively cool. Yet the definite solution of this problem is a matter of the greatest theoretical interest, since it would not only elucidate many geological phenomena, but might possibly serve as a guide in our interpretation of appearances presented by the other planets and even by more remote bodies; while it is not unlikely that it may soon become a practical question of the highest importance, inasmuch as it may lead us to the acquisition of a new source of heat, in many ways superior to that produced by the combustion of fuel, and practically inexhaustible.

It is only during the present century that facts have been accumulating in various directions, bearing more or less directly on the question of the earth's internal condition. These have been partially dealt with, both by geologists and by physicists; but the problem is such a complex one and the evidence of so varied a nature and often so difficult to interpret, that the conclusions reached have been usually doubtful and often conflicting. This seems to have been due, in part, to the fact that no properly qualified person had, till quite recently, devoted himself to a thorough study of the whole subject, taking full account of all the materials available for arriving at a definite conclusion, as well as of the various groups of phenomena which such a conclusion must harmonize and explain. But for many years past a good practical geologist, who is also an advanced mathematician—the Rev. Osmond Fisher—has made this sub-

ject his speciality, and in a most interesting volume, of which a second and carefully revised edition, with an appendix, has been recently published, he has brought together all the facts bearing on the problem, and has arrived at certain definite conclusions of the greatest interest. The object of the present article is to give a popular account of so much of his work as bears upon the question of the thickness and density of the earth's crust and the constitution of the interior.*

We will first consider the nature of the evidence in favor of the view that, below a superficial crust, there is a molten or highly heated substratum. The existence of volcanoes, geysers, and hot springs irregularly scattered over the whole surface of the globe, and continually ejecting molten rock, ashes, mud, steam or hot water, is an obvious indication of some very widespread source of heat within the earth, but of the nature or origin of that heat they give little positive information. The heat thus indicated has been supposed to be due to many causes, such as the pressure and friction caused by contraction of the cooling crust, chemical action at great depths beneath the surface, isolated lakes of molten rock due to these or to unknown causes, or to a molten interior, or at least a general substratum of molten matter between the crust and a possibly solid interior. The first two causes are now generally admitted to be inadequate, and our choice is practically limited to one of the latter.

There are also very important evidences of internal heat derived from the universal phenomenon of a fairly uniform increase of temperature in all deep wells, mines, borings, or tunnels. This increase has been usually reckoned as 1° F. for each 60 feet of descent, but a recent very careful estimate, by Professor Priestwich, derived from the whole of the available data, gives 1° F. for every 47.5 feet of descent. It is a curious indication of the universality of this increase that, even in

* *Physics of the Earth's Crust*, by the Rev. Osmond Fisher, M.A., F.G.S. Second edition, altered and enlarged. Macmillan and Co., 1889. With an Appendix, 1891.

the coldest parts of Siberia, where the soil is frozen to a depth of 620 feet, there is a steady increase in the temperature of this frozen soil from the surface downward. Much has been made by some writers of the local differences of the rate of increase, varying from 1° in 28 feet to 1° in 95; and also of the fact that in some places the rate of increase diminishes as the depth becomes greater.* But when we consider that springs often bring up heated water to the surface in countries far removed from any seat of volcanic action, and the extent to which water permeates the rocks at all depths reached by man, such divergences are exactly what we might expect. Now this average rate of increase, if continued downward, would imply a temperature capable of melting rock at about twenty miles deep, or less, and we shall see presently that there are other considerations which lead to the conclusion that this is not far from the average thickness of the solid crust.

Before going further it will be well to consider certain objections to this conclusion, which for a long time were considered insuperable, but which have now been shown to be either altogether erroneous or quite inconclusive. In Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, Mr. Hopkins is quoted as having shown that the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes, due to the attraction of the sun and moon on the equatorial protuberance, requires the interior of the earth to be solid, or at least to have a crust not much less than one thousand miles thick. This view was supported by Sir William Thomson and other eminent mathematicians, and so great was the faith of geologists in these calculations that for nearly forty years the theory of the earth's internal liquidity was almost wholly abandoned. But this argument has now been shown to be erroneous by the more complete investigations of Professor George Darwin, while Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) has recently shown experimentally that a rotating liquid spheroid behaves under stresses as if it were a solid. Another difficulty arises from the phenomena of the tides. It has been argued that, if the interior of the earth is liquid tides will be formed in it which will deform

the crust itself, and thus, by lifting the water up with the land, do away with any sensible tides in the ocean. But Mr. Fisher has pointed out that this conclusion rests on the assumption that the liquid interior, if it exists, is not an expansible fluid; and he shows that if this assumption is incorrect it is quite possible that little or no deformation would be caused in the crust by tides produced in the liquid interior; and he further maintains, as we shall see further on, that all the evidence goes to prove that it is expansible. Moreover, in a late paper, he claims to have proved that even the deformation of the crust itself would not obliterate the ocean tides, but would diminish them only to the extent of about one-fifth.*

There remain the geological objections founded on the behavior of volcanoes, which is supposed to be inconsistent with a liquid interior as their effective cause. We have, for instance, the phenomenon of a lofty volcano like Etna pouring out lava from near its summit, while the much lower volcanoes of Vesuvius and Stromboli show no corresponding increase of activity; and the still more extraordinary case of Kilauea, on the lower slopes of Mauna Loa at a height of about 3,800 feet, whose lake of perennial liquid lava suffers no alteration of level or any increased activity when the parent mountain is pouring forth lava from a height of 14,000 feet. Again, it is argued that if the igneous products of volcanoes are derived from one central reservoir there ought to be a great similarity between them, especially between those of the same district. But this is not the case, an example being the Miocene lavas of Hungary and Bohemia, which are of a totally different character from each other. But although the molten interior of the globe may be the common source of the heat which causes volcanic eruptions, it by no means follows that the whole, or any large portion, of the matters ejected from volcanoes are derived from it; and it is a remarkable indication of the probable truth of Mr. Fisher's theory, that, as will be shown further on, it entirely removes the two geological difficulties here noticed. At the same time it explains other geological phenomena of a striking character which

* In a recent deep boring at Wheeling, Va., the rate of increase was found to be greater as the depth increased.

* Proceedings of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, 1892.

the theory of solidity altogether fails to account for, as will be now briefly indicated.

It has long been known to geologists that the series of sedimentary rocks, ancient as well as modern, afford repeated examples of great piles of strata hundreds, or even thousands, of feet thick, which throughout present indications of having been formed in shallow water, and which therefore imply that as fast as one bed was deposited it sank down, and was ready to receive another bed on the top of it. As an example we may refer to the Palæozoic rocks of the Alleghany Mountains, which are not less than 42,000 feet thick; yet the lowest of these strata, the Potsdam sandstone, was not deposited in a deep sea, but evidently in shallow water near shore, several of the beds exhibiting distinct ripple markings, and the same is the case with the highest strata found there—the carboniferous. On this point Sir Archibald Geikie remarks:—

“Among the thickest masses of sedimentary rocks—those of the ancient Palæozoic systems—no features recur more continually than the alternation of different sediments, and the recurrence of surfaces covered with well-preserved ripple-marks, trails and burrows of annelides, polygonal and irregular desiccation marks like the cracks at the bottom of a sun-dried muddy pool. These phenomena unequivocally point to shallow and even littoral waters. They occur from bottom to top of formations which reach a thickness of several thousand feet. They can be interpreted only in one way, namely, that the formations in question began to be laid down in shallow water: that during their formation the area of deposit gradually subsided for thousands of feet, yet that the rate of accumulation of sediment kept pace on the whole with this depression; and hence that the original shallow-water character of the deposits remained after the original sea-bottom had been buried under a vast mass of sedimentary matter.

Coming now to the other end of the geological record, we find in the deltas of existing rivers an exactly similar phenomenon. At Venice a boring of 400 feet deep was entirely in modern fluvial mud, the bottom of which was not reached; and at four separate depths, one of them near the bottom, beds of turf or of vegetable matter were passed through, showing, as Sir Charles Lyell observes, “that a considerable area of what was once land has sunk down 400 feet in the course of ages.”* At Zagazig, on the eastern bor-

der of the Nile delta, borings have been made for the Royal Society, and have not found rock at a depth of 345 feet. In the delta of the Mississippi a well at New Orleans, 630 feet deep, passed entirely through sands and clays, with fresh-water shells of living species. Again, in the delta of the Ganges, at Calcutta, a boring 481 feet deep was entirely through beds of sand, peat, gravel, and other alluvial or fresh-water deposits. This remarkable concurrence of testimony from so many parts of the world and from different geological periods, indicates a general law of subsidence so uniformly coinciding with deposition, and so regularly keeping pace with it, that we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the two phenomena are connected; and the most reasonable explanation seems to be that the deposit of matter in a shallow sea directly causes the depression of that bottom by its weight. Such depression is quite intelligible on the theory of a thin crust resting or floating on a liquid substratum, but is quite unintelligible on the supposition of a solid globe, or of a crust several hundred miles thick. It is only reasonable to suppose that depression thus caused must be accompanied by a corresponding elevation of some other area, and as there must always be an adjacent area from which an equivalent weight of rock has been removed by denudation, we should expect the elevation to occur there; and many geologists believe that there is direct evidence of elevation wherever areas are being rapidly denuded.

In a very interesting letter to *Nature* (Dec. 5th, 1889) Mr. J. Starkie Gardner states that he has actually observed the results of denudation to be of this character. He says:—

“The immediate effect of cutting down cliffs, say of 100 feet in height, and removing them by wave-action, is to relieve the pressure at their base; and I claim that, wherever I have excavated for the purpose of collecting under such conditions, I have found a decided slope inward away from the sea, if the strata were at all horizontal, no matter what direction their general slope might be at a distance from the sea margin. But on the beach, a little way from the base of the cliffs, the slope is, on the contrary, toward the sea. . . . This appears to me to be simply because the relief from pressure has made the beach-line the crown of a slight arch, and an arch that continues to grow and travel.”

Hence he concludes that—

* *Principles of Geology*, 11th ed., vol. I., p. 422.

"Whether we look at the past or the present, we seem to see evidence of a crust resting in equilibrium on a liquid layer, and sensitive to even apparently insignificant readjustments of its weight."

The physical and geological phenomena of which an outline sketch has now been given, all point unmistakably to a thin crust of various rocks resting on a molten substratum; but there are certain difficulties and objections which require a fuller discussion. In order to remove these difficulties and answer these objections, we must, with the aid of Mr. Fisher's work, go more deeply into the question, and we shall then find that, by means of some of the most refined inquiries of modern physicists, we are able to obtain so much additional information as to the peculiarities of the crust and of the substratum, that most, if not all, of the alleged difficulties will be found to disappear.

It is well known that mountains attract the plumb line, and thus render latitudes determined by its means, or by a spirit or mercurial level, inaccurate in their vicinity. During the trigonometrical survey of India the amount of this error was carefully determined in several localities near mountains, but a discrepancy appeared. When the mass of the Himalayas was estimated and its attraction calculated, it was found to be more than the observed attraction. The same thing had occurred in the original experiment by Maskelyne at Schehallion in Scotland; and a similar deficiency in the error produced was noticed by Petit in the case of the Pyrenees. Many attempts were made to explain the discrepancy, but that which was advanced by the late Sir G. B. Airy seems best to account for all the phenomena, and is that adopted by Mr. Fisher. It is, that every mountain mass on a continent has a much larger mass projecting beneath the crust into the liquid substratum, exactly as an iceberg has a larger mass under the water than above it. Sir G. B. Airy argued that, whether the crust were ten miles or a hundred miles thick, it could not bear the weight of such a mass as the Himalayan and Tibetan plateaus without breaking from bottom to top, and receiving support by partially sinking into the liquid mass. The best experiments show that the proportionate densities of most rocks in a solid and a liquid state are approximately as ice is to water, and thus no

mountain masses can be formed, whether by lateral pressure or other agency, without a corresponding protuberance forming below to keep the crust in equilibrium. It is this displacement of the denser substratum by the less dense "roots of the mountains" that leads to the total attraction of such mountains being less than they otherwise would be. In our author's words—"The roots of the mountains can be felt by means of the plumb-line."

Still more important and interesting are the revelations afforded by the pendulum, since they not only support the interpretation of the plumb-line experiments above given, but furnish additional material for estimating the varying thicknesses and densities of the earth's crust. The rate of vibration of a pendulum of constant length depends upon the force of gravity at the place, and thus variations in that force can be determined with considerable accuracy. Taking the number of vibrations in a day of a seconds pendulum at the equator and at the sea-level as 86,400, the number of vibrations at any other latitude can be calculated on the theory that the earth is a perfect spheroid of revolution; and geodetic observations show that it has such a form. At any elevated station, whether on an isolated mountain or on an extensive plateau, the pendulum will vibrate more slowly on account of its greater distance from the centre of gravity of the earth, while it would vibrate more quickly on account of the additional attraction of the elevated mass immediately beneath and around it. These effects can be calculated, and the balance of the two, applied to the normal rate for the latitude, will give the theoretical rate due to the position of altitude of the station. Experiments were made at more than twenty stations in India, varying from the sea-level to over 15,000 feet above it, and at all the higher stations there was a deficiency of the observed from the calculated number of vibrations of from one to twenty-four vibrations in the twenty-four hours. In such delicate observations there were of course some irregularities, but the fact of a greater deficiency at the higher levels came out very clearly, and could be explained only by a deficiency of subterranean density due to the roots of the mountains displacing a denser substratum, as in the case of the plumb-line experiments.

Before leaving this subject of the "roots of mountains," it will be well to refer to a remarkable corroboration of their actual existence by evidence of a quite different kind. It has already been pointed out that the rate of increase of underground temperature would, if continued downward till the heat equalled the melting point of rock, give a mean thickness of the crust of about twenty miles. But in places where the crust is so much thicker, as it is supposed to be under mountains, the rate of increase should be much less, because the lower level of the crust in contact with the liquid substratum must always be at about the same temperature—that of melting rock. This is found to be the case; the rate of increase at the St. Gothard tunnel, where the observations were most complete, being 1° F. in eighty-eight feet, and the corresponding thickness of the crust thirty seven miles. This is certainly a remarkable confirmation of the other observations, and of the theory of mountains being supported in approximate equilibrium by means of vast protuberances into the liquid substratum beneath.

The general result of the whole series of experiments with the pendulum shows that gravity is normal at the sea-level both over land and sea, and thus proves that the surface of the globe is in a state of equilibrium. The measures of the force of gravity over the oceans have been necessarily taken on islands, and have led to a curious discovery. The pendulum experiments on oceanic islands such as the Galapagos, Ascension, St. Helena, Bourbon, Guam, and others, all show an increase in the force of gravity, which, on the average, is very nearly accounted for by the subaqueous mass of land displacing water of less than half the density of rock. Hence it is concluded that these islands or island-mountains do not have "roots" as do those on continents; and the same thing occurs with isolated volcanoes on continents, the attraction of Fujisan in Japan being exactly that due to its own bulk unaffected by the presence of "roots" projecting into the substratum. This is explained by the fact that volcanic mountains are not produced by compression forcing the crust both downward and upward, as other mountain masses are supposed to have been produced, but are mere heaps of materials derived either from the

crust or the substratum, and probably drawn from a considerable area. Hence they are balanced not by "roots" projecting immediately below them, but by a slight depression or sagging of the crust over a wide area, and thus having little effect on the rate of the pendulum. In the case of the Falkland Islands, however, the force of gravity is less than it ought to be, and this exception affords an interesting confirmation of the general theory. For these are not volcanic, but are true continental islands, forming the outer margin of the old continent of South America though now 350 miles from land; and thus, being surrounded by water instead of by much heavier land, the force of gravity is somewhat reduced, water having here replaced a denser mass of land.

We now come to the more special researches of Mr. Fisher, which throw so much light on the hitherto unexplained phenomena of volcanoes. By means of some recent experiments on the melting-point and specific heat of rocks, made at his suggestion, he arrives at the conclusion that the average thickness of the earth's crust on lands near the sea-level is only about 18 miles. Its density is estimated at 2.68, water being 1, and the density of the liquid substratum at 2.96.* With these new data it appears that if the melted substratum were an inert mass it would have cooled at such a rate that the crust would have attained its present thickness in about eight million years. But geologists are almost unanimously of opinion that any such period as this is absurdly too small, and that to account for the phenomena presented by the known series of rocks and their included organic remains, the very least time that must be allowed is one hundred million years. The conclusion Mr. Fisher draws from this discrepancy is, that the substratum is not inert but energetic, that is, that it is in a state of movement or circulation, convection currents continually bringing up fresh heat from below and thus preventing the crust from solidifying so rapidly as if there were no such currents. A cause of such currents is found in the friction produced by tidal action in the liquid mass, which Professor George Darwin has shown

* For these conclusions see the Appendix to *Physics of the Earth's Crust*.

to be very great, and to be at a maximum in the central portions.*

Gravity having approximately its normal value all over the globe at the sea-level, it is evident that there must be some denser matter under the oceans to make up for the much less density of the water, which is at least three miles deep on the average. A very refined mathematical investigation shows that this can only be brought about by the sub-oceanic crust being both thinner and denser than under the continents, the denser portion being the upper layer. This distribution of matter may, it is supposed, be due to extensive outflows of heavy basalt over the original depressions forming the ocean floors, at some early period of their history.

The physical constitution of the liquid matter forming the substratum is the next point to be considered, and is one of the highest importance, since it is evidently what determines both volcanic action and a large portion of the disturbances to which the crust is subject. Many geologists are of opinion that the phenomena of volcanic action can only be explained on the supposition that the molten matter forming the interior of the globe holds in solution enormous quantities of water-vapor and other gases; and there is ample evidence that melted lavas and slags do contain such gases, which they give out on becoming solid. Thus Mr. Scrope, in his great work on *Volcanoes*, says:—

"There unquestionably exists within and below volcanic vents, a body of lava of unknown dimensions, permanently liquid at an intense temperature, and continually traversed by successive volumes of some aeriform fluid, which escape from its surface—thus presenting all the appearance of a liquid in constant ebullition."

And again:—

"If any doubt should suggest itself, whether this fluid is actually generated within the lava, or only rises through it, having its origin in some other manner, it must be dispelled by the evidence afforded in the extremely vesicular or cellular structure of very many erupted lavas, not merely near the surface, but throughout the mass, showing that the aeriform fluid in these cases certainly developed itself interstitially in every part."

Professor Judd, in his volume on the same subject, shows that the presence of

these gases in lava is in accordance with Henry's law, that liquids are able to absorb gases to an amount proportioned to the pressure they are under, and with the fact that molten substances do actually absorb large quantities of gases. He says:—

"Silver in a state of fusion is able to absorb 22 times its volume of oxygen gas. When the metal is allowed to cool this gas is given off, and if the cooling takes place suddenly a crust is formed on the surface, and the phenomenon known as the spitting of silver is exhibited. Sometimes during this operation miniature cones and lava streams are formed on the surface of the cooling mass, which present a striking resemblance to those formed on a grand scale on the surface of the globe. The researches of Troost and others have shown that molten iron and steel possess the property of absorbing considerable quantities of oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide, and that these gases are given off when either the temperature or the pressure is diminished. . . . Von Hochstetter has shown that when molten sulphur is exposed to a temperature of 262° Fahrenheit, and a pressure of two or three atmospheres, in the presence of steam, it is found that the sulphur absorbs a considerable quantity of water, which is given off again with great violence from the mass as it undergoes solidification. The hardened crust which forms on the surface of the sulphur is agitated and fissured, miniature cones and lava-streams being formed upon it, which have a striking resemblance to the grander phenomena of the same kind exhibited upon the crust of the globe."*

He then goes on to show that the enormous quantity of steam and other gases given off during volcanic action and from flowing lava-streams, can only be accounted for by supposing that the molten rock from which they are derived contains these gases to an amount equal to many times their volume; and that the same fact is indicated by the liquefied gases that are found in the cavities of the crystals of volcanic products which have consolidated under great pressure, such as granites, porphyries, and other rocks of allied nature.

There can, therefore, be no doubt as to the fact of the liquid substratum containing in its substance an enormous quantity of gases, the principal being water-vapor, but how the gases came there is less certain; nor does it materially concern us. Some think that these gases have been largely derived from sea-water, which has found its way by percolation to the heated

* This is pointed out in a paper by Mr. Fisher of a later date than his volume above referred to: in *Proc. Cambridge Phil. Soc.*, 1892.

* *International Scientific Series*, vol. xxxv., "Volcanoes," p. 355.

interior; but there are many difficulties in this view. Others, with whom is Mr. Fisher, think that they form an essential constituent of the primeval globe, and that, instead of being derived from the ocean, it is more probable that the ocean itself has been derived from the vapors which have been always escaping from the interior. Leaving this question as one of comparatively little importance for the present discussion, we have now to point out how the facts, that the fluid substratum is saturated with water-vapor and other gases, and is also subject to convection-currents continually bringing superheated matter up to the lower surface of the crust, enable us to explain the special difficulties alluded to in the early portion of this article.

The first of these difficulties is, that neighboring volcanoes of very different heights act quite independently, a fact which is supposed to be inconsistent with the idea that both are in connection with the same molten interior. It seems, however, to have been assumed that a mere fissure or other aperture extending from the surface to the substratum, or from the substratum to the surface, would necessarily be followed by an outflow of lava, even though the opening terminated at the summit of a mountain many thousand feet above the sea level. But it is evident that on the theory of a molten interior, with a crust of somewhat less specific gravity resting upon it in hydrostatic equilibrium, nothing of the kind would happen. When a hole is bored through an extensive ice-field, whether on a lake or in the Arctic Ocean, the water does not spout up through the aperture, but merely rises to the same level as it would reach on the sides of a detached block of floating ice, or on the outer margin of the ice-field itself. The facts that the fluid on which the crust of the earth rests is intensely heated, and that the crust is continuous over its whole surface, can make no difference in the behavior of the fluid and the solid, so as to cause the molten rock to rise with great violence thousands of feet above its mean level whenever an aperture is made; and this is the more certain when we take account of the fact, which may now be taken as established, that the crust floats on the fluid interior, and that it is so thin and weak, comparatively speaking, that it cannot resist a

strain equal to its own weight, but must bend or fracture so as to keep every part in approximate hydrostatic equilibrium. Volcanic action, especially continuous and permanent volcanic action like that of Stromboli and Kilauea, cannot, therefore, be explained by the mere existence of a thin crust and a molten interior; but it is well explained by the presence in the molten mass of vast quantities of gases existing under enormous pressure, and ready to escape with tremendous force whenever that pressure is greatly diminished, and the molten material that contains it lowered in temperature.

Let us now endeavor to trace what will happen when a fissure is opened gradually from below upward till it reaches the surface. Owing to hydrostatic pressure the fluid will rise in the fissure, and in doing so will be subject to some cooling and diminution of pressure, which, as we have seen, will lead to a liberation of some of the contained gas. The pressure of this gas will aid in extending the fissure, and the liquid will continue to rise till it reaches the level of hydrostatic equilibrium, which would be somewhere about two miles below the surface. But throughout the whole mass of the liquid in the fissure, and for some depth below the under surface of the crust, there would be a continual liberation of intensely heated gases. These would no doubt carry with them in their upward rush a portion of the liquid matter which had risen from below, but they would also, owing to their intensely heated condition, melt off some portions of the rocky walls of the fissure, and thus give to the ejected volcanic products a local character. We here see the explanation of the supposed difficulty of the individuality of neighboring volcanoes and the diversity of their products, and also of the fact of an eruption of lava from the crater of a lofty mountain while the liquid lava of one close by, and thousands of feet lower, maintains its usual level. Kilauea we may suppose to owe its permanently molten lake to a siphon-like passage through which a constant flow of heated gases is maintained, and which suffices to keep its lava in permanent ebullition; while the lofty Mauna Loa has its vent usually blocked up, and may owe its occasional eruptions to an accumulation of gases in some deep-seated cavities which, at long intervals, become

sufficiently powerful to burst away the obstacle and pour out a quantity of melted material derived from the sides of the channels through which they make their way upward.

The phenomena presented by the crater of Kilauea, where an extensive lava-lake remains in a constant state of ebullition while keeping approximately the same level, can only be explained by the upward percolation of heated gases in moderate and tolerably uniform streams, sufficient to keep up the melting temperature of the lava; while occasional more powerful outbursts throw up jets or waves of the molten matter, or sometimes break up the crust that has formed over portions of the lake. Here, evidently, there is no eruption in the ordinary sense, no fresh matter is being brought up from below, but only fresh supplies of intensely heated gases sufficient to keep the lava permanently liquid, and to produce the jets, waves, and fountains of lava, and the strange surging, swirling, and wallowing motions of the molten mass, so well described by Miss Bird, Lord George Campbell, and other competent observers.

The sketch now given of Mr. Fisher's investigations as to the nature of the molten interior of the earth and of the crust which overlays it, only covers a small portion of the ground traversed in his work. He there deals also with the more difficult questions of the stresses produced by the contraction of the cooling earth, and the various theories that have been suggested to explain the great inequalities of its surface. The origin of the great oceanic depressions and of the vast mountain masses that everywhere diversify the continental areas, and the causes that have produced the compression, upheaval, folding and crumpling of the rocks at every period of geological history, are all discussed, and some light is thrown upon these confessedly obscure and very difficult problems.

But whatever doubts may still exist as to the exact causes of these last named phenomena do not apply to those to which the present article is mainly devoted. So many distinct but converging lines of evidence indicate the existence of a molten substratum holding in solution, in accordance with well-known physical laws, great quantities of steam and other gases, and show that the crust covering it is a very thin one—while the hypothesis of such a substratum and thin floating crust so well explains the curious phenomena of great masses of strata thousands of feet thick yet from top to bottom bearing indications of having been deposited in shallow water, and the no less singular fact of a corresponding recent subsidence in all great river-deltas, and also clears up so many difficulties in the modes of volcanic action and the diversity of volcanic products—that we can hardly doubt the correctness of the hypothesis. And though at first sight the idea of our being separated by a thickness of only eighteen miles of rock from a layer of molten lava of unknown depth may appear somewhat alarming, yet the very tenuity and fragility of the crust may itself be a source both of safety and of utility. While sufficiently thick to secure us from any injurious or even perceptible effects of internal heat, except in volcanic or earthquake areas, it yet gives us the possibility and even the promise of an inexhaustible source of heat and power at such a moderate distance that we may some day be able to utilize it. On the other hand, the thin crust so readily and constantly adjusts itself to all the alternations of strain and pressure to which it may be exposed, that we are thereby secured from the occurrence of vast cataclysms capable of endangering the existence of any considerable portion of our race. A solid earth might, possibly, not be so safe and stable as is Our Molten Globe.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ERNEST RENAN.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

It is difficult to speak justly of a great man at the moment when death has just snatched him from our sight. To judge of his life and work as a whole, one must have time to look at it from a distance and, as it were, in perspective, as one stands off from some work of art in order to obtain the true effect. Time simplifies and harmonizes everything, allowing the trivial and the evanescent to fall away, while it brings out into full relief the essential and the permanent. Time alone can select from among the materials of unequal value which go to make up the reputation of a living celebrity those nobler and more solid elements which are destined to build him an imperishable monument.

Yet more difficult is it when one has known the man and loved him—when the caressing voice, the subtle smile, the pregnant look, the gentle pressure of the hand, still haunt the memory, and one still feels oneself not only the conquest of his genius but the captive of his kindness and his charm.

And when it is of Ernest Renan that we have to speak—whom all the civilized world now mourns—there is yet another difficulty. So great and so various was the work of his life, so vast his learning, so wide the range of subjects that came within the scope of his research or of his thought, that in order to render an adequate account of them one would need an erudition equal to his own, and a mind capable, like his, of embracing the whole round of human knowledge—the whole of nature, and the whole of history.

For all these reasons, it will easily be understood that, on the morrow of his death, I speak of him with hesitation, and that I make no pretence of passing judgment either on him or on his work. I find in myself neither the intellectual competence nor the disengagement of the heart necessary for such a task—for I loved the man as much as I admired him. But having had the privilege of seeing him close at hand, and of belonging to the generation which followed his, and which was nurtured on his writings and after his mind, I may attempt to recall

something of what he did and was, and to analyze the influence he exerted in France during this latter half of our century, and indicate its nature and its causes.

I.

Nothing could be simpler, or more of a piece, than the life of Ernest Renan. Study, teaching, and the joys of family life are its whole fabric, and fill it from end to end. For diversions, a little travel and the pleasures of conversation—friendly dinners, and a few frequented *salons*. Twice, indeed—urged by the thought that a man of his standing owed something of his time and strength to the public service—he solicited the popular vote: once in 1869, as Deputy for the Seine and Marne; and again in 1876, as Senator for the Bouches du Rhône. But he carried into these electoral contests no trace of the fever of ambition, and when he saw that he was not likely to command a spontaneous majority he retired from the field without vexation and without regret.

Not that this tranquil life was without its troubled hours, its history, its drama, so to speak; but the drama went on behind the curtain, and the trouble was inward trouble—of the intellect, the moral sense, the religious instinct.

He was a native of Tréguier (Côtes du Nord), one of those ancient episcopal cities of Brittany which have retained their ecclesiastical character even down to our own time, which seem like vast convents grown up under the shadow of the cathedral, and which, in their somewhat melancholy poverty, have nothing of the commonplace middle-class ease of the provincial towns of northern or central France. The humble house is still to be seen, close under the great cathedral founded by St. Yves, where Renan was born on the 27th of February 1823, and the little garden, planted with fruit trees, where he played when quite a child, letting his eyes wander over the still and sad horizon of the hills which skirt the river bank. His father—a captain in the merchant navy, who also carried on a small trade—was of ancient Breton descent, the name of Renan being that of one of the

oldest of the Armonican saints. He transmitted to his son the dreamy imaginative nature and the disinterested simplicity of his race. His mother was of Lannion, a little commercial town which has nothing of the monastic look of Tréguier. Pious as she was, she had an elasticity and joyousness of nature which her son inherited from her, and which he attributed to her Gascon origin. Renan has too often insisted on the co-existence of the two natures in himself—the Breton seriousness and the Gascon vivacity—for us to venture to contradict him on this point; but, in spite of the appearances which have led some superficial observers to suppose that the Gascon element predominated over the Breton, it was really the other way, and the serious side of him was first and last and strongest in all he wrote, or did, or thought.

For the rest, life began for him austere, and more than austere; it was hard and painful. While he was yet a child, his father was lost at sea; and it was only by the most self-denying economy that his mother could provide for the education of her three children. But Renan had no grudge against his destiny for giving him these years of privation; he was grateful for having been brought up in the knowledge and love of poverty. All his life he loved the poor, the humble, the common people. He never turned his back on the lowly relatives he had left in Brittany. Down to the last years of his life he loved to visit them; and it is characteristic of him that he kept the little home of his childhood just as it was. His sister Henrietta, twelve years his senior—a woman as remarkable for her force of mind and character as for her passionate tenderness of heart—worked hard for her family, giving lessons first in Tréguier, then at a school in Paris, then in Poland, and all the while watching with a sort of motherly solicitude the progress of this young brother, whose gifts she had already recognized. Young Ernest was meanwhile doing his “humanities” under the good priests in the seminary at Tréguier—a gentle and studious scholar, carrying off all the first prizes as a matter of course, and seeing before him no larger future than that of a simple and learned priest among his own people, with perhaps, at last, a canonry in some cathedral. But it so happened that his sister had met

in Paris a young, brilliant, and ambitious abbé, M. Dupanloup, who had just been appointed head of the seminary of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet, and who was looking out for clever recruits. She spoke to him of her brother; and the result was that, at fifteen and a half years old, Ernest Renan found himself transplanted to Paris, where he astonished his new masters by his marvellous facility of acquisition and the early maturity of his mind, and, after passing through his course of philosophy in the seminary of Issy, was entered at Saint Sulpice for his theology. Saint Sulpice was then the only seminary in France which kept up the tradition of the severer studies, and which, in particular, taught the Oriental languages. Its teachers—especially the eminent Orientalist Father Le Hir—recalled, by the austerity of their life and the profundity of their learning, the great scholars of the Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Renan rapidly became the friend, and then the rival, of his masters, who discerned in him one of the future glories of their house, and little guessed that the very lessons he received there were to separate him from it forever.

The crisis, when it came, was a purely intellectual crisis. The priesthood had no repulsion for him; none of its moral obligations seemed to him burdensome; he looked forward to it with pleasure; he had already taken the minor orders with pious joy. The life of the world seemed terrible to him; the life of the Church was sweet. He had no taste for trifling or frivolity. But by training him in comparative philology and criticism, and by encouraging the scrutiny of the sacred writings, the priests of Saint Sulpice had placed in the hands of their young disciple the most formidable instrument of negation. His quick intelligence, lucid, penetrating, and sincere, perceived at once the weakness of the theological structure on which rests the whole weight of Catholic doctrine. All that he had learned at Issy of natural science and philosophy served to reinforce the doubts inspired by historical and linguistic criticism as to the infallibility of the Church and the Scriptures, and the teaching which makes the Christian revelation the central fact of history and the explanation of the universe. It was a heart-breaking process, since it was to carry disappointment and

dismay, not only to the teachers he venerated but to a mother whom he tenderly loved; but he did not hesitate for a moment to take the step imposed upon him by honesty and conscience. He left the peaceful asylum which had held out to him the promise of an assured future, for the hard life of an assistant schoolmaster in the Quartier Latin, and began, at twenty-two, to prepare for the examinations necessary to his entering on the career of a professor. At this difficult juncture his sister came to his aid. Her own thoughts and her own studies had already brought her to the same negative views with regard to the Catholic religion, though she had steadily avoided unsettling her brother's mind with her doubts; and when he opened his heart to her, and told her his reasons for quitting the seminary and renouncing the priesthood, she received the news with joy, and sent him her savings—some twelve hundred francs—to help him over his first difficulties.

But he had no need to exhaust this reserve fund. With his extraordinary powers and the knowledge he had already acquired, he soon made himself an independent position, and henceforth he went on from one success to another. The record of his achievements during the five years which followed his withdrawal from Saint Sulpice (1846-1850) is simply astounding. He passed through all his university degrees, from the B.Â. to the "agrégation" in Philosophy, where he took a first in 1848; he took the Volney prize the same year at the Académie des Inscriptions for an important work on the general history and comparative grammar of the Semitic languages, and another prize two years later for an essay on the study of Greek in the Middle Ages; he made a tour of research among the Italian libraries, whence he brought back his *thèse de doctorat*—a book on Averrhoes and Averrhoism, which contains an admirable history of the introduction of Greek philosophy into the West by the Arabs; and at the same time he published an essay on the origin of language, and composed a considerable work on the "Future of Science," which was not published till 1890.

This book, written in the space of a few months by a young man of twenty-five, already embodies all the ideas on life and the world which he elaborated in de-

tail in his later writings; but they are here affirmed in a tone of enthusiastic conviction which became more and more modified as he went on, though the basis of his teaching remained unchanged. He hails the dawn of a new era, in which the scientific conception of the universe shall take the place of the metaphysical and theological. Natural science, and especially the historical and philological sciences, are to be not only the liberators of the human mind, but also the guides of human life. Politics, ethics, education—all are to be regenerated by science. Science is to establish the reign of justice among men, and to become the source and final form of religion.

It was by the advice of Augustin Thierry and M. de Sacy that Renan suppressed this volume, in the fear that its hard and dogmatic tone might repel the reader, and that its ideas would prove too new and too daring to be accepted all at once. Frenchmen might, moreover, have been scandalized by its enthusiastic admiration for Germany, the fatherland of that scientific idealism of which Renan was making himself the apostle. Besides, Augustin Thierry was uneasy at seeing his young friend ready to give away at a stroke his whole intellectual capital. He persuaded him to dispense it in detail in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*. And thus it was that Renan became the first of our essayists, giving currency to his most audacious conceptions, and to all the discoveries of comparative philology and rationalistic exegesis, under the light, easy, and accessible form of literary and philosophic criticism. It was in these essays that his pen acquired its suppleness and finished grace, and that his solid wealth of thought and fact found a fit vehicle in that magic style. They were republished in the volumes entitled "Moral and Critical Essays," "Studies in Religious History," and "New Studies in Religious History." His literary fame grew fast, while his learned works obtained for him, in 1856, at the age of thirty-three, the membership of the Académie des Inscriptions.

II.

From the year 1851 onward he was attached to the Bibliothèque Nationale; and this modest post, together with the growing income derived from his works,

had enabled him to marry. He had found in Mlle. Scheffer, the daughter of the painter Henri Scheffer, and niece of the celebrated Ary Scheffer, a companion capable of understanding him and worthy of his love. This marriage had very nearly been the occasion of another dramatic episode in his private life. He had lived, since 1850, with his sister Henrietta; their fellowship of thought and feeling had grown with their fellowship in life and work; and Henrietta—who supposed that in abandoning the Church for science her brother had but exchanged one priesthood for another—had never dreamed that anything could separate them. When he told her of his intended marriage, she betrayed such acute distress that he determined to renounce the project which caused her so much unhappiness; and it was Henrietta herself who flew to Mlle. Scheffer and entreated her not to give up her brother, and Henrietta who hurried on the marriage, the mere idea of which had been too much for her self-control. The marriage did not, after all, involve her separation from her brother. She attached herself passionately to his children; and when he and his wife made a journey to Phœnicia on an archaeological mission she accompanied them, and stayed with her brother when Madame Renan was obliged to return home. These few months of dual life were her last happiness. They were both attacked by fever at Beyrout. She died, while he, prostrated by the malady, was too ill to realize his loss. In the little biographical sketch, which is his most exquisite work, and one of the purest masterpieces of French prose, he has given her portrait to posterity and made us share his loss.

III.

He brought back from Syria, not only the inscriptions and archaeological observations published in his "*Phœnician Mission*," which appeared in numbers from 1863 to 1874, but also the first sketch of his "*Vie de Jésus*," which forms the first volume of the great work of his life, "*L'Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*," in seven octavo volumes. He had already touched, in his essays, on many religious problems, and on questions of religious criticism and exegesis; but he was not disposed to confine himself to critical analysis. He wished to undertake

some great synthetic work—to set himself to the task of historical reconstruction. The religious questions had always seemed to him the vital questions of history, and the ones which most needed the application of the two essential qualities of the historian—critical acumen, and that divination of the imagination which resuscitates the men and civilizations of the past. It was upon Christianity, the greatest religious phenomenon of the world, that Renan turned the whole resources of his erudition, of his poetic insight, and artistic skill. He was afterward to complete the work by adding to it, by way of introduction, a "*History of Israel*," of which three volumes have been already published, and the remaining two are finished and ready for the press.

The appearance of the "*Vie de Jésus*" was not only a literary event, but a social and religious fact of vast import. It was the first time that the life of Christ had been written from a purely laical point of view and apart from any supernatural conceptions, in a book destined not for doctors and theologians but for the general public. In spite of the infinite delicacy with which Renan presented his idea, the softened and reverent tone in which he speaks of Christ—or, possibly, even on account of that delicacy and reverence—the scandal of it was colossal. The Catholic clergy felt at once that this form of incredulity, expressing itself with all the gravity of science and all the unction of piety, was far more formidable than the flippancy of Voltairianism; and, coming, as it did, from a pupil of the ecclesiastical schools, the sacrilege and the heresy were complicated with treason and apostasy. The Imperial Government, which in 1862 had nominated him professor of Semitic philology in the Collège de France, had the cowardice to revoke the nomination in 1863 in deference to the clamor set up in the clerical camp, but innocently offered him, by way of compensation, a curator's post at the Bibliothèque Nationale. "*Pecunia tua tecum sit*," was Renan's reply to the minister who offered it; and freed henceforth, by the extraordinary success of his book, from material cares, the "*European blasphemer*," as Pius IX. called him, went quietly on with his work. It was not till after the fall of the Empire, in 1870, that his chair was given back to him. Not

only did he occupy it thenceforward till his death, but he became in 1883 the honored head of the great scientific establishment from which he had once been driven with indignity.

Forced, by the publication of the "*Vie de Jésus*," into the arena of religious conflict, attacked by some and passionately championed by others, and suffering not a little from the vulgarity of some of his admirers, Renan never stooped to polemics. He kept the quiet of his thoughts, untouched by all this wrangling; and he continued to speak of Christianity and the Catholic Church with the same even fairness—I may say more, with the same respectful though independent sympathy. The English public had an opportunity of appreciating these high qualities of intellectual liberty and calm when, in 1880, he gave his Hibbert lectures on "*Rome and Christianity*," and another admirable lecture on Marcus Aurelius, at the Royal Institution—a lecture in which he anticipated the generalization of the last and finest volume of his "*Origines du Christianisme*."

IV.

The year 1870 marks an important epoch in the life of Renan. It was, indeed, the year of a new crisis. From the moment when he emancipated himself from his first foster-mother, the Church, and from his ecclesiastical education, Germany had been the second foster-mother of his mind. He had gloried in her pure idealism; he had hailed her as the world's mistress in learning, in metaphysics, and in poetry. She now appeared to him under a new face, coldly realistic, proudly and brutally victorious. And as he had broken with the Church without ceasing to recognize her greatness and the services she had rendered, and still renders, to the world, so now he suffered, not without pain, the relaxation—almost the rupture—of the moral ties which bound him to Germany; but he never repudiated the debt of gratitude he owed her, nor ever sought to depreciate her virtues and her merits. He gives eloquent expression to his feelings in his letters to Dr. Strauss in 1871, in his speech on his reception into the French Academy, and in his letter to a German friend in 1878. At the same time a new development took place in his political conceptions. An aristocrat by

temperament, and a constitutional monarchist in opinion, he found himself called to live in a democratic society and under a Republic. Convinced as he was that the great movements of history have their real origin in the very nature of things, and that one can influence one's contemporaries and one's compatriots only by accepting the tendencies and conditions of the time, he was able to reconcile himself to the democracy and the Republic, and to appreciate their advantages without ignoring their difficulties and their dangers.

Henceforth, therefore, Renan was in full possession of his powers and in full harmony with his time. Emancipated from the Church, he was the interpreter of free-thought in its loftiest and most learned form, in a country which regarded clericalism as the most formidable enemy of its new institutions. Emancipated from Germany, and finding in the very misfortunes of his country a stimulus and a spur to his patriotism, he sought to make his writings the most perfect expression of the genius of France. Emancipated from all the fetters of extinct political systems, he offered to a new France the counsels and the warnings of a clear-sighted and devoted friend. A professor of the Collège de France, the only institution of the kind which has come down through the centuries unaltered in organization and unchanged in spirit, the home and asylum of free and disinterested research—a member also of the Académie des Inscriptions and the Académie Française, those twin creations of the Monarchy re-organized by the Revolution, the representatives respectively of learning and of literature—Renan was aware that in him, more than in any of his contemporaries, breathed the soul of modern France. He gave it free expansion both within and beyond its formal boundaries, enjoying the popularity which made him the courted guest of the fashionable *salons*, the favorite speaker on the most various occasions and in the most various companies, gay or learned, aristocratic or popular, and, above all, the natural prey of the interviewer. On all of these he lavished without stint the treasures of his wit, his fancy, his knowledge, his goodwill. In his writings there was no ground on which he did not venture. In the midst of his great historical and exegetical work, his trans-

lations of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs, his superintendence of the difficult undertaking of the "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum," his contributions to the literary history of France—contributions which are triumphs of minute and accurate erudition—and while drawing up, year by year, for the Asiatic Society, a survey of all the new works on Oriental subjects, he was giving to the world his views and his visions of the universe and humanity, of life and of morals, now under the severer form of the "Philosophic Dialogues," now in the light and softly ironical guise of the dramatic sketches—"Caliban," "L'Eau de Jouvence," "Le Prêtre de Nemi," "L'Abbesse de Jouarre;" and, in addition to all this, he was working hard at the reform of the higher education, and finding time to write those exquisite fragments of autobiography which are collected under the title "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse."

V.

In this expansion of all his faculties of thought and action, favored by the triple life of the study, the world, and the family, Renan was happy; and his joy in life and its activities gave to his philosophy a sunny optimism which might at first sight seem hardly reconcilable with the absence of all certitude, all metaphysical or religious conviction. People were surprised, and a little shocked, to find the author of the "Moral and Critical Essays," the writer of those unforgettable pages on the dreamy melancholy of the Celtic races, the critic who poured reprehension on the frivolity of the Gaul and the *bourgeois* theology of Béranger, preaching, at times, a gospel of light-heartedness which Béranger himself would not have disavowed, and regarding life as an amusing entertainment of which we are at once the puppets and the spectators, and the wires of which are pulled by an amused but indifferent Demiurge. So anxious was he to be thoroughly abreast of his country and his time, to know everything and understand everything, that he seems sometimes to regard even the faults of the French character with an indulgence which verges on complicity. When he speaks of the theology of Flaubert's immortal druggist, M. Homais, as, after all, the true theology, and says that perhaps

the man of pleasure is the man who best grasps the meaning of life, he chills his very friends—not, indeed, so much by any shock to their personal convictions, as by breaking in too sharply upon the admiring tenderness with which they had regarded one who spoke as none had spoken before of St. Francis of Assisi and of Marcus Aurelius. To many readers Renan became the mere apostle of dilettantism, for whom religion was but an empty dream of the imagination or the heart, morality but an assemblage of conventions and conveniences, and life an illusive phantasmagoria which one must not be duped into taking seriously. Those who did not love him dubbed him the Célimène, or the Anacreon, of philosophy; and, even of those who loved him, many thought that worldly prosperity and the desire to dazzle and to charm had taken such hold upon him that he had come to look upon the gravest problems of human life as the mere topics and opportunities of his literary and artistic skill.

Nevertheless, those who best knew his work—and, above all, those who best knew his life—knew that this dilettantism, this apparent epicureanism, did not really lie at the foundation of his mind and heart; that it was in part the result of the inward contradiction between his deeply religious nature and his conviction that there is no such thing as knowledge, except of phenomena, no such thing as certitude, except of finite things; and, for the rest, he was too sincere to affirm anything on subjects which could not be brought within the range of positive cognizance. He was too modest, too averse to anything like posing or Pharisaism, to hold up as a standard or an example, or to vaunt as any sort of superiority, the virtues and the moral principles which formed the basis of his own life. His life—the habitual attitude of his nature—was that of a Stoic, a Stoic without haughtiness and without rigidity, and with no idea of proposing himself as a model for others. His optimism was not the beatified self-satisfaction of a frivolous mind, but the chosen and cultivated optimism of the man of action, who feels that, in order to act, one must believe that life is worth living, and that some things are worth doing. Never was there a man more deeply benevolent, serviceable, and kind than Ernest Renan, however he ac-

cused himself of coldness in the service of his friends. Never was there a more scrupulous devotee of duty, public and private, faithful to the verge of heroism to every undertaking to which he had committed himself, accepting no office of which he could not fulfil all the obligations, and defying, toward the end of his life, the sharpest sufferings, in order to discharge to the last his professional duties. This apparently light-hearted man was subject for many years to attacks of a most painful illness; but he never allowed them to interfere with the integrity of his thought, or to hinder the accomplishment of the tasks which he had set himself. The last months of his life bore witness to the reality of his stoicism. He had often expressed the wish that he might die without pain and without any enfeebling of the mind. He had, indeed, the happiness of retaining his faculties to the last; but pain was not spared him. He dreaded it beforehand, as depressing and degrading; when it came, he did not allow himself to be depressed or degraded by it. From the month of January he knew that there was no hope; he told his friends so; and he asked nothing more but time and strength to finish his lectures and complete the works already in hand. He wished once more to visit his beloved Brittany; then, feeling himself grow worse, he insisted on returning to Paris, to die at his post as head of the Collège de France. His death took place there on the 2nd of October. During these eight months he suffered incessant pain, sometimes so severe that he could not speak; but he was still gentle and affectionate to those around him, trying to cheer them, and telling them that he was happy. He told them that death was nothing—a mere appearance; he was not afraid of it. The very day of his death he found strength to dictate a page or two on Arabic architecture to his wife. He congratulated himself on having attained his seventieth year—"the normal life of man, according to the Scriptures." One of his last utterances was: "Let us submit ourselves to these laws of Nature, of which we ourselves are one of the manifestations. The heavens and the earth remain."

This strength of the spirit, sustained to the last moment through months of ceaseless suffering, may suffice to show how

serene were his convictions, and how deep his moral life.

VI.

To those who have known him, he leaves an ineffaceable memory. There was nothing in his personal appearance to suggest that irresistible charm. Short of stature, with an enormous head set deep between wide shoulders, afflicted all too early with an excessive stoutness which made his gait heavy, and was the cause—or the symptom—of his mortal malady, he seemed to those who saw him only in passing an ugly man. But you had to speak with him but a moment, and all that was forgotten. You noticed at once the broad and powerful forehead, the eyes sparkling with life and wit, and yet with such a caressing sweetness, and, above all, the smile which opened to you all the goodness of his heart. His manner, which had retained something of the paternal affability of the priest, the benedictory gesture of his plump and dimpled hands, and the approving motion of the head, were indications of an urbanity which never deceived, and in which one felt the nobility of his nature and his race. But the indescribable thing was the charm of his speech. Always simple, often even careless, but nevertheless incisive and original, it seemed at once to penetrate and to embrace. His portentous memory kept him supplied with new facts to contribute on every subject, while his splendid imagination and the originality and distinctness of his ideas enriched his often paradoxical conversation with flights of poetry, with illustrations and comparisons the most unexpected, and now and then with prophetic glimpses into the future. He was an incomparable story-teller. The Breton legends, passing through his lips, acquired an exquisite flavor. Never was there a talker, save only Michelet, whose talk was such a combination of wit and poetry. He had no liking for discussion, and has often been satirized for the facility with which he would give his assent to the most contradictory assertions. But this complaisance toward other people's ideas, which had its source in a politeness not always quite free from disdain, did not prevent him from firmly maintaining his opinion when any serious question was in debate. He could be steadfast in the defence of what

he believed to be just ; but he had made sacrifices enough for his convictions to be excused from wearying himself with useless discussion. He detested controversy. It appeared to him inimical to courtesy, to modesty, to tolerance, and to sincerity—that is to say, to all the virtues he most esteemed. For the rest, he had a wonderful way of expressing the finest shades of feeling by an illustration. One day, at a little dinner of friends, one of the guests was arguing, in a paradoxical vein, that chastity is nothing but a social convention of a more or less artificial kind, and that the most modest girl would not be uneasy at being naked if no one were there to see her. “I don’t know,” said Renan. “The Church teaches that beside every young girl there stands a guardian angel. True chastity consists in fearing to offend even the eye of the angels.”

VII.

As I said at the beginning, the moment is not yet come for appraising the work of Ernest Renan, and his contribution to human thought. But it is nevertheless impossible, after saying so much of his life, not to attempt in some way to indicate the causes of his immense renown, the place he holds in our own century, and the way in which he merited the exceptional honors which France has paid him at his funeral.

One merit he had which no one dreams of disputing. He was beyond comparison the greatest writer of his time ; and he is one of the greatest French writers of all time. Brought up on the Bible, the Greek and Latin classics, and the standard authors of France, he had accustomed himself to a fashion of speech, at once simple and original, expressive without oddity, and supple without languor ; a style which, out of the somewhat restricted vocabulary of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, could sufficiently furnish itself to render every subtle shade of modern thought—a style ample, sparkling, and sweet beyond all parallel. You find in Renan bits of narrative, of landscape, of portraiture, which are models for all time ; while his philosophic and religious pieces present in their most delicate gradations of atmospheric perspective thought and sentiment and dream. If now and then, in his later writings, the attempt to modernize has led him into some small

errors of taste, these false notes are few and far between, and, generally speaking, the propriety of expression equals the delicate poise of the style and the consummate skill of the construction. Renan will outlast all the other authors of our century, because he has equalled the most illustrious of them in force and picturesqueness while surpassing them in simplicity and artistic sensibility. Beside him, Chateaubriand seems a mere declaimer, Lamartine limp and redundant, Victor Hugo brutal and monotonous, and Michelet restless and unequal.

But the real triumph of Renan’s style is this—that he has never been a stylist ; he has never treated literary form as an object in itself. He had a horror of rhetoric ; and what he understood by perfection of form was the means of presenting the thought in all its force and individuality, in the fulness of its character, “in its habit as it lived.” The simplicity of his style was just the reflection of his simplicity of nature ; its force and its brilliancy were derived from the plenitude of his knowledge and the abundance of his imagination.

In the region of the learned studies Renan has not been a creator. Neither in philology, nor in archaeology, nor in exegesis, has he made any of those great discoveries, or founded any of those systems, which renew the face of science. But no other man can lay claim to an erudition at once so universal and so precise as his. Language, literature, theology, philosophy, archaeology, and even natural history—no branch of human knowledge was alien to him. His profound acquaintance with the past, together with the magic gift which enabled him to clothe it with flesh and make it stand upon its feet, made him an incomparable historian. This is his highest glory. In a century which is before all things the century of history, in which arts and literatures, religions and philosophies, are chiefly interesting as successive manifestations of human evolution, Renan had the supreme historic gift. In this he is a true representative of his time. And it may be said that he has enlarged the domain of history by admitting into it the history of religions. Before him the history of religion was the private preserve of the theologians, whether rationalistic or orthodox. He first took it up in a

purely secular spirit, and made it the property of the public. The Church was not wrong in thinking him her worst enemy. To give the history of religion a place in the general history of the human mind was to strike a blow at the ideas of revelation and the supernatural which no mere tenderness of sentiment could heal or soften. On the other hand, he stimulated curiosity with regard to religious questions; and if the orthodox accuse him of profaning holy things, we may at least accord him the merit of having vindicated the necessity of the science of religion to the understanding of human history, and awakened in many minds a new taste for religious subjects.

If Renan was not a creator in the domain of learning, neither was he an innovator in the domain of philosophy. His theological studies, while they developed in him the qualities of the critic and the *savant*, tended to disgust him with metaphysical systems. He was too much a historian to see in these systems anything but the dreams of human ignorance amid an assemblage of things it could not understand, the successive *mirages* thrown up before the mind by the changing spectacle of the world. But if he was not a philosopher, he was a great thinker. He flung broadcast on every subject he touched—on art or politics as on science or religion—the most original and the most pregnant ideas. Thus, as a thinker as well as an historian, Renan was the faithful interpreter of the time in which he lived. Our era has lost faith, and admits no source of certainty but science; but it has not been able to make up its mind, as the Positivists would have it, to turn the conversation and talk no more about what it does not understand. It cannot help throwing its sounding-line into the bottomless deep of the unknowable, producing into the infinite the lines of hypothesis suggested by the sciences, and lifting itself on the wings of dreams into the world of mystery. It feels that without the faith—or the hope—of invisible realities, life loses its nobleness; and it feels for the old heroes and mystics of the religious life, an attraction and a tenderness made up of vain regrets and formless aspirations. Of this state of mind Renan was the supreme representative; and he himself contributed to create it. No one ever affirmed more blankly, more un-

flinchingly, the sovereign claims of science as the only source of positive certainty, and the necessity of finding in it a sufficient basis for life; no one ever more resolutely excluded the supernatural from history. But at the same time he piously gathered up the tears and sighs of humanity, panting for a super-terrene destiny; he restored to life in his own soul the souls of the founders of religions, the saints and mystics; he set before others, and before himself, all the hypotheses which science still permits to the religious soul. Curiously enough, it is three Bretons—three sons of that serious, inquiring, and yet mystical Celtic race—who have been in France the representatives of the whole philosophic and religious movement of the century—Chateaubriand representing the poetic and imaginative Catholic revival; Lamennais, first the reconstruction of dogma, and then the revolt of reason and the heart against a Church which closed itself against the ideas of liberty and democracy; and Renan, the positivism of science, combined with a sentiment of regret for the lost faith of humanity and a vague yearning after something to take its place.

As to his scepticism and his so-called dilettantism, they were but the consequence of his sincerity. Afraid, above all things, of deceiving or being deceived, he had no fear of proposing contradictory hypotheses on subjects where he believed certainty to be impossible. People have wondered that the same man who wished to have the words "*Veritatem dilexi*" placed upon his tomb should so often have asked with Pilate, "What is truth?" But these questions, not unmingled with irony, were themselves a homage to the truth. He perceived that for most men the love of the truth means intolerance, fanaticism, particular opinions received by tradition or born of the imagination, always destitute of proof and destructive of freedom of thought. To assert opinions which he could not prove seemed to him an insufferable impertinence, an infringement of intellectual liberty, a want of sincerity toward himself and others. And he bore himself this testimony: That he had never consciously uttered a lie. He regarded it as Stoicism, not scepticism, to go on in the practice of duty without knowing whether it had any objective reality; to live for the ideal without be-

believing in a personal God or in any future life; and in this twilight of uncertainty, where man lives here and now, to create, by the fellowship of pure and noble minds, a celestial city where virtue is the more divine because it expects and asks no recompense.

There are some who think themselves disciples of Renan because they can imitate the ripple and the sparkle of his style, his tone of irony, his attitude of doubt. They have not given themselves the trouble to imitate his virtues, his colossal labors, his consummate devotion to truth. They have not found out that his scepticism was a compound of gentleness, modesty, and sincerity. Those who read his "Future of Science," written at the age of twenty-five, and who see the intimate connection it holds with the whole mass of his life's work, will add their testimony to his own: "*Veritatem dilexit.*"

And now, if we are to ask what is the special characteristic by which Renan must take rank among the great writers and great thinkers of the world, we shall find that his supremacy resides in his peculiar

gift of seeing Nature and history in their infinite variety. He has been compared to Voltaire, because Voltaire, like him, was the mouthpiece of a century; but Voltaire lacked his learning, his real originality of thought, his charm of expression. He has been compared to Goethe; but Goethe was above all things a creative artist; and, besides, Goethe's intellectual horizon, vast as it was, could not have the extension of Renan's. Never has there been a more comprehensive, a more universal mind. China, India, classic antiquity, the Middle Ages, modern times, with the infinite perspective of the future—all the religions, all the philosophies, all civilization—he knew and understood it all. He recreated the universe in his own brain; he thought it out again, so to speak; and that in a variety of versions. The spectacle that he thus inwardly conceived and contemplated it was given him to communicate to others by a sort of enchantment of persuasive speech. This power of creative contemplation was the main source of the continual gladness which illumined his life, and of the serenity with which he accepted the approach of death. —*Contemporary Review.*

Why?
Compa
him?
Gerdner

TENNYSON'S THEOLOGY.

THE posthumous volume of Lord Tennyson's poetry* contains two, at least, of his most characteristic and vigorous poems,—"Akbar's Dream" and "The Churchwarden and the Curate." The latter is one of the series of those poems in dialect in which he shows his great and humorous dramatic insight, though not what dramatists mean by dramatic power. We shall not refer to it further, for we wish to draw attention chiefly to the considerable series of poems in which Tennyson has treated definitely ethico-theological or strictly theological subjects from his own individual point of view as a reflective poet. "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "The Palace of Art," "St. Simeon Stylites," "In Memoriam," "Will," "The Higher Pantheism," "The Ancient Sage," "Vastness," and "Akbar's Dream," all of them deal principally with theological problems, to say

nothing of the thread of theological idealism which runs through all the "Idylls of the King," and, indeed, many others of his poems. Let us try and sketch, so far as we may, the theology of Tennyson. In the first place, Tennyson is no pantheist. He does not dream, like Shelley, that the personality of man is a mere temporary manifestation of the *anima mundi*. In "The Higher Pantheism," he expressly distinguishes the spirit of man from the God whom he is born to worship, and treats the spiritual and moral limitations of man, whether voluntary or involuntary, as the real causes why we cannot adequately discern God:—

"Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body
and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy divi-
sion from Him?
Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the
reason why.
For is He not all but thou, that hast power
to feel 'I am I?'"

* Macmillan & Co.

Tennyson's conviction of the direct relation of the soul to God, and of the chasm between the soul and God, is as deep as that of Cardinal Newman. In the next place, his profound belief in the freedom of the human will, and, consequently, of the reality of both virtue and sin, is conspicuous in almost every one of the poems to which we have referred. In the poem on "Will," he pictures the backslider as gazing back on some Sodom he would fain return to:—

"But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through actual crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill
The city sparkles like a grain of salt."

And in the still more impressive poem called "The Vision of Sin," though he will not admit that the cynical and hardened sinner who loathes the world in which, by his own default, he finds himself, is beyond all hope, still he treats the hope as dim, distant, and dubious in the highest degree.

Tennyson's Christian ethics are shown in nothing so much as his profound belief that humility is the only true and healthy attitude of the soul. This he expressed early in the fine poem called "The Palace of Art," and he expressed it last of all in the poems which chiefly distinguish his new book, "Akbar's Dream," and the pieces which conclude the volume. The sin of self-idolatry was, in Tennyson's mind, the deepest of all sins. The soul which builds itself a "Palace of Art," as a stronghold in which it can rejoice in its own grandeur, is brought to the most signal despair:—

"Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn."

And at length she had to shriek her misery, and to confess, "I am on fire within!" And the same deep abhorrence of all self-worship penetrates the "Idylls of the King."

Again, Tennyson is no despiser of that

anthropomorphism, as its opponents call it, which maintains that the highest revelation of God which is possible to us must come through the incarnation of the divine spirit in a human life. No theologian ever held more earnestly than Tennyson that if we are to have a clear vision of God at all, we must have it under the conditions of our human life and action. He has expressed this conviction in many poems, and never more powerfully than in "Akbar's Dream." Religious "forms," Akbar says, are "a silken cord let down from Paradise, when fine Philosophies would fail, to draw the crowd from wallowing in the mire of earth," and then he goes on,—

"And all the more, when these beheld their Lord,
Who shaped the forms, obey them, and himself
Here on this bank, in some way, live the life
Beyond the bridge, and serve that Infinite
Within us, as without, that All in all,
And over all, the never-changing One
And ever-changing Many, in praise of Whom
The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
And vaguer voices of Polytheism
Make but one music, harmonizing 'Pray.'"

But while Tennyson certainly held that what sceptics call Anthropomorphism is really the highest view of God that man can reach, and that anything which is not more or less anthropomorphic is not above, but below anthropomorphism, he shows no trace of any disposition to follow Christian teaching into its more dogmatic and elaborate distinctions. He affirms that in the "strong Son of God, immortal Love," we have our highest glimpse of God. He declares:—

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

But then he immediately goes on:—

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

And that describes, we imagine, Lord Tennyson's attitude, not only toward the religious philosophies, but the dogmatic creeds of the Christian Church. It would hardly be possible for him to have spoken as he did of "The Shadow cloaked from

head to foot, who keeps the keys of all the creeds," if he had felt that any Church gave him the full certainty he desired of the revealed will and nature of God. There was an agnostic element in Tennyson, as perhaps in all the greatest minds, though in him it may have been in excess, which kept reiterating: "We have but faith, but cannot know," and which, we should say, was never completely satisfied even of the adequacy of those dogmatic definitions which his Church recognized. Tennyson insisted, from first to last, on the inadequacy of our vision of things divine. He finds no authoritative last word such as many Christians find in ecclesiastical authority. On the contrary, he dwells again and again on the dimness and faintness of the higher hope, and draws even no broad line of distinction between that which revelation appears to forbid our hoping for, and that which it encourages us to hope for:—

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last,—far off,—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream:—but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry?"

That tone of wistful faith, of tender, beseeching confidence, of humble but tenacious resolve not to be repelled by any; that cumulation of doubts and difficulties,—though without ignoring for a moment the sometimes, to him at least, overwhelming character of these doubts and difficulties,—is perfectly characteristic of Tennyson's religious poems. He certainly held that without faith life was not worth living, but he certainly held also that faith falls immensely short of certainty; indeed, so short of it that faith itself must always utter itself with a sort of sob, with

a thrill of pity for the tremulousness of its own daring. To him certainly faith was a venturing venture which he held to be far better worth making than it would be to aim at anything more clearly within his grasp, though worth infinitely less than the less certain prize for which he strove:—

"If death were seen
At first as death, Love had not been,"

he wrote. And he argued,—not quite confidently,—from the audacity of love to the unreality of death, but only with that resolute determination to act on the one assumption which made life noble, with which a man goes into battle with his life in his hand. It is clear, we think, that though Tennyson clung to Christ with all the ardor of an ardent nature, he did not regard any Church as the authoritative interpreter of Christ's teaching and meaning, but rested chiefly on the profound attraction for the souls of men, which goes forth from the record of Christ's life on earth. And that was a great part of the secret of the popularity of his poetry. For the age has, like Tennyson, felt much more wistful faith than clear conviction. It "faintly trusts the larger hope." It refuses to act on the assumption that we are all ephemeral phantoms in an ephemeral world; but it cannot, except in rare instances, conquer all dread that that assumption may not be groundless and unreasonable. The generally faltering voice with which Tennyson expresses the ardor of his own hope, touches the heart of this doubting and questioning age, as no more confident expression of belief could have touched it. The lines of his theology were in harmony with the great central lines of Christian thought; but in coming down to detail it soon passed into a region where all was wistful, and dogma disappeared in a haze of radiant twilight. —*Spectator*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Duke of Argyll's new volume on "The Unseen Foundations of Society," which Mr. Murray, of London, promises, will be an elaborate work, discussing, in sixteen chapters, "The Fallacies and Failures of Economic Science," and the elements to the neglect of which he considers the failure due. Besides

giving a retrospective account of the feudal system and the substitution of rent for personal services, the Duke criticises the Ricardian theory of rent and that of the Wages Fund, and discourses upon the working of economic laws in our day, explaining what in his opinion they are, and what they are not.

THE Flemish Academy at Ghent has entered upon a course of some interest for English philology, by giving prizes for lists of technical words. The first two of the series are for smiths' terms and those of carpentry. From Flanders we acquired many words we use in these and other trades, and our own dialect societies may find it useful to enter on a like path of research. Another matter of particular interest to the Flemings and ourselves is that the Academy offers its chief prize in 1894 for a treatise on the relations of Old Frisian and Dutch.

FRIEDRICH SCHLÖGL, whose death in his seventy-first year has just been announced by German papers, was a remarkable man. He began writing in early youth, but having accepted a small appointment in the Austrian Civil Service, he was obliged to write anonymously, since official work is considered in Austria, as in England, incompatible with literary genius. As an unknown writer he received, besides, no remuneration, so that his writings did not bring him either fame or profit. In 1867, however, he began to sign his articles, and from that year dates his reputation as a delineator of Viennese life.

ACCORDING to the latest annual report of the Leipzig Chamber of Commerce, the number of publications in Germany has doubled during the last twenty years. In 1871 they amounted to 10,664, and last year they reached the number of 21,279.

THE death of Mr. William H. Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury, Agnew & Co., takes off another of the famous English publishers. He was born in December, 1832, and died on Thursday after an illness of some duration. As the printer of *Punch*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Gardeners' Chronicle* he occupied an important position in regard to journalism. He was the second son of the late William Bradbury, who in connection with F. M. Evans started the celebrated printing business in Bouverie Street. The greater part of Charles Dickens's books were printed by them, and to prevent copies of the first instalments of his serial novels getting out before the proper time the younger members of the firm used to set up the type of the initial number by themselves in a separate room, which nobody else was allowed to enter.

WE are accustomed to think of the Bulgarians as a race scarcely emerged from barbar-

ism; yet their scholastic and literary activity is such as to contradict this notion. The *Athenæum* in proof cites the following: "The *Sbornik* or *Recueil* published yearly by the Government contains valuable papers on the history and architectural remains of the country, but the articles on ethnology and folklore are the most important. Collections of ballads also make their appearance in these pages, and the dialects of the language are undergoing a thorough investigation.

"We have lately received from Rustchuk—now called by its old name Russe, without the Turkish suffix—the first numbers of an illustrated paper, called *Utro*, 'the Morning,' edited by MM. Panaiotov and Moskov. So far as we can form an opinion from these specimens, it promises to be a success. Among other articles, there is a description of the monastery of the Trinity at Trnovo; and a life with a portrait of Ivan Vazov, the most considerable poet whom Bulgaria has as yet produced. The wood engravings, though they require a little more finish, are creditable, as is the execution of the magazine generally, where so much had to be begun and so much Turkish barbarism to be got rid of. We hope that this illustrated paper will contribute to spread culture among the Bulgarians. Something has been done previously by the excellent little magazine called *The Library of St. Clement*, published at Sofia." Similarly it says of the cultivation of letters in Bohemia, "There is scarcely a branch of knowledge now in which a really national literature does not exist among them."

To those who are interested in the wonderful history of the English in India, it will be pleasant to know that the English Secretary of State for India has had under his consideration the issue of a complete account of the British Indian possessions brought down to the census of 1891. The two standard works on the subject are Sir William Hunter's "Imperial Gazetteer of India" and his "Indian Empire," both now out of date, and the latter out of print. The Secretary of State has determined to postpone the revision of the larger work until the census of 1901, but he has authorized the issue of a revised edition of the "Indian Empire," and placed the necessary materials and assistance at Sir William Hunter's disposal. The revision will be based on the administration reports of the twelve provinces of British India and the feudatory states for 1891, and the results of

the recent census will be given. New matter has been incorporated in each division.

DR. GORDON HAKE's forthcoming "Memoirs of Eighty Years" promises to be a book of unusual attractiveness on account not merely of the octogenarian parable-writer's own strong personality, but also of the extraordinary number and variety of the persons who must figure in a picture gallery so wide as his. In early life mixing in diplomatic circles both in England and on the continent, he in after life took a prominent place in circles so unlike each other as those where George Borrow and other East Anglian celebrities were to be met, and those where the luminaries were Rossetti, Bell Scott, and the Pre-Raphaelites; while in his middle period he was brought into contact with "sets" in which Thackeray was the "bright particular star."

BORN in the same year as Lord Tennyson, M. Xavier Marmier has outlived most of the distinguished Frenchmen of his generation. He did excellent work by editing the *Revue Germanique* and making his countrymen acquainted with Scandinavian and German literature. It may be remembered that, when the Academy rejected M. Ollivier's speech to be delivered on receiving the successor of M. Thiers, M. Marmier was appointed to perform the duty.

COLLECTORS of Thackerayana may be glad to have their attention called to *The Chronicle of St. George*, a quarterly periodical printed at Brighton, Eng., but published by Messrs. Bradford & Noel of Chichester. The October number contains some reminiscences of the novelist by his cousin, the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, well known to many generations of Etonians. Writing of his own schoolboy days, he says: "I never visited, rarely saw him [Thackeray] at this time without having a sovereign slipped into my hand on leaving him. . . . On these delightful visits he would spare no pains in taking me to places of amusement—the play or the pantomime—sometimes after an excellent dinner at the Garrick Club, where I remember his checking some one in the act of blurring out an oath, the utterance of which he would not tolerate in my presence." Concerning his appearance he quotes from the "Agricola" of Tacitus: "Nihil metus in vultu: gratia oris supererat. Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter."

"We believe," says the *Athenæum*, "that

the general consensus of foreign opinion would assign the first place among Tennyson's works to 'Enoch Arden.' A few months ago, M. Beljame, professor at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris, published an annotated edition of it, to which was appended a continental bibliography. From this we learn that there are seven translations in French, and six in German. Of the former, one is by Xavier Marmier (who has himself died this very week), and another has an introduction by Scherer. Of the latter, one with illustrations has passed through more than thirty editions. It has also been translated twice into Dutch (with a frontispiece by Josef Israels), and twice into Italian; into Spanish, by D. Vicente de Arana (with illustrations); into Norwegian; into Hungarian; and into Bohemian. With the exception of the Spanish and some of the French, all these translations are in verse. In addition, there are no less than four annotated editions in French, and one in German. A dramatized version was produced at Boston in January, 1865, within a year after its publication; and another at the Royal Surrey Theatre in 1869."

THE late Herman Melville, who was famous as a writer, specially of sea stories a quarter of a century since, and was a man of unquestionably unique and brilliant genius, now that he is dead is having a resuscitation of his fame, which was clouded for so many years by literary inactivity. His works are about to be issued in England in complete form, as may be seen from the following announcement in the *Athenæum*: "Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish the English edition of the reissue of Herman Melville's works, edited, with a biographical and critical introduction, by Mr. Arthur Stedman, with a portrait of the author, a map, and other illustrations. The complete set will form four volumes, of which 'Typee' and 'Omoo' will be ready very shortly, and 'White Jacket' and 'Moby Dick' are in the press." This is the same text as that issued in America by Charles L. Webster & Co.

A SERIES of articles on the portraits of Tennyson will be commenced in an early number of the *Magazine of Art*, from the pen of his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts. The selection from the large number of existing portraits has been approved by Lord Tennyson's family, and includes all that are authentic representations of him.

MR. ARTHUR WAUGH'S Study of Lord Tenny-

son, which has been in preparation for the last two years, and which was intended for the spring season, is now announced by Mr. Heinemann for immediate publication. It includes much material which has not hitherto been brought together, and is illustrated with a number of photographs specially taken for the work. The exact title of the volume will be "Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Study of his Life and Work."

THE first lecture on the Romanes trust at Oxford, founded on the example of the Rede Lecture at Cambridge, was delivered by Mr. Gladstone in the Sheldonian Theatre on Monday, October 24th. His subject was "Mediæval Universities, with special reference to the University of Oxford."

THE periodical press seems to be largely on the increase in Switzerland. In 1881 it could boast of 562 periodicals only, while in 1891 it was blessed with 812 journals of various kinds. As many as 544 of these are published in German, and 237 only in French. The remaining journals are in Italian and various other languages.

SAYS the *Athenæum*: "The people who are advocating the filling up of the post of Poet Laureate on the ground of its picturesqueness and its being a State recognition of literature are arguing from the results of its tenure by two great poets. They forget that, at the death of the poetical Pye, the office had sunk into such disrepute that so stout a Tory as the then Duke of Buccleuch urged Scott not to lower himself by accepting it. And into similar disrepute will it pretty certainly fall again if a poetaster be appointed. It is believed that neither Mr. Swinburne nor Mr. W. Morris would accept of the place, and this seems to render it highly expedient that the office be not filled up."

MISCELLANY.

POETRY AND PESSIMISM.—I suppose that the philosophical attitudes which we call optimism and pessimism are generally less the result of mental conviction than of individual temperament. They are moods, not systems. Life in itself is iridescent with pleasure and pain: to one the richer hues, the lurking purples and leaping crimsons alone are visible; another is spiritually color-blind, and can see only the browns and drabs, the dusky shadows and more sombre depths of existence. Per-

sonality is a selective force, choosing from the vast mass of what is, by some subtle magnetism, just those elements which are most akin to its own nature. For all who attract pleasure, life is a triumph; for the rest, a pilgrimage. This, no doubt, has been a universal law, no less true when the world seemed vanity to the author of "Ecclesiastes," than it is now. Yet it will hardly be denied that, for whatever cause, pessimism is in an especial degree characteristic of our own time and our own stage of development.

Our splendid literature is invested with melancholy. Tennyson and Browning, indeed, are optimists, but their optimism is grave, not buoyant; they walk by faith, not by sight. Browning twists an assurance for the future out of the failures of the present, while Tennyson, in no less doubtful a strain, bids us "stretch lame hands of faith" to a dimly felt Providence, and "faintly trust the larger hope." So, too, with the rest. George Meredith saves himself from pessimism by a strong will and an austere philosophy. Matthew Arnold and A. H. Clough are openly and profoundly despondent; for them the light of the past is quenched, the future is beset with clouds; they are forever "wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Even in the Neo-Romantic poets, who least express the spirit of their age, the same tone may be discerned. Rossetti, though a lover, walked in Willow-wood all the days of his life. Morris, in youth, sought a refuge from the century's stress in the groves of an earthly Paradise, a dream-world of Greek and northern and mediæval legend. But his attempt was not all a success: the blitheness of Hellas was beyond recapture; the violin-note of modern feeling rang incongruously through Arcadia, and in the end—

"he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly
sheep"

He translated his ideals from the past to the future, and the "idle singer of an empty day" became the busy herald of a visionary hope. And if this sadness haunts the great poets of the age, still more is it noticeable in the lesser singers. Look at the pages of Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century." There is a literature surcharged with tears, whose sure touch is on the pathetic, whose lyre sounds in groves that are shaded by cypresses

and poplars, among roses that weep their petals.

When one turns from letters, the reflex of life, to life itself, the outlook is equally drear. We moderns find the world a very serious matter. Fifty years of individualism, of free thought, and unrestricted competition, have bitten their mark deep into our civilization. The suffering which inevitably accompanies the struggle for existence is not less, but greater, for organisms upon a high level of self-consciousness. Flesh is ever but a transparent veil to spirit, and of this suffering we bear the plain sign upon our brows. It needs no wide knowledge of art to realize that the faces which Gainsborough painted differ notably in character and expression from those which fill the walls of a modern picture-gallery. The new type is as beautiful perhaps, more deeply intellectual, but certainly far more sad. It is scarcely fantastic to suggest that Leonardo's ironically named "*La Gioconda*," an alien to our great-grandmothers, is curiously at home among the women of our own generation. By the same spirit our philosophy is colored. Mr. Alexander, in his thoughtful book on "*Moral Order and Moral Progress*," has singled out, as a central point in current ethical conceptions, the growing sense of the significance of pain. Pleasure was the loadstar of the earlier Hedonist; his modern successor, less exigent, would barter hopes of positive felicity to be quite sure of escaping suffering. This tendency to dwell on pain manifests itself among many who are by no means Hedonists. In it are rooted both strong and weak elements in our social organization, the self-sacrifice of genuine philanthropy, as well as the excesses of sentimental humanitarianism.—*Westminster Review*.

OLD SCOTCH AGRICULTURE.—Swift calls the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before a public benefactor. What is to be said of the men who gave to modern farming sown grasses, turnips, and potatoes? The sowing of grasses and clover spread very slowly. The people looked upon such improvements as a freak, like hunting and horse-racing, all very well for the wealthy lairds who could afford to lose on expensive experiments. The attitude of the peasants in this connection is shown by the public opinion of Methven, that it was a shame to see beasts' meat growing where men's should.

Turnips formed as great a boon for winter feeding as rye grass and clover for summer. Lord Townshend introduced them into English husbandry in 1730. Their introduction into Scotland was not a little romantic. James Dawson, a farmer near Roxburgh, went to Leicester, and hired himself to Bakewell, the famous sheep-breeder, as a ploughman. He left in six months, against the wish of Bakewell,—going north, however, with a scheme for drill-husbandry in his head. In the following year he had seventy acres of turnips sown. This was about the year 1760. The turnip had been known before this, and sown in gardens, like cabbage, but broadcast. The minister of Kinellar, in Aberdeenshire, unwilling to weed a bed of turnips growing in this fashion in his garden, and thinking it would not succeed, tore up the greater part with the hoe. The crop turned out better than had ever been seen before, and in a few years hoeing in drills became general. Curiously enough, hand-thinning in the fields, by crawling on all fours, is still general over southwestern Scotland. Turnip-growing was, however, long in becoming general. Reports in the last decade of the century say: Galston, few turnips yet raised; Nithsdale, no turnips; Whittingham, only twenty years since turnips were generally known in East Lothian; Kemback, Fife, no turnips or sown grass a dozen years ago, fields exhausted by cropping; Killearn, turnips not tried in the open field; Stevenston, turnips not yet tried; Cluny, Aberdeen, turnips sometimes in drills, but broadcast preferred, as giving a larger crop. Of course, under such circumstances, butcher-meat was not in condition till August, and for winter supplies a mart had to be killed at Martinmas (hence the name), and kept in pickle. Even in the capital it was little used. Sir David Kinloch, in 1732, sold from his Lothian farm ten wedders fattened on his first ryegrass, and the buyer, an Edinburgh butcher, stipulated that they should be lifted at three separate times to prevent a glut of mutton in the market.

There wanted only one other green crop to do for the peasant what the turnip was doing for his stock, and carry the comforts of the summer through the winter. This was the potato, which made even slower progress than the turnip. The way was said to have been barred by the Presbyterian prejudice that it was never mentioned in the Bible. In the Lothians it came in about 1740, the year of

dearth, from Ireland, but was confined to gardens till about 1754, when it was planted in fields about Aberlady. By the close of the century it was a general article of diet. Ramsay says that George Henderson went, about 1750, for a bag of potatoes to Kilsyth, where the Irish method of field culture had lately been tried, and introduced the potato into Menteith, where a few had been known, but only in kail-yards. The old folks, however, did not take kindly to the new food. Old George Bachop, one of the Ochertyre tenants, told by his wife that she had potatoes for supper, said, "Tatties! tatties! I never supped on them a' my days, and winna the nicht. Gie them to the herd, and get me sowens." It is significant that Burns, who sings the praises of kail, and porridge, and haggis, has nothing to say of the potato.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

CHINA AS A FIGHTING POWER.—The military strength of China has been the subject, by turns, of extreme depreciation and of wild exaltation. M. Challemeil-Lacour spoke of her as a *quantité négligeable* before the outbreak of the war which cost M. Ferry his career. Then, after her soldiers had made a stand amid the highlands of Tongking, and had repulsed an ill-planned attack on Kelung, opinion veered round and people saw visions of Chinamen overrunning the world. It is hardly necessary to say that, in this as in most other cases, the middle is the safer course. Immense numbers of men with arms of precision in their hands can never be safely despised: especially when those men are frugal, hardy, and enduring. But there is a general failure among Chinese statesmen to realize that educated, skilled, and daring leaders are as essential to success as repeating rifles. To go back to the Franco-Chinese war, for an illustration—without referring to the eccentricities of the southern squadron, which cut a worse than ridiculous figure off the Yangtze Cape, the Chinese had, in the north, two swift and heavily armed Armstrong cruisers that could have sunk any vessel in the French fleet except the ironclads, and of those they had easily the heels. In the hands of dashing officers these two ships alone could have rendered the blockade of Formosa impossible, by attacking the French at long bowls while themselves out of range, and steaming off at will if an ironclad came to the fore. Yet they never left the shelter of Port Arthur! And as

with the navy so with the army. It is open to question whether a certain tendency to slovenliness and looseness of habit would not prevent the Chinaman from being ever drilled up to the standard of the Sepoy; and it may be contended, further, that something more than endurance, docility, or even a readiness to accept death, is required to make a fighting man. There is a want of discipline in that higher sense which implies absolute certainty that commands will be obeyed and duty done. If there could be added the spirit of the Russian soldier who, at a time of such cold that it was necessary to change the sentry every two hours, was overlooked for four and found dead at his post, a higher tribute might be passed; but it is just this indefinable something which marks the contrast and the defect. It is not, however, the capacity of the Chinese soldier so much as the incapacity of his officers which is our present object of concern. China needs to educate a whole series of officers, from general downward, who would recognize that war is a science, and that an officer's duty is to lead as well as to direct. The considerable force organized by Li Hung-chang in the environs of Tientsin is well armed and (for Chinese) well drilled. A few European instructors have doubtless succeeded, too, in the course of years, in creating a very considerable and excellent leaven of non-commissioned officers. But it is commissioned officers, officers with the skill to plan and the daring to lead, in which the Chinese army is so lamentably deficient; and various circumstances combine to neutralize the best source whence these defects could be supplied. China could probably attract into her service English and other half-pay officers who would serve her faithfully and well. But she is too vain and jealous to give them full power, even if she were not deterred by the reflection that her army would be disorganized by their withdrawal at the first breath of war, as the English officers were withdrawn from the Chinese fleet at the outbreak of hostilities with France. Otherwise, the prospect of an English alliance in the future, with English disciplining help in the present, might convert China into a valuable ally against the day of struggle on the Indian frontier. It may be doubted whether she could be relied on to observe the conditions of a strict alliance, binding her beforehand to take action in a given emergency. But it is far from impossible that such an alliance might come to pass by sheer

force of gravitation, when the emergency arose. It will, however, be by so much the less efficient, if it is not provided for by careful defensive provision. A Chinese army and Chinese fleet, with English stiffening and help, might be able to recover their own lost ground, and effect an important diversion in Eastern Siberia while we were engaged in Candahar. The Russians themselves have recognized the possibility of such an event: Turkey, it has been remarked, is no longer to be reckoned on, and Persia is too weak; but Chinese, instructed by British officers and supported by British money and arms, might render excellent service.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EARTHQUAKES, ELECTRICITY, AND VEGETATION. —When people tell us that earthquakes are capital things, we may reasonably be allowed to entertain suspicions regarding their sanity; but if they follow up their assertions with reasonable argument, then we must, perforce, give them some attention. Signor A. Gioran has been collecting a number of observations from which he deduces that the effects of seismic shocks upon vegetation are to favor a more rapid germination of seeds, and a more rapid growth of the young plants, thus resulting in a greatly increased luxuriance. These results he believes to be due not to the direct influence of the tremor, but to three secondary causes, among which is the production of electricity, which always accompanies stresses in the earth's crust. In connection with this, we may notice some experiments by Professor A. Aloï, on the influence of atmospheric electricity on the growth of plants. From observations made chiefly on *Lactuca scariola*, *Zea mais*, *Triticum æstivum*, *Nicotiana tabacum*, and *Vicia faba*, he concludes that this influence is distinctly beneficial. Further experiments have demonstrated that the electricity of the soil has a similar influence on the germination of seeds.—*Electrical Review*.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE. —A French lady journalist, Madame Sévérine, has had an interview with the Pope, and sends a most graphic account of it to the *Figaro*. She says that, though her profession has trained her to be unmoved in most circumstances, there is something in the surroundings and the memories they recall which makes her heart beat faster. She continues: "My path lies up the staircase along the monumental gallery where

the Swiss Guards are discoursing, still clad like the troopers of Julius II., up the marble staircase of three flights which are equal to six ordinary ones at least, over the Cortile San Damaso, up three more stories, across halls so numerous that my brain begins to swim, and I hardly know where I am. My turn has come. I enter, bowing thrice. A hand takes mine, and gently raises me. "Be seated, my daughter, you are welcome." Pale, upright, and attenuated, hardly visible, so little remains of material substance within that wrapping of white linen, there sits the Holy Father in a large chair, behind which stands a table surmounted by a crucifix. The light strikes full on the fine face of the Latin Prelate, throwing the delicate features into relief—the features of a face vivified, electrified, so to speak, by a mind so fresh, enthusiastic, so valiant for good, so alive for moral misery, so compassionate to bodily suffering that its glance fills the onlooker with wonder. It seems a miraculous dawn hovering over a sunset. The incomparable portrait of Chartrain alone can give an idea of that eagle glance, but even it has too worldly an effect, and all the flaming mass of purple behind the snowy cassock gives the cheeks a gleam and the eye a brilliancy in the picture which are softer in the Pope himself. To explain what I mean, I shall say that I found the Pope more spiritualized, with a personal radiance more benignant, less of a king and more of an apostle. A gentle benevolence, half afraid it would seem, lurks in the curve of his lips and shows itself only in his smile; and at the same time the straight strong nose reveals the will—the unbending will, one that can wait. Leo XIII. resembles a saint in some cathedral window, but what attracts and rivets attention almost as much as his face is the hands—long, delicate, transparent hands, with contours of unrivalled purity—hands which seem with their agate nails offerings of precious ivory, laid upon a shrine. His voice has a far-away sound as if it had travelled to a distant country on the wings of prayer, and loved rather to soar toward heaven than to stoop to mortal ears. Nevertheless, in conversation it returns from the Gregorian monotone, with a note in major key. Besides a mere trifle, a local habit lends his discourse a peculiar savor, a spice of nationality. Though the Pontiff speaks correct and elegant French, at every moment the typical Italian exclamation *ecco* breaks in with its two crackling syllables."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.—“How does modern science affect the Scripture records of Creation?” If you listen to the replies given to that question during the past fifty years, I am afraid that very often there is not much that is satisfactory in the answers. On the one side we have hasty conclusions, and, on the other, faithless misgivings. On the one side we find statements that all theology was contrary to Scripture, and we often find men of science, while laughing to scorn the idea that all men have sprung from one pair, yet at another time ready to affirm that all organized life, whether in plant, animal, or other form, have sprung from one primordial cell. If we turn to the other side, I am bound to say it is not a matter of surprise that some men of science have said they had been confirmed in their unbelief of the theories of Christian men from the fact that when Christians were confronted by the testimony of fossils, they had said they were not what they pretended to be, fossilized animals of the past, but simply stones. Amid the conflicts between science and theology it seemed to be feared that they would be regarded as two distinct fields of thought. The wall of difference between science and Scripture was broken down when, at the British Association meeting in 1865, a manifesto signed by 617 eminent men of science was published, in which Sir David Brewster, Professor Balfour, and others stated that the time would come when Scripture and science would be seen to agree in every particular. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the publication of that manifesto and I think we may safely affirm for ourselves, and, so far as theologians are concerned, that not only is that wall broken down, but the path which lay between has been marked out and well trodden. To that new domain we frequently repair, eagerly and confidently, knowing that we shall find confirmation of Scripture records, elucidation of Scripture statement, and illustration of Scripture truth. If evidence of harmony between Scripture and science is wanting, we have only to wait till it is forthcoming. We can point to former difficulties which have now passed into our possession and become points of defence. When we argue with men of science as to the creation of the world, we must go back to the beginning; we have to account for matter, and, as Lord Beaconsfield said, “Sooner or later we have to face the insuperable.”—*Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Bardsley).*

RENAN AND CHRISTIANITY.—The astonishing thing to me is that French culture should find in M. Renan's criticisms anything that could by any stretch of imagination be called even a remnant or vestige of the Christian faith. It tried to reduce Christianity from a revelation to an aspiration, from that which controls and binds and rescues man, to the vain sigh of an overburdened heart. In the place of a savior it places one who himself needed to be saved from illusions, from insincerities, from his own weakness. I cannot help thinking that even a Christianity against which the nations rage and the people imagine a vain thing is more likely to conquer those who denounce it than a Christianity which has become the subject of sentimental patronage and scientific condescension. The French people, no more than any other people, can get any good out of a religion which, like music or poetry or art, merely expresses themselves, their weakness as well as their strength, their lassitude as well as their fortitude, their capricious desires as well as their faithfulness and constancy. It is to govern and subdue us to the severe purity, the strenuous purpose, the unshrinking love of a nature infinitely higher than our own, that religious truth is revealed to us; and nothing that is as pliant as wax to the will and wantonness of human nature can possibly stand in the place of a religion. M. Renan has himself shown us, by various remarks excusing what Matthew Arnold called the “lubricity” of French sentiment, that his private “romance of the infinite” was extremely pliant to the sins to which French society is most lenient. His otherwise charming reminiscences of youth are blotted with laxity of expression on subjects of this kind, and, indeed, the whole drift of his criticisms goes to show that he attached no more authority of any kind to Christian ethics than he attached to Christian faith and hope. He thought Christ's a nature of rare beauty, which contact with practical life to some extent sullied and spoiled; he thought Christianity a very much diluted and perverted product of the teaching of Christ. He taught Frenchmen to admire and ignore it much as they might have admired and ignored mediæval chivalry or the stoic piety of Marcus Aurelius. In other words, he taught them that Christianity was not a revelation, but a sigh from the heart of man. Sighs from the heart of man do not change man; they leave him to sigh on, or else to drown sighs in the

hurry of more absorbing and impetuous interests.—*R. H. Hutton in National Review.*

ART IN ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRY.—Art and industry are in reality inseparable. It is the greatest error to believe that the ornaments stuck at random on a bridge or a building are architecture, and that the construction is industry, or that the decoration stamped on a knife-handle is art, and that the knife is the industry. The parts that form a whole must be homogeneous, and must be the outcome of one thought or one idea. So it was from the beginning, and so it ought always to be. One of the first things men attempted was the making of tools and weapons. Surely it was art that discovered the most suitable shapes. The early stone implements show us to what degree even then, in the search for beauty and usefulness, the two were combined. Then came the making of receptacles and utensils. In all these things form was necessary, and was developed at once by means of art and industry. In the vessels, perhaps more than in anything else, it is impossible to say where art stops and industry begins, and *vice versa*. The pots had to be handled, and so handles were added, or the surface was roughened by means of indentations and of additional forms which made ornaments. And then also marks were put upon them to distinguish the use made of the different pots and the different contents, which ultimately led to the most elaborate decoration. The most beautiful ever made were the Greek ones, the highest in taste and the purest in form being just as beautiful with or without the paintings on them. These must have been added originally for the reasons I have already mentioned: reasons to which we must not forget to add that omnipotent factor in art throughout all times—I mean religion, with all its stories and allegories. Then came the tent, the house, the building, giving the protection required against inclemency of weather, and in many cases against the enemy, and, when it was needed, affording store room. This was the beginning of architecture in all its branches and consequently also of the industry that goes with it, such as the making of nails, tools, and so forth. Out of construction sprang architectural forms, and it is most interesting to trace the constructive origin in architectural details. For example, the primitive square pillar, to give more room, became octagonal; then the sharp edges were once

more chamfered, and from eight faces they came to sixteen, as we find in the rock-cut tombs of the Twelfth Dynasty at Beni Hassan, in Egypt, and in a part of the ruins of Karnak, built under Thotmes III. This form is generally accepted as the origin of the Doric column. The numerous members of the cornices of the different orders of antique architecture show clearly that they are derived from the original forms of construction. The Ionic capital is explained from wood construction, just as the Corinthian capital is the result of metal forms. One might even say that the flutings of the Corinthian column suggest that they were originally invented in order to strengthen the metal shaft when hollow.—*Magazine of Art.*

THE RARITY OF TRUE CONVERSATION.—It is very curious to note how very much dialogue there is in the world, and how very little true conversation; how very little, that is, of the genuine attempt to compare the different bearings of the same subject on the minds of different people. You may look through the greatest of Shakespeare's plays and hardly find in this sense a true conversation in any one of them. And, indeed, conversation in this sense is very seldom truly dramatic, and cannot often be so. Nevertheless, one would expect to find instances of real comparison of the state of different minds on the same subject in Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," and yet you will hardly find one of them in which the attempt was made, even by the author, much less by any of the imaginary interlocutors, to enter thoroughly into the views of those with whom he had been dealing. There is plenty of characteristic and contrasted prejudice in Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," but hardly any trace of the real probing of each other's minds. Plato understood true conversation—conversation in the higher sense. His Socrates continually succeeds in probing the mind of another, and making that other enter into his own. The late Cardinal Newman understood true conversation in this sense. There is more of the upshot of real conversation in the various Oxford sermons, especially the University sermons, in spite of the absence of anything like dialogue, than there is in any other sermons of our day, and that is, no doubt, one secret of their great charm. Again, his two remarkable religious tales, "Loss and Gain" and "Callista," are full of true conversation of

the kind we mean. But for the most part dialogue is gossip, or wrangling, or plotting, or counter-plotting, or menacing, or conciliating, or complimenting, or submitting. It is the rarest thing in the world to come, even in the best authors, on a successful picture of the different views taken by different minds of the same subject, and the grounds of the difference. Even in politics we seldom meet with it, though the late Mr. Charles Buxton and his son have carefully prepared the way for such an appreciation, by placing in close comparison the different views taken of the same political subject. That, however, is not political conversation, but only the raw material for such conversation. We cannot but wonder that in a day so full as this of real and careful study, so few should have the patience to present the various contrasts of opinion, thought, and feeling on some of the most important subjects of human life, in the living and picturesque form in which Plato has given us the moral antagonisms of Greece, and Newman the theological antagonisms of modern England.—*Spectator*.

STUDY AND DEVELOPMENT.—In his address on the occasion of his investiture with the insignia of office as Rector of the University of Berlin, Professor R. Virchow said that the study of grammar is not the means for progressive development; but mathematics, philosophy, and the natural sciences give so firm an intellectual preparation to youth that they can easily make themselves at home in any department of learning. No schoolboy, he said, will be the worse for being able to name and distinguish a certain number of plants, animals, and stones; but the essential discipline should consist in the training of the senses, especially those of sight and touch. Dr. Virchow says that a large number of pupils have no exact knowledge of color; they make false statements about the forms of the things they see, and show no understanding for the consistency of bodies, and for the nature of their surfaces. Nothing, he thinks, should be easier than to develop accuracy of judgment regarding color and form, if not merely observing but simple drawing and painting were taught. Every one can make use of such knowledge.

WORRY, DRINK, AND LUNACY.—It is no new thing to hear of the close connection between indulgence in alcohol and the development of insanity. Accordingly we feel no surprise at a statement by Dr. Augustine Planus that a

large proportion of the cases of lunacy registered in Paris of late years are attributable to this form of excess. Far more significant is his observation that drunkenness has increased very markedly in the French capital. This effect is, of course, due to a variety of causes. Among these one is of particular interest from its bearing upon the neurotic aspect of the alcoholic dyscrasia. It is the pressure and worry of overwork, probably combined as usual in the like circumstances with irregular feeding and want of sleep. Though felt by all classes of workers, an important characteristic of its action as a cause of alcoholism is its increasing influence among those who labor with their brains. Artists, authors, and especially journalists—a group of persons by no means usually given to excess—are enumerated as having succumbed to the subtle poison; and this result has, doubtless with truth, been attributed to the craving depression of mental fatigue. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace a connection here, and we may accept it as a warning that forced labor is ever prone to become the natural parent of other and worse excesses. The best work, however hard, is always methodical enough to permit of timely rest and of regular nutrition, and the full recognition of this fact is a mere question of public utility which we hope to see more and more widely admitted in practice.—*Lancel*.

IMPURE AIR.—Mr. John Aitken has, it is said, invented an instrument by which the degree of impurity which may exist in the air of any room or place can be determined easily and accurately. It is a development of his invention for counting the dust particles held in suspension in the air, both of them being based on the ascertained fact that a particle of dust at a certain temperature and degree of moisture in the atmosphere becomes a free surface which attracts the moisture, and thus turns into a cloud-particle. By passing a jet of steam through a tube containing air impregnated with dust, Mr. Aitken has found that colors, varying from a delicate green to deep blue, are exhibited by the particles of moisture thus formed. Each of these tints, which may be checked off by tinted glass, indicates the degree in which the air is impregnated with dust particles. It may be mentioned that Dr. Angus Smith found as great a percentage of carbonic acid in the air of country districts as in town, and that De Saussure found more on mountains than in the plains.—*English Mechanic*.

